true

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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FEBRUARY 25c

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By ERNEST HAYCOX

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THE FACT STORY MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Have We Forgotten?

Sirs: I hope this isn't the first letter you've received on this subject. . . The average citizen thinks: "Well, the war's over; everyone—that is, everyone in the service—is overseas for postwar glory-grabbing, so why should I do anything for them?" Well, I'm one of those "glory-grabbing" fellows. I sure enjoyed being jerked out of college as soon as I turned 18 and hustled into the army. I sure enjoy the prospect of going overseas for months of occupation duty. I sure enjoy being snubbed by everyone who considers himself respectable. I sure enjoy standing on the road for hours trying to hitch a ride, and finding that the only person who finally stops is an ex-GI.

Don't get me wrong. I know that most of the criticism concerning this letter will come from veterans who went through a special kind of hell that us guys will never know. That still doesn't make us feel any better when we see those signs "No Soldiers Allowed," going up.

My job is instructing Basics, and I've had a good chance to study them. They don't raise any more hell than any other service men of the last six years, but because the war is over some damn fools all of a sudden think the same actions are intolerable.

—Cpl. M. L. Batchelder,
AAFBU-MTC, San Antonio, Texas

African Friend

Sirs: I appreciate the pin-up girls in your magazine and trust you will see your way clear to include more of them, for the sake of which I am subscribing to the paper.

—M. G. Heyns, Witbank, Tvl., South Africa

In case you've been wondering, we do get complimentary letters. Especially from people who want to sell something. Modestly, we don't print many. Just thought we'd show you our first postcard from Witbank, Transvaal, Union of South Africa. Mr. Heyns sells books. No trade connection.—The Editors.

Rebel Yell Department

Sirs: A war fought almost 90 years ago to protect states rights and to preserve southern customs, traditions and freedoms was lost. Each day of each true southerner's life is slightly soured by this fact. The "Reconstruction" the Yankees tried to choke down us also still has a bad smell.

Suh! I protest that The Spy Who Saved the Union *(Dec.)* was poor reading for this loyal southerner and I shall secede from reading TRUE if such pro-Yankee drivel again appears in it.

—Delmas Val Jean Lippart,
Dublin (Deep in the Heart of) Texas

P.S. I am writing this with a quill because most pens are made up North.

Son, has Senator Claghorn been over in the independent nation of Texas again?—Eds.

$C(SO_4)_2$ Retort

Sirs: In your December issue, the book-length story entitled The Spy Who Saved The Union mentions Greek Fire as an incendiary material. (Page 77: "This new stuff Bocking worked out is a mixture of carbon bisulfate and phosphorus, and. . .") The material probably meant is carbon bisulfide (or disulfide). To the chemist, carbon bisul*fate* would have the formula $C(SO_4)_2$, a compound which to my humble knowledge never has been reported or prepared while carbon bisulf*ide* has the formula CS_2, and is a well-known, very inflammable liquid which is a solvent for phosphorus, producing an incendiary mixture.

A compound ending in "ate" is a ternary compound having three different elements and the general formula $A^xB^yO^z$, while one ending in "ide" is a binary material having the general formula A^xB^y. I suggest that the journalists stay with their journalism and we chemists will stay with our test-tubes.

—Douglas G. Nicholson, Associate Professor, University of Pittsburgh.

A splendid idea, Profesor.—The Editors.

Hunting Notes

Sirs: Just what kind of nitwit is this bird Grancel Fitz, so-called big-game hunting authority? *(Here's Your Venison, Nov.)* Why, if he ever showed up in the Middle West or on the Pacific Coast with his rucksack, rubber pillow and other addlepated ideas someone would put him under restraint. Should he escape into the hills and a forest officer caught him chopping up our trees with his little ax, breaking down the brush, smoking or lighting a fire, Authority Fitz would end up hunting in the hoosegow. When we started reading his article we thought it was supposed to be funny but when we realized the guy was serious—!

—Earl Madray, C. E. Hoover, Edward E. Hurt, U.S. Forest Service, Newhall, Calif.

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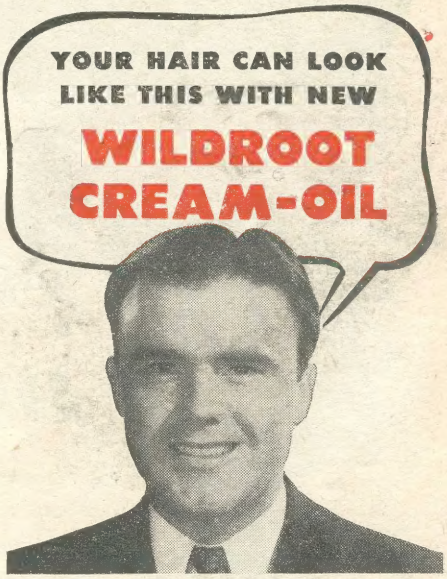

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Sirs: Just returned from a rough 30-day, 24-mile pack trip to the high Sierras, and then to read a story like Here's Your Venison! Brother, you're really off key for deer hunting, in California at least.

—*P. O. Osborne, Bakersfield, Calif.*

War Surplus Material

Sirs: Your article about the Luminous Foxes *(Nov.)* . . . shortly after the war ended, the Salt Lake City Zoo was honored by receiving one of these surplus foxes. The man who sheared this one, however, wasn't up to the job, because the head and one hind leg were still quite luminous, enough to have a marked effect on some slightly foggy strollers in the Zoo grounds after sundown.

—*W. W. Higgins, Salt Lake City, Utah*

Yipe Department

Sirs: Gad, your artists have weird imaginations. Referring to Paul Gallico's story, Scoop! *(Nov.)* if the illustrator had visited a newspaper plant, he would have known that (1) linotypes are not found in pressrooms, (2) his replica of a linotype is a poor version of the real thing, and (3) an operator sitting on the high stool, as illustrated, would have his feet instead of his hands re-

posing on the keyboard. In reality, an operator finds it necessary to saw 2 or 3 inches from the legs of an ordinary chair to get his knees under the keyboard.

Couldn't resist this, but we wouldn't miss an issue of True if your illustration of a linotype looked like an old two-holer.

—*W A. Mercer, Des Moines, Iowa*

Sirs: In your November article about Ted Williams, The Blasting Brahmin, George Frazier mentions 405 feet as the distance from home plate to right field at Fenway Park, Boston. Both the Baseball Guide & Record Book and Official Baseball give the distance along the left-field foul line as 302 feet. At a point somewhere in right-center field the distance is shown as 380 feet. Fenway Park at its deepest point on straightaway center field is 420 feet.

—*William H. Burrill, Elizabeth, N. J.*

You and the books are right, Mr. Burrill. The distance along the right-field foul line is 315 feet, if anyone is interested. Changed sometime in the 1930s. For measuring so close to center, the distance we are editorially kicking Frazier is 6.5 feet.—Eds.

James Crow, Esq.

Sirs: Belatedly, I have just finished reading How Jim Crow Feels by Richard Wright *(Nov.)*: Without doubt he is a great writer, intelligent and forceful. But the story is one that can do much harm by its very expressions which reflect his inner hatred of all "southern whites." Neither he nor any

. . . out of this world!
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of his race can help conditions by intimating that all of us down here are in the same category as his brief contacts purport to show. Wright must realize there is another side of that story—one too long to set down here—of the sincere desire of a great number of southern people who deplore the Negro's condition; who want to educate him, want him to have an acceptable place in the better things of life. The southern Negro as a whole is not yet ready for this. He is not emotionally stable enough; he would be lost if the part were now thrust upon him. Only time and patience can possibly break down barriers that grew sturdy and bitter through the political bungling of our forefathers, together with the part played by his own race. Let Wright realize that we, all of us, of the deep South still stuffer economically from that same bungling. . .

May I remind him that the most bloody racial trouble in our history took place in Detroit a few years ago. I was up there for several months and had first-hand evidence of it. . . His race holds a political balance of power in that great city. They have taken unfair advantage of that power time and time again.

To Richard Wright I say, if your interest in your race is so keen, if you want to do something constructive, follow the examples of such eminent men of your color as Booker T. Washington, Doc Carver, Otis O'Neal and others, men who hold the esteem and respect of all of us, instead of fighting a paper war from a New York desk with incendiary material backed by an acknowledged show of cowardice. You will find most of us ready and willing to help. . . "I respect and admire any man for his intelligence, his tolerance, his goodness—regardless of his color, religion or race. I detest any man for his intolerance, his meanness or selfishness—regardless of his color, religion or race."

—Dallas L. Calmes, Houston, Texas

Ghost's Baggage

Sirs: From the Ghost in the Mine, page 41 of your November issue:

They carried no baggage. [*Cont. on page 127*]

—Richard L. McCown, San Diego, Calif.

Darn fool didn't read our story.—Eds.

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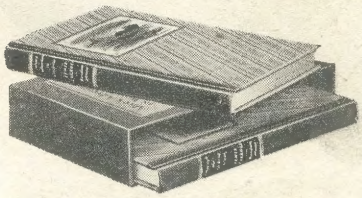

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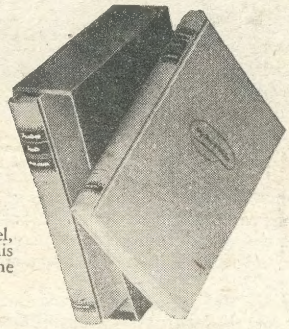

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THE EDITOR SPEAKING

Only a fairly interesting month, but still some bright spots: We got a story from Maurice Zolotow about leeches—the little animals which suck blood. We wanted pictures of a leech sucking blood from a man with a black eye. We had to have a man with a black eye. Mr. I. R. McVay, our sports editor, punched Mr. Sturges Schley, our science editor, in the eye (see photo below). Ho, Hum! That's the way magazines are made. . . . Mr. Paul Gallico sent us a free copy of his new book, with writing in it. (Better get a copy. It's called, Confessions of a Story Writer). . . . Mr. Zolotow sent us a free copy of *his* new book, with writing in it. (Better get a copy of that, too. It's called, The Great Balsamo). . . . This is the month during which we met our first Vanderbilt. Can't remember the first name. . . . This was our month for meeting people visiting New York from Minneapolis: Bill Warner, the flour salesman; Virginia Safford and Cedric Adams, the newspaper writin' folks. . . . This month, too, Jim Bishop, author of The Glass Crutch (a good book about an alcoholic) was on the wagon. . . . But not us! . . . A writer sent us a short feature on how to boil down a freshly cut-off Japanese head and make a table lamp out of the skull. Very handy idea, but we restrained ourselves and didn't buy the story. . . . This month also we finally collected a bet from a guy who was silly enough to give us half a point on the Army-Notre Dame game. . . . We didn't go to either The Stork or 21 all month. . . . We *did* go to the Woodstock Bar, a fine, smoky place. . . . Ah, well, another month coming up. . . .

As you read this, Heaven willing, we will be on our way to Delray Beach, Florida, where Bill Kraus has reserved us a table at the world's finest outdoor bar, and where Carl White has reserved us a room at his Hotel Bon Air. We expect to be made an honorary citizen of Delray Beach, if the right mayor is in office this year. Address all complaints in care of Roy Diggans, Postmaster.

NOTES: Do you remember Dean Cornwell's painting of the race of the Natchez and the Rob't E. Lee in last month's TRUE? The original now hangs in the Campus Martius Museum at Marietta, Ohio, a foundation run by the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer River men. . . . Our mail on Richard Wright's story, How Jim Crow Feels, (Nov. TRUE) is at last thinning out. The record shows the letters were approximately 60 per cent unfavorable and 40 per cent favorable. How do all you soreheads feel now, by the way? . . . A picture of Arthur William Brown, the famous illustrator, appeared in a recent issue of TRUE. Of the letters Mr. Brown got, the most interesting was from a girl in Cedarsville, California, who claimed he was her father. He claims he is not. . . . It may be coincidence—then again it may not—but shortly after TRUE's publisher, W. H. "Buzz" Fawcett, and George Petty, [*Continued on page* 10]

McVay vs. Schley—Quick, Watson, the leech!

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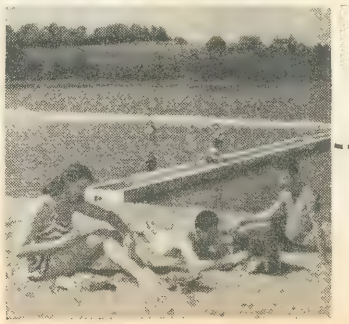

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A PRODUCT OF ELY & WALKER • SAINT LOUIS

The Editor Speaking

[*Continued from page* 8]

the Petty Girl man, finished shooting pheasants near Huron, South Dakota (see photo), the State of South Dakota moved to cut down on the number of non-resident hunting licenses.

Pheasant hunters—Mr. Petty and Mr. Fawcett.

Happy Chandler's interview by Charles Dexter (page 60) is a bit of a scoop, inasmuch as it is the first time baseball's Commissioner has ever made a public statement covering the major problems of the national sport. We are proud the Commissioner selected TRUE as the medium for this important pronouncement and we can't help boasting about it a little. The Commissioner agreed to give us the statement because TRUE has more readers than any other man's magazine (2,430,000, according to the little men in our Research Department).

That will be all the boasting for this month.

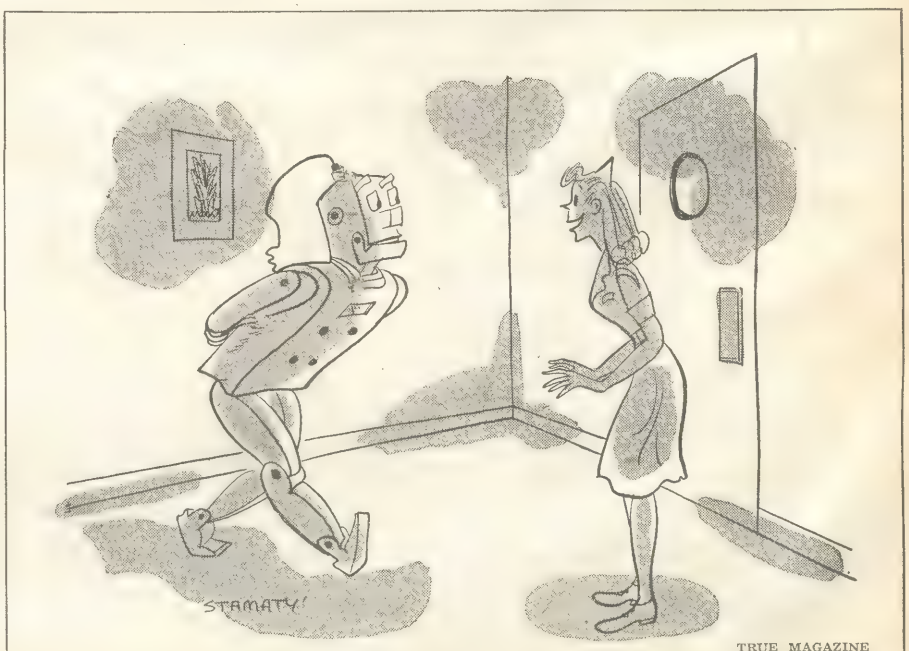
Maybe you remember the photograph of a game cock we printed in this column a few months ago. You will see the same rooster (the winning one) in the color pictures in this issue. This is by way of a report to the more than 300 readers who wrote in asking us to give them the rooster: We gave him to the first comer and he is now happily engaged doing whatever it is that roosters do, on a farm in New Jersey.

The only mildly funny story we've heard this month is about three drunks who staggered into a Third Avenue bar. One of them slumped onto a stool and immediately went to sleep with his head on the bar. The second weaved across the room and finally came up leaning against the juke box. The third fell flat on his face with his head in the spittoon.

The bartender looked at the one standing drunk and asked, "What'll it be?"

The drunk pointed at his first companion whose head was on the bar. "He wantsh rye and soda." He pointed then to himself. "I'm takin' straight bourbon." He pointed then to the drunk on the floor with his head in a spittoon. "And don't give him anything," he said. "He's driving."

Ah, well, we said it had been only a fairly interesting month. . . . **b.wms.**



TRUE MAGAZINE

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"As sheer entertainment it will take backwater from nothing," says the *Chicago Sun* of this 650,000-copy best-seller!

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AS a physician, Dan Field knew the intimate lives and loves of the townsfolk. Yet he hid a burning secret of his own—a *forbidden* love for the one woman he could not have!

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RICHARD GRENVILLE was a bold, charming scoundrel whose reputation preceded him wherever he went. Merciless to his enemies, brilliant in battle, unscrupulous with beautiful women, he dared to fall in love with a girl who did not know what love meant. On the day they were to be married, a cruel fate tore them apart—but for years thereafter, Honor Harris showed the stuff of which a woman's heart is made!

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TO the New England world, Jenny Hager was a righteous woman. But to the eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers—this "Maine Cleopatra" was a shameless, passionate *she-devil*!

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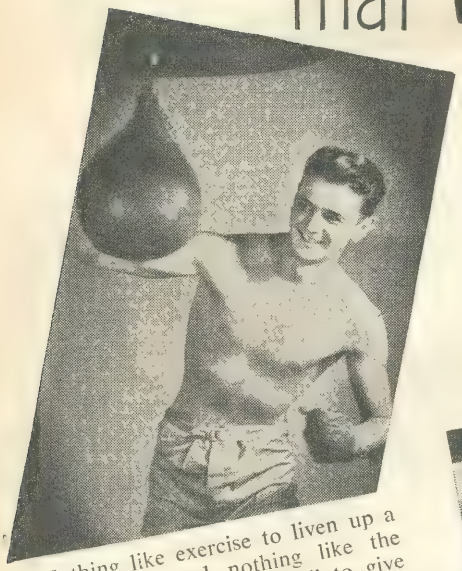
Give your hair that Vital look



Nothing like exercise to liven up a man's looks. And nothing like the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" to give him hair to match! For this famous Workout makes your hair look vital. your scalp tingle. Want to trade that dull, lifeless mop for a *vigorous*-looking head of hair? Here's the recipe . . .

Take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp . . . to set it *tingling*. You prevent dryness, rout loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair. Next, 10 seconds to comb. No, your mirror isn't fooling. That's really *you!*

Try this for sighs! Women stop, look and melt at men with vigorous-looking hair. Helps in the office, too. Vital-looking young men get to see their names on the door. Start *your* success story today . . . with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout."

with the **Vitalis** *"60-Second Workout"*

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NEXT MONTH

After all the good stories we threw into this issue you shouldn't expect anything much for next month, but by a strange quirk of chance the March TRUE is shaping up to be another powerhouse (we don't know how the hell we do it). So look over what's coming next month, while the editors go out for a quick one.

ALAN HYND—TRUE's ace mystery writer gives with a gruesome packet of facts called Little Miss Murder—guaranteed to make you watch your coffee and lock your medicine chest for months.

JOHN W. MALONEY—Want to go on a boar hunt? The author, Tennesse-born, takes along a Brooklyn photographer to give you the colorful story. With a combination like that, the story has to be good.

LUCIAN CARY—America's foremost gun writer tells you all about the rifle that millions made famous, or vice versa: the M-1. You've heard a lot of pro and con about this weapon. Here is the whole story.

CHARLES RAWLINGS—A bunch of Greek sponge fishermen spin tall ones, and prove each one to the last gill. At least fish tell no tall tales. And author Rawlings throws in some really juicy food, too.

ARTHUR J. BURKS—When this ex-Marine talks about eunuchs' wives, he knows his pitch. Here's some dope on eunuchs you never heard tell before; and in case you think sex is what the editors thought it was, don't miss this story. The boys may have been short-circuited, but they were potent.

RALPH STEIN—America's foremost cartoonist thinks that modern automobiles are pitched too much to the female trade. Boudoirs on wheels, he calls 'em. And his drawings illustrate the point, with a lot of good hot copy to bear out what he draws. Funny, yes; and a lot of solid good sense, too. Men, let's hear from you!

Watch for the March Issue of

true

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

On Sale at Your Newsstand on February 19th

JOE: How's that new Remington, Harry? I've been thinking of getting an electric shaver.

HARRY: *It's the berries, Joe — I can shave before you've even started!*

JOE: Yeah — but do you really get a good, *close* shave?

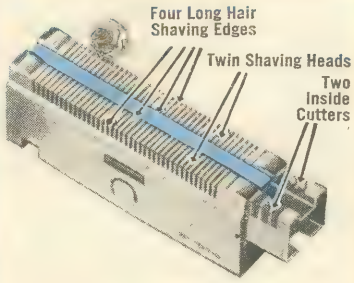
HARRY: *My new Remington Foursome actually gives me a better shave than I ever had before!*

It's man-to-man conversations like this that have made Remington America's No. 1 shaver. The new Remington Foursome is the fastest, smoothest, closest-shaving instrument money can buy, and the men who own them are our best salesmen.

When you're in the market for an electric shaver, compare the Remington shavers with all other makes. Let your own eyes tell you why no other shaver can match Remington for shaving power, shaving speed and shaving comfort.

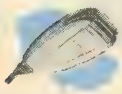
Remember, it was Remington Rand that pioneered the multiple-head shaver and now offers the revolutionary new Blue Streak twin shaving head that handles any type of beard with ease.

The Remington Foursome, featuring this head, sells for $19.50 — but you can get a Remington for as little as $15.75. All Remingtons operate on AC or DC and carry a warranty from Remington Rand, Inc. (headquarters in 88 cities).



Exclusive with Remington. The Blue Streak twin shaving head, featured on the Remington Foursome, is an exclusive Remington development. It provides four long-hair cutting edges and two effective shaving surfaces. Handles long and short whiskers with equal ease. Trims neatly around sideburns and mustache.

The Remington Dual

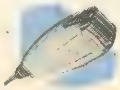


Two heads at a moderate price **$15.75**

The Remington Threesome

Three heads for additional speed **$17.50**

The Remington Foursome



Four shaving surfaces. Features the postwar Blue Streak twin shaving head plus two round heads — **$19.50**

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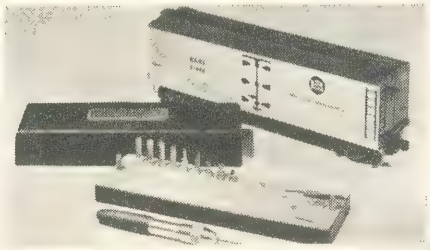
Size and Width of Shoe.....

TG2

true goes shopping

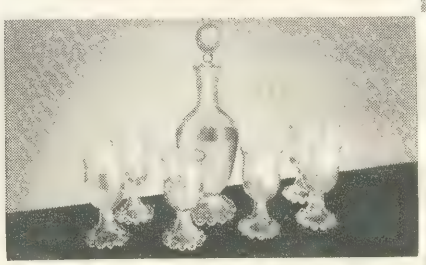
This column is run as a shopping service for True's readers. No paid advertising is accepted for this feature.

The Airguide Indoor-Outdoor thermometer. Place it inside the house, run the wire out the window and it gives two readings, inside temperature and outside. Heavy brown plastic, silvered metal guides, red spirit columns. Complete with clamps, postpaid, $6.25. Kohnstamm-Wolfe, 12 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.

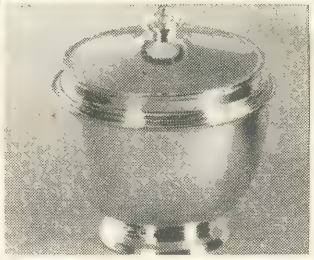


Genie-Tool kit for model-making has new types of interchangeable gouges, drills, chisels, notchers, knives. Hollow handle receives gouge chips and has chip ejector. An expert tells us this is "an all-round carving set." Set No. 95 shown costs $9.95; add 20 cents for postage. (Model boxcar not included.) Ace Model Airplane Co., 3149 Shenandoah Ave., St. Louis 4, Mo.

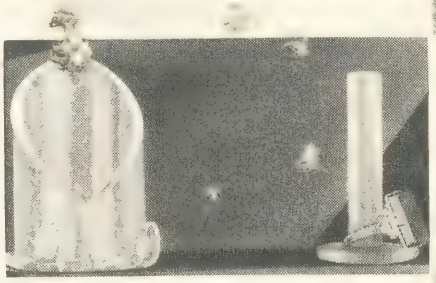
A handsome ladies' pouch bag of finest leather and hand workmanship made by a military-leather specialist. Should last for years. Measures 9″ high, 10″ across bottom, has shoulder strap. Pigskin in natural, calfskin in tan, brown, black, red, wine, blue or green. $29.50 tax- and postpaid. Luxenberg Handicrafts, 485 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



A wine set for sherry, port or other wines. Six graceful 5-oz. glasses and one decanter that holds a fifth-gallon. $7.00 for the set; sent express collect. B. Altman & Co., 34th St. and Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



If taking care of ice is worth $47.50, plus 20 per cent federal tax and expressage collect, this vacuum-insulated tub (same principle as a vacuum bottle) is just for you. It will also keep your food hot and look mighty pretty on your table. Triple-plated silver on copper; 10″ high. Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



Does the wife wash the dishes and then scream she's lost her rings or dunked her wrist watch? These plastic watch and ring holders may help. Left: holder of sheet lucite that can hang on wall, 75 cents; right, vanity-type lucite rod to stand on basin, $1. Postpaid in U.S. Davis Plastic Novelties Co., 114 Glenwood Ave., Jersey City 6, N. Y.

This handmade basket contains vinegar and spices. Bottles of garlic, basil and tarragon vinegar are 8-oz., jars of rosemary and savory 1-oz., jar of marjoram ¾-oz. $3.30, postage collect. Bellows' Gourmet Bazaar, 69 East 52nd St., New York 22, N. Y.

[*Continued on page* 16]

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We want to send you Volume I of the set with our compliments. Merely send us 10c to cover our mailing cost—more as evidence of your good faith than anything else. This volume is yours to keep without any further obligation on your part. If, after examining Volume I, you want the rest of the 27-volume set, you may receive it at a ridiculously low price through our book-a-week plan, explained later in this announcement. Or, if you want no further books, you merely drop us a postcard saying so, and that ends the matter.

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In the meantime, we want to give you a few of the facts printed in the pamphlet, so as to interest you in taking the trouble to send for Volume I.

The new Winter 1947 Edition contains over 52,000 subjects, covered in separate articles. Compare this with any other encyclopedia in the world. You will find that it is at least 30% more than encyclopedias costing you up to four times as much as ours.

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Easy-Reading, Handy Volumes

Editor-in-Chief of the original edition was Frank H. Vizetelly, the beloved "Viz" of radio fame, and the editor of the unexcelled Funk & Wagnalls New Standard (unabridged) Dictionary. Surrounded by a host of authorities in many fields, he brought this immense work into being.

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You may have your choice of these editions in sending for Volume One, at the same 10c mailing cost. However, before indicating your choice of editions in the coupon below, please remember the difference in price. And *hurry!* Fifteen hundred sets are not many for a magazine of such large circulation as this one. First come, first served. Send off the coupon TODAY!

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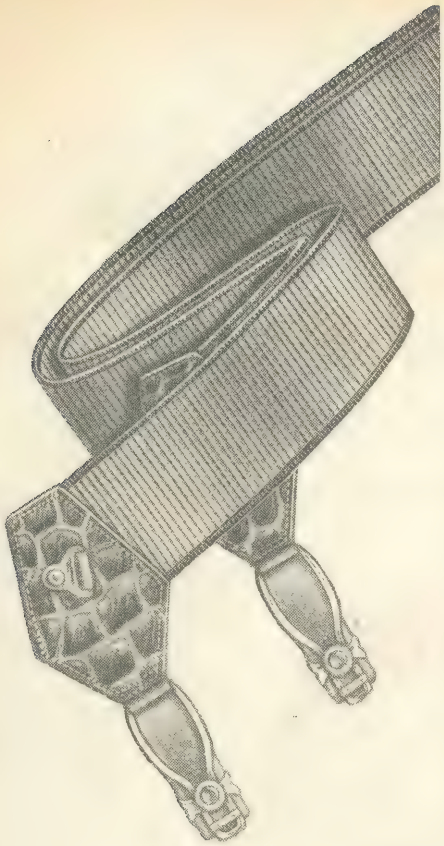

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It's smart to have an extra pair of "Paris"* garters—and economical, too. Change them daily, when you change your socks, and your garters will wear longer, stay fresher, and give greater comfort. So buy an extra pair of comfortable all elastic "Paris" Garters today. New styles and patterns—55c to $1.50—at all fine stores.

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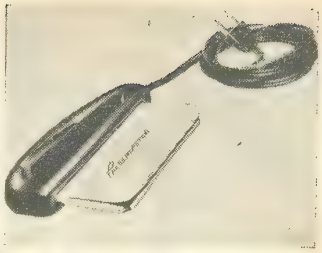
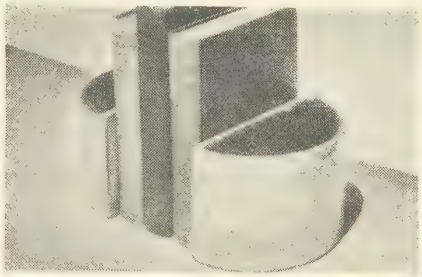
True goes Shopping

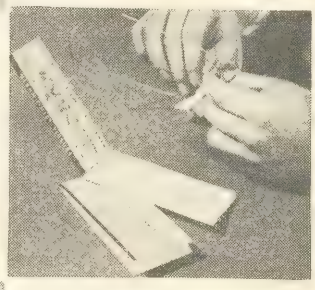
[*Continued from page* 14]



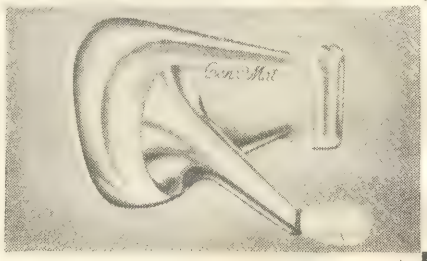
The Pressmaster, 6" long in plastic and metal, can freshen creases in pants and sleeves, take out tie wrinkles, do other light pressing jobs. Needs no wet cloth, won't scorch or shine. Works on a.c. or d.c., weighs less than 10 oz.; good for traveling. $3.95 postpaid. The May Co., Los Angeles, Calif.



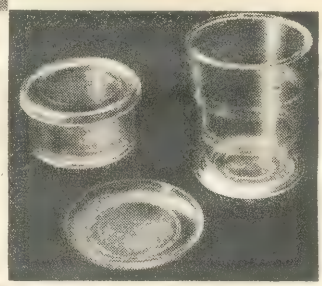
Really solid book ends suitable for man's office desk or living room. Made of very heavy pottery with felt-covered bottoms. The sides come in cream color or gun-metal glaze. Tops finished in an unusual crackle glaze in either green, blue or amber. $10 the pair. Books not included. Shipped express collect. Hurst & Kingsbury, 41 E. 8th St., New York 3, N. Y.



Clean-O-Mist eyeglass cleaning tissues do a good job on glasses, lenses, binoculars and scientific equipment. Package of twelve booklets of tissues, $1. Package of ten booklets done up with your initials, $2.50. Postpaid. Clean-O-Mist, Box 306, Oradell, N. J.

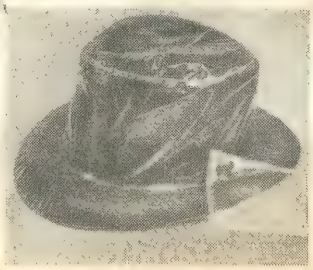


The Can-O-Mat streamlined can opener. Completely enclosed, easy to operate and to keep clean. Turn handle forward and it opens the can, turn it back and it releases. Chrome plate and enamel with a matching plastic knob. Hangs flat against wall when not in use. $4.98. Lewis & Conger, 45th St. and Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, N. Y.



Plastic collapsible cup. Extremely light and strong. Made of transparent plastic. Folds flat and fits a shirt pocket. Fine for camping, fishing or hunting. 50 cents postpaid. Charles Harris, 124 Chambers St., New York 7, N. Y.

You can use real ducks for decoys with this "Duck Chair." Made of rustproofed steel wire. Place duck you've brought down in chair, rough its feathers over wires and it will sit naturally on the water. Adjusts to fit a small teal or large canvasback. 95 cents each, three for $2.75, postpaid. Hersey Sales Co., 325 Dayton Ave., St. Paul 2, Minn.



This hat is protected from rain with a "Rainat," a transparent plastic cover you put over your hat. Folds into a small envelope you clip into your pocket. $1. At most men's or department stores, or try Wanamaker's, Broadway at 8th St., New York 3, N. Y.

[*Continued on page* 19]

Although they may differ
On fine points of skiing
On one welcome topic
You'll find folks agreeing

That a fragrant Hot Toddy
Made the Old Thompson way
Is the highlight of twilight
To climax the day.

J. B. Wilson

The highlight of twilight

For a better hot toddy on a bitter cold day make yours with mellow Old Thompson. This high quality blend is the proud product of Glenmore—famous for more than three generations for its infinite care in distilling fine Kentucky whiskies.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

A Better Blend For Better Drinks

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

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BLENDED IN KENTUCKY BY GLENMORE

Illustrated: Block "Sportster" in checked white or Pacific Blue. Also Block "Shortster" in California Gold

He's not missing any other shots!

No ifs, ands or putts about it, Block Sportshirts build up your ego something terrific! So you miss an easy shot now and then. Who cares? Block made-in-California Sportshirts look so handsome and feel so darned comfortable you take minor setbacks in stride. Cut full and free for easy action on the fairways or at the 19th hole.

BLOCK

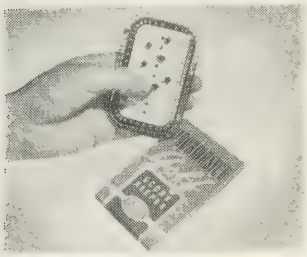
Sportswear

1563 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3
608 SOUTH HILL STREET, LOS ANGELES 14
261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

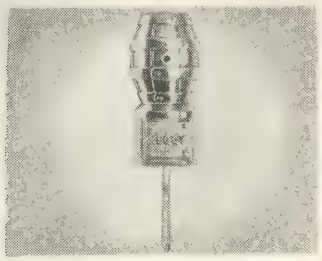
"The secret of California Casualness"

True goes Shopping

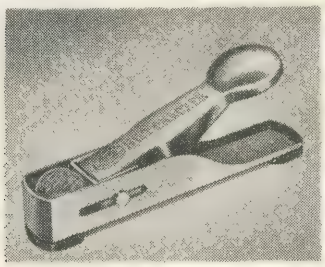
[*Continued from page* 16]



Strokmaster Golf-Score Keeper is a 4x3" plastic gadget that records your strokes. Can score only for one player, but will give total tally and number of shots on each hole. $1.60 postpaid. Sports Center, 561 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



The world's greatest invention—for beer drinkers. Attach this "Keggy" device to the top of a bottle of beer, pour, and the brew tastes like draught beer. Of red plastic, with metal screens. $1.50, postpaid in U.S. Bar Mart, 62 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.



The Boes nutcracker doesn't crush the nut meat. Place nut in cracker and push down handle. Nickel-plated steel. $2.47, shipped free 150 miles from New York. Hammacher Schlemmer & Co., 145 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

If your child is afraid of the dark, this Toddlelite might solve your problem. Low-current bulb lights up a lucite lamb or puppy, casts soft glow. 9½x8" on white plastic base. Insertable cellophane strips change light colors. $5.25 postpaid. Howbar, Inc., 224 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

[*Continued on page* 20]

Careful...

don't waste a drop

that's *Old Smuggler* BRAND

Old Smuggler Scotch Whisky is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple . . . and is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour. Blended and bottled in Glasgow and Dumbarton, Scotland. 86 proof.

FROM SCOTLAND FOR 69 YEARS

Blended Scotch Whisky

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY, SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. †Plus Tax

USE OLD SPICE
FOR REAL SHAVING COMFORT

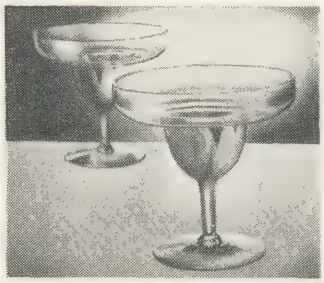
For easier, quicker, more pleasant shaving, start with the *new, improved* non-flaking *Old Spice* shaving soap, 1.00
Follow with bracing *Old Spice* after-shaving lotion, 1.00†
Finish with *Old Spice* Talcum, .75†

SHULTON

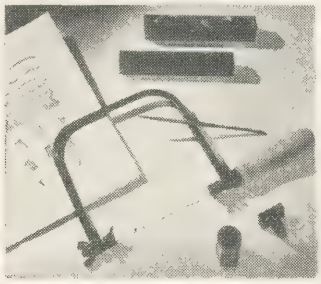
Rockefeller Center, NEW YORK

true goes Shopping

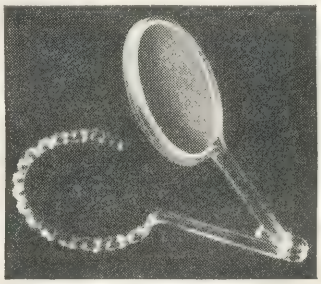
[*Continued from page* 19]



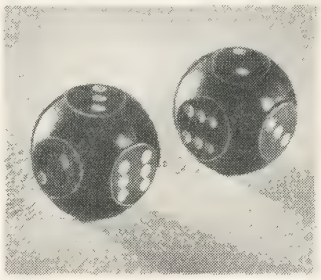
Coupette glass measures 5″ high, 5″ in diameter. Hand-painted flowers inside and out are fired into the glass. Colors: coral, yellow, white and rust. Unusual and in good taste for frozen drinks, frappes, fruit salad, shrimp cocktails, many other uses. $2 each. Designed for Living, 131 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.



Handicraft kit with which you can make plastic rings. Instruction booklet, ring tube (enough material for five rings), saw and file, $1.75. A good way to start in this new hobby. Catalogue and information available. American Handicrafts Co., 45-49 So. Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.



Make-up mirror, framed in plastic, that can be used around the neck, in the hand, on a table or on the wall. 12″ long, with 5″ diameter mirror. Standard mirror on one side, magnifying on the other. Ladies love them. $3.95 postpaid. Mastercraft Products, 27 Haymarket Sq., Boston 14, Mass.



Bo-Jo dice. It's claimed that they can't be fixed because they have a revolving steel ball inside that prevents monkey business. Size 1″ square, rounded corners, white dots on red, blue, or black. $1 a pair. Madison Mart, 403 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

"Whiskey Going to the Rackhouse to Age"—painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Fred Ludekens

89 years at fine whiskey-making

makes this whiskey good

IMPERIAL

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

In the best *Bedside Manner*

Cheer the convalescent by sending a great bouquet of lovely flowers with *your* personal message of good wishes even though you are a thousand miles away! For Flowers by Wire have obliterated distance.

• Now any F.T.D. florist in the U. S. or Canada will speed delivery of beautiful fresh flowers to *any city within two hours.* Just give your order for birthday, holiday, anniversary or business flowers to the florist who displays the Winged Mercury Seal on his window. He will handle all details — save you time, money, bother. Each F.T.D. member is bonded. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

• Best of all this wonderful, personalized service is inexpensive. Just think — a glorious $5.00 bouquet can be sent from Washington, D. C. (including cost of wire) to New Orleans for $5.50 . . . to Chicago for $5.50 . . . to Denver for $5.83 . . . to Montreal for $5.60. Overseas orders filled too! Try it! See for yourself.

• Wherever you are . . . whatever the occasion IN *ANY* EVENT — WIRE FLOWERS

FLOWERS - BY - WIRE
AUTHORIZED FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY SHOP

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY INTERNATIONAL
484 East Grand Blvd., Detroit 7, Michigan

The Hilarious Hunter

To many Americans there has always been something odd and comical about the British custom of hunting on horseback with hounds leading the way.

But there was a retired British tanner named Jemmy Hirst who really made a burlesque of the sport a century ago. Jemmy was a merry, pot-bellied, round-faced man who invariably went a-shooting not on a horse, but astride a bull. Furthermore he used a pack of pigs as pointers.

The pigs were so highly-trained that each answered to his name. The story about the porker-pointers swept the hunting-lodges all over England and was endlessly discussed by skeptics in the best London clubs.

Eventually a group of hunting men made a trip to Hirst's big country house near Doncaster to investigate the matter.

They found that Hirst also had dogs in his party, retrievers. He claimed that watching the snouts of his pigs tipped him off when game was near much more quickly than any blue-ribbon-winning hound could.

"But pigs are pigs," he said, "and you can't trust them to retrieve as dogs will."

Jemmy's eccentricity was not only expressed in his hunting. Having been a bachelor all his life, Jemmy stipulated in his will that his pallbearers should be eight skinny old maids, to be paid half a guinea ($2.62½) each.

When he died in 1857 the executors of his estate did their best to carry out his wishes, but spinsters were so shy in those days that not one could be found to act as pallbearer. The undertaker was forced to use eight fat widows instead. He paid them half-a-crown ($.62½) each for their work, asserting that, not being virgins, they were worth less than a quarter as much as old maids.

—Charles Samuels

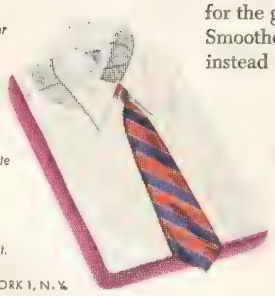
Collars are

All ~~Gaul is~~ Divided in Three Parts

except Van Heusen!

Great Caesar!—it's the noblest Roman of them all, wearing the noblest collar of them all . . . on the Van Heusen "400" White Shirt. Fit for the gods—and discriminating mortals like you. Smoother fitting—because it's woven in *one piece* instead of the commonplace three. Easier-fitting—the fold-line is automatic—*woven in*—can't wander! Day-and-night neatness—the one-piece collar can't wilt, can't curl, stays firmly, calmly in place *without starch!* Put yourself on a pedestal of style and comfort—ask for the Van Heusen Shirt with the one and only Van Heusen Collar. They're more plentiful now—plenty later! So keep trying!

1. *Famous Van Heusen Collar styling contributes to a classic appearance.*
2. *Springmaid broadcloth—Sanforized and endorsed by the American Institute of Laundering.*
3. *Superior tailoring—complete with stick-to-their-post buttons.*
4. *Styled to flatter your torso, liberate your limbs. Action armholes. Tapered figure-fit.*



PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

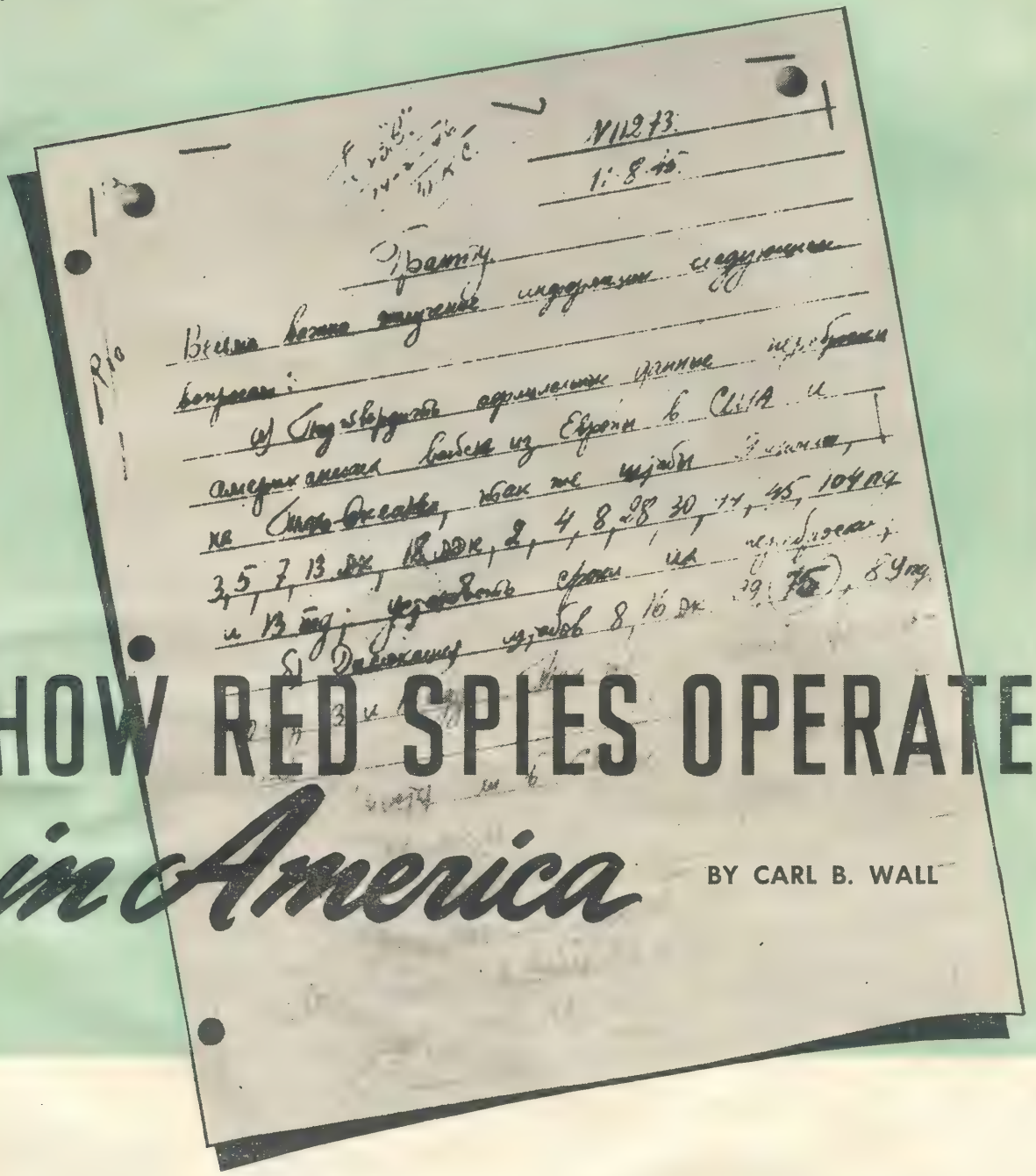
Van Heusen shirts TIES • PAJAMAS COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

The expert distiller has had his way with Mount Vernon. You'll find his careful touch in the way the flavor comes clearly through in long drinks or short. And always you'll find pleasant mildness that marks you a good host with pride in the drinks you serve. To show your mixing skill, keep a good supply of Mount Vernon on hand.

Mount Vernon
Brand

86.8 PROOF — 51% STRAIGHT WHISKEY • 49% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Here, for the first time, is the full story of Canada's famous Russian spy case. It shows how Soviet Spies are now working in the U. S.



HOW RED SPIES OPERATE *in America*

BY CARL B. WALL

At 7:45 p.m. on the night of September 5, 1945, Igor Gouzenko, cipher clerk on the staff of the Russian Military Attache, Colonel Zabotin, quietly turned the key to his office on the second floor of the Soviet Embassy at No. 285 Charlotte Street, Ottawa, Canada.

The room was Number 12. It was the secret cipher department of Russian Military Intelligence.

It was one of eight rooms on the second floor of the building. The entrance to this wing was closed by a double steel door. The windows were equipped with iron bars and steel shutters.

Gouzenko switched on an overhead light and stood for a moment—listening. It was very quiet. There was only the swishing sound of outside traffic, deadened by the shutters which were closed as tightly as possible.

Gouzenko moved to a steel safe, spun the knobbed dial. In the still room the clicks of the tumblers were clearly audible. Gouzenko's hand moved over the familiar contents of the strong box.

There were the cipher books which he used nightly to encipher and decipher telegrams. These were kept in a sealed bag which was handed each night to one Aleksashkin. Aleksashkin guarded them with his life, after office hours. In this safe, too, was Colonel Zabotin's secret diary and the documents of the Soviet Military Intelligence Service.

Gouzenko's long fingers ticked through a file of "covernames." In this file Canada was referred to as Lesovia; the Soviet Embassy as Metro; the NKVD or the Russian Secret Political Police, as The Neighbors; passports as shoes; the Communist Party of Canada, or other countries except the U.S.S.R., as The Corporation and its members as corporants or corporators; any hiding place as a dubok; a legal

Capt. Lunan being booked in Ottawa. Later convicted—sentence, five years.

front for illegal activities as a roof; and the military espionage organization itself as Gisel. Colonel Zabotin's cover name was Grant.

Gouzenko picked a copy of a cable which had recently been sent in code to Moscow by Zabotin. It read:

"To the Director:

"Although you are sending us operational sums of money through metro, we nevertheless have to get them through the bank. In this way the purpose of secrecy is defeated. Could you send us Canadian dollars by mail? This would insure full secrecy for the operational sums. At present the sums sent by you would not attract attention, as we are carrying out repairs, are buying a car and there are people coming, etc. In the future this will be noticeable.

(Signed) Grant"

He selected, too, this message, transmitted from Moscow:

"Supplement to No. 11923
N 11931
22.8.45

To Grant

Take measures to organize acquisition of documentary materials on the atomic bomb.

The technical process, drawings, calculations.

(Signed) Director"

Working swiftly, Gouzenko selected other coded messages which had been exchanged recently between Ottawa and Moscow. From time to time his eye caught phrases such as this:

". . Try to get from him before departure detailed information on the progress of the work on uranium. . ."

". . . Badeau asks for permission to change to work on uranium. There is a possibility either by being invited or by applying himself, but he warned that they are very careful in the selection of workers and that they are under strict observation . . ."

"It is very important to receive information on the following questions

"(a) To confirm the official data about the transfer of American troops from Europe to the USA and to the Pacific. also the headquarters of the 9th Army, 3, 5, 7, 13th Armoured Corps, 18 ADK, 2, 4, 8, 28, 30, 44, 45, 104th Infantry Divisions and 13th Tank Divisions. To establish the dates of their transfer.

"(b) Dislocation of the headquarters of the 8, 16th Armoured Corps, 29, (75), 89th Infantry Divisions, 10th Tank Divisions, 13 and 17th ADD. Also about the dislocation of the Brazilian Infantry Division.

"(c) Are the 6th and 12th Army Groups in Europe, what is their composition and their dislocation, the dates and direction of their transfer?

"(d) Has there been organized a headquarters of the American occupation forces in Germany, its location, who was appointed as its commander?

"(e) The dislocation of the First Air Borne Army, the plans for its future use.

Hurry.

(Signed) The Director"

"To the Director,

"We have worked out the conditions of a meeting with Alek in London. Alek will work in King's College, Strand. It will be possible to find him there through the telephone book.

"Meetings: October 7.17.27 on the street in front of the British Museum. The time, 11 o'clock in the evening. Identification sign:—A newspaper under the left arm. Password: — Best regards from Mikel (Maikl). He cannot remain in Canada. At the beginning of September he must fly to London. Before his departure he will go to the Uranium Plant in the Petawawa district, where he will be for about two weeks. He promised, if possible, to meet us before his departure. He said that he must come next year for a month to Canada. We handed over $500 to him.

(Signed) Grant".

Attached to this was the reply of Moscow's Director:

11955
22.8.45

Kathleen Willsher (Elli), from office of High Commissioner in Ottawa. Given three years for her part.

Dr. David Shugar. High I. Qs. were bought for almost nothing by the Russian espionage system.

Dr. Raymond Boyer (The Professor), McGill scientist, swam into the net.

"To Grant:

"Reference No. 244.

"The arrangements worked out for the meeting are not satisfactory. I am informing you of new ones.

"1. Place: In front of the British Museum in London, on Great Russell Street, at the opposite side of the street, about Museum Street, from the side of Tottenham Court Road repeat Tottenham Court Road, Alek walks from Tottenham Court Road, the contact man from the opposite side—Southampton Row.

"2. Time: As indicated by you, however, it would be more expedient to carry out the meeting at 20 o'clock, if it should be convenient to Alek, as at 23 o'clock it is too dark. As for the time, agree about it with Alek and communicate the decision to me. In case the meeting should not take place in October, the time and day will be repeated in the following months.

"3. Identification signs: Alek will have under his left arm the newspaper Times, the contact man will have in his left hand the magazine Picture Post.

"4. The Password: The contact man: 'What is the shortest way to the Strand?'

"Alek: 'Well, come along, I am going that way.'

Report on transmitting the conditions to Alek.

(Signed) Director"

Slipping these and other documents into his brief case, Gouzenko clicked off the light, walked quickly down the narrow corridor and slipped out of the building into the dusk of the Ottawa night. At the corner of Charlotte Street he paused for a moment, looked back at the Soviet Embassy and then plunged on. He had made his decision.

Gouzenko had been born in Russia in 1919. He held the rank of lieutenant in the Red Army and had been detailed to Canada in June, 1943.

Now, as he walked slowly through the chill, late summer night, he formulated the basis of the official statement which he made later to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police:

"I was surprised by the complete freedom of the individual which exists in Canada but does not exist in Russia. The false representations about the democratic countries which are increasingly propagated in Russia were dissipated daily, as no lying propaganda can stand up against facts. . .

"During two years of life in Canada, I saw the evidence of what a free people can do. What the Canadian people have accomplished and are accomplishing here under conditions of complete freedom—the Russian people, under the conditions of the Soviet regime of violence and suppression of all freedom, cannot accomplish even at the cost of tremendous sacrifices, blood and tears. . .

". . . the Soviet Government . . . is taking all measures to prevent the peoples of democratic countries from knowing about the conditions of life in Russia. . . The facts about the brutal suppression of the freedom of speech, the mockery of the real religious feelings of the people, cannot penetrate into the democratic countries.

". . . the Soviet Union asserts that the Russian people have, as it were, their own particular understanding of freedom and democracy, different from that which prevails among the peoples of the western democracies. . . *This is a lie.* The Russian people have the same understanding of freedom as all the peoples of the world. . . However, the Russian people cannot realize their dream of freedom and a democratic government on account of cruel terror and persecution. . .

"Holding forth at international conferences with voluble statements about peace and security, the Soviet Government is simultaneously preparing secretly for the third world war. To meet this war, the Soviet Government is creating in democratic countries, including Canada, a fifth column, in the organization of which even diplomatic representatives of the Soviet Government take part. . .

"The announcement of the dissolution of the Comintern was, probably, the greatest farce of the Communists in recent years. Only the name was liquidated, with the object of reassuring public opinion in the democratic countries. Actually, the [*Continued on page* 110]

Fred Rose, beside officer, member of Parliament, given six years.

Here's your chance of a lifetime...an opportunity to go to Africa, with all expenses and a salary paid, as a member of the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition. TRUE, The Man's Magazine, gives you here the first public announcement of this scientific undertaking. Watch for your March issue of TRUE to get all details of how YOU may win this great adventure

BY COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

I am going back to Africa. And I want three readers of TRUE, *The Man's Magazine, to come with me as members of the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition to the Mountains of the Moon.*

Hard to believe? I mean exactly what I say. To three of you who are reading this, I shall offer the opportunity of a lifetime, the realization of dreams: a responsible position in one of the most modern, elaborate, perfectly organized scientific expeditions ever to go to Africa.

Think what that can mean for you. . . .

A voyage across the Atlantic . . . a half year of romance, glamor and adventure in five countries of central and east Africa: the Belgian Congo, Uganda, Tanganyika, Kenya and Zanzibar . . . seeing for yourself the strange natives I have tried to describe in a few TRUE articles—the Giant Watussi, the Mambuti Pygmies, the lion-stabbing Masai, the crinoline-wearing Buganda women, the flapjack Bamburi ladies with a huge wooden plate in their upper lip.

It means watching, stalking, hunting, with a camera or a rifle in your own hands, the animals of the equatorial lakes, jungles, and plains . . . millions of beautifully colored, huge birds; herds of the big-game animals; even some of the rare monsters and freaks of nature, species of which perhaps you have seen a melancholy tamed specimen in a zoo, and others that have never been seen outside Africa.

And this is far from all. The experience will enrich your entire life. It will give you knowledge that no book or school can give. And whatever your preferred field, if you fill your expedition job well you'll return to find that your name is known, that you are sought after, that this venture has made you.

Does all this sound too good? Do you feel that there must be a catch somewhere? Well there isn't; not if you have the proper qualifications.

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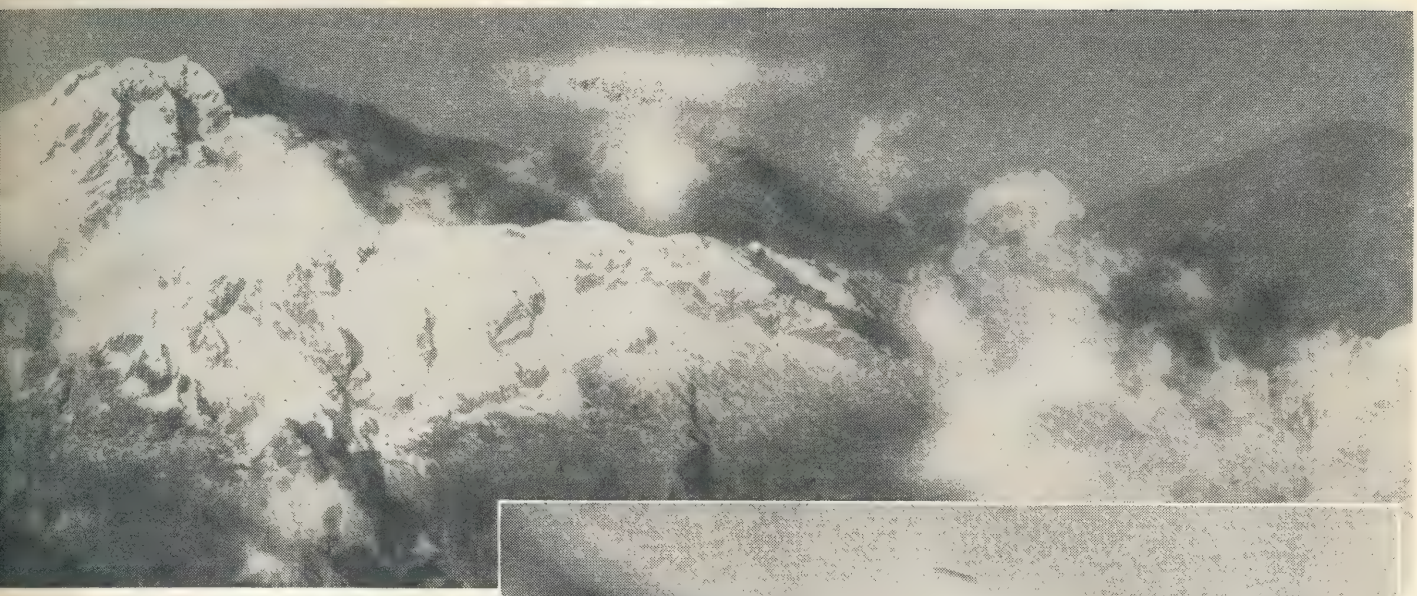
Is your head spinning? I know mine would, had I been offered such a chance in my earlier days instead of having to create my own opportunities, one by one, through years

O BY MARY LIGHT FROM R. U. LIGHT'S FOCUS ON AFRICA, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK



For the first time, the modern helicopter will serve as an explorer's tool on the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition to the Mountains of the Moon.

of hard work and perseverance.

Probably you already have read about some of my ten previous expeditions to Africa. They gave me a total of fourteen years on African soil. They kept me busy for as many years again preparing and organizing them, in writing books and articles about the experiences and adventures encountered, the researches and discoveries made. They crammed my existence so full of thrills and interest that I wouldn't exchange my career for any other, even if I could. But this eleventh expedition of mine is going to beat all the previous ones, in its painstaking organization, in the variety of its purposes, in the novelty of its ultra-modern equipment.

Which is as it should be. This expedition is the result of what I have learned in each of the preceding ones. And this time, instead of being alone, I have behind me the powerful support and all the technical and engineering facilities of the entire Hallicrafters organization.

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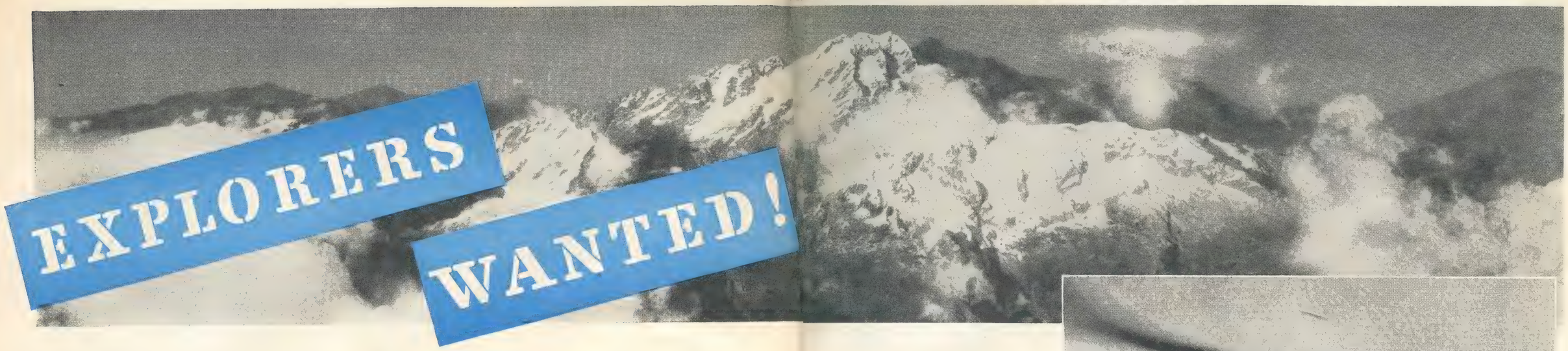

EXPLORERS WANTED!

Here's your chance of a lifetime...an opportunity to go to Africa, with all expenses and a salary paid, as a member of the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition. TRUE, The Man's Magazine, gives you here the first public announcement of this scientific undertaking. Watch for your March issue of TRUE to get all details of how YOU may win this great adventure

BY COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

I am going back to Africa. And I want three readers of TRUE, *The Man's Magazine, to come with me as members of the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition to the Mountains of the Moon.*

Hard to believe? I mean exactly what I say. To three of you who are reading this, I shall offer the opportunity of a lifetime, the realization of dreams: a responsible position in one of the most modern, elaborate, perfectly organized scientific expeditions ever to go to Africa.

Think what that can mean for you. . . .

A voyage across the Atlantic . . . a half year of romance, glamor and adventure in five countries of central and east Africa: the Belgian Congo, Uganda, Tanganyika, Kenya and Zanzibar . . . seeing for yourself the strange natives I have tried to describe in a few TRUE articles—the Giant Watussi, the Mambuti Pygmies, the lion-stabbing Masai, the crinoline-wearing Buganda women, the flapjack Bamburi ladies with a huge wooden plate in their upper lip.

It means watching, stalking, hunting, with a camera or a rifle in your own hands, the animals of the equatorial lakes, jungles, and plains . . . millions of beautifully colored, huge birds; herds of the big-game animals; even some of the rare monsters and freaks of nature, species of which perhaps you have seen a melancholy tamed specimen in a zoo, and others that have never been seen outside Africa.

And this is far from all. The experience will enrich your entire life. It will give you knowledge that no book or school can give. And whatever your preferred field, if you fill your expedition job well you'll return to find that your name is known, that you are sought after, that this venture has made you.

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SO YOU *Can't* SKI?

Learn right in your living room how to take the dizziest slopes with the experts

BY WALTER PRAGER
with
Daniel T. Brigham

(Fig. A.) When a crash is about to upset you, lean forward and bend the knees. Weight on toes and heels flat.

*(Mr. Prager has twice won the world's championship for downhill running. He is now coach of the Dartmouth College ski team and is head of the Jackson Hole, Wyoming, ski run.—**The Editors**)*

Take the hooey out of skiing and, as usual in such cases, you'll be greatly surprised at what you find. The only one to lose by the simplification is the show-off expert. His flamboyant executions and fancy displays of co-ordination made the sport appear to you as something entirely too difficult to master.

A few years back the Swiss National Tourist Office in collaboration with some of Switzerland's top-ranking skiers removed a great deal of the absurd exaggeration from the sport. They introduced a "school" of skiing which is rapidly spreading to ski slopes throughout the world and making thousands of converts each year.

Not so flamboyant—or dangerous—as the so-called "French School," nor as spectacular—and also dangerous—as the Austrian or Voralberg School, the Swiss system in a large measure can be mastered right in your own home. When carefully studied and practiced it can take you right through the boring "basic" without wasting a single day of an all too brief winter vacation.

If you are one of those who hitherto thought you couldn't make it, but nevertheless wanted to try, amigo, you're our man. You can even let the family in on it. All we ask you to do is roll up a corner of the carpet in the living room to uncover a small piece of the polished floor, get into some workable shorts—it's going to be warm work—put on a pair of leather-soled shoes or slippers and then get going.

Should the carpet in your home be nailed down or should

(Fig. B.) For braking power, knees are bent inward and downward holding correct lateral angle on the skis.

you have only linoleum floors—don't lose heart. An adequate substitute for the polished floor can be had with a thick layer of newspapers spread on the floor, and covered with a piece of thin material—a pillow case will do nicely. If this type of ski-slope is to be your practice field, however, you will find it far simpler to work out in sneakers because they will adhere to the material and simplify the sliding.

First and foremost, a few words about the basic principles of the sport. There is a fundamental law of physics that may be well to remember. It goes something like: a body in motion tends to remain in motion. So when and if you feel a crash coming on, either in this basic training or later on a slope, *don't try to take it on your back end;* try to *fall forward on your face,* and the more forward the better. (See figure A.)

People with the unrestrained inclination to sit down as an adequate substitute for braking, usually wind up the season just where they began—as beginners with sore "extremities." By leaning forward we mean, strive to approximate as closely as possible, the stance illustrated in figure A. Reason? Sure—if you lean ahead to do your falling forward, you reduce the probability of even taking that upset by more than 60 per cent and the possibility of hurting yourself—always at the back of a beginner's mind—by more than 90 per cent!

Since this stance is so all-fired important, let's go to work on it. First, take a good look at the progressive stances in figure C., to get a good idea of what we are going to mean when we tell you to "lean forward *and* bend your knees."

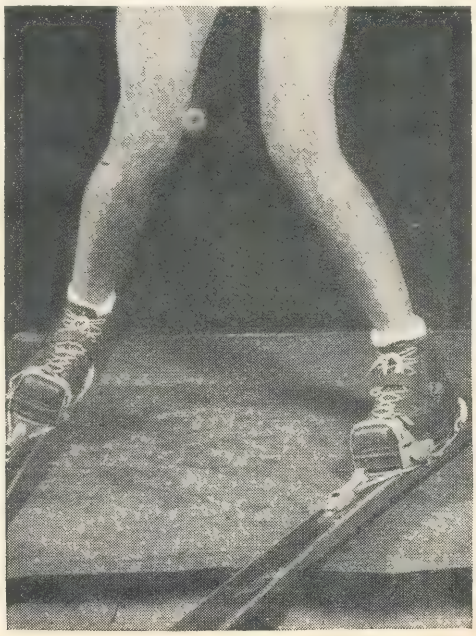
Place your feet in a comfortable position about three or four inches apart, one foot just far enough ahead of the other so the ball of the rear foot is opposite the arch of the forward foot.

Read that over again to get it right. Now, bring the rear knee in to fit closely but comfortably next to the forward knee. Then with body erect and the weight equally distributed on both feet, toward the toes, but with the heels flat, lean forward as far as you can go without losing your balance. (See figure C.) At that point just before you are about to flop on your nose, *bend your knees* at the same time keeping the body straight. In this position, figure C., you will observe the knee is ahead of the toe. Presto, you've got the proper stance from which all further operations will begin. Just one thing to remember—when you bend your knees, don't merely shove the buttocks backward. Back, hips and thighs should be in a comfortably [*Continued on page* 96]

MULTIPLE IMAGES, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVE ROBBINS, ACHIEVED WITH STROBOSCOPIC LIGHTING. SPEED CAMERA RECORDED EACH IMAGE AT 1/30,000 OF A SECOND.

(Fig. C.) Stance from which all skiing operations start. Lean forward to the verge of toppling, regaining the balance by bending knees. Practice will add to the inclination.

(Fig. D. below, left) Lateral shift of body to outside ski for right and left turns. (Fig. E.) All future turns are based on some modification of the Stem (below, right). Note how knee action corrects ski angle. This is very important.



Mr. Mahon had a cool head, all right. Trouble was it belonged to somebody else

The Case of The Scattered Tennis Player

BY ALAN HYND

Author of Mr. Coffey Takes a Bride

Patrick Herbert Mahon, a poorly paid salesman of mechanical appliances for a large London firm, wasn't much to look at but he was hell on wheels with the women. He was an egotistical, fastidious featherweight in his middle thirties with a strained chalky face, a small, reddish mustache and swirling blue eyes. He had the knack of making one suit look like three by artful changes of waistcoats and haberdashery; he could see his face in his boots if he wanted to; and, somewhere along the line, he had memorized a great deal of poetry.

Patrick Herbert Mahon fell in love every spring. The spring of 1923 was no exception. His wife of fourteen years—a patient, long-suffering soul with whom he lived in the Richmond district of London—knew about her husband's infidelities. Strangely enough, she didn't worry so much about other women as about the source of the money with which Patrick Herbert carried on with them. Eight years previously, in 1915, Mahon had embezzled money to keep an expensive love affair in motion, and had gone to prison for five years. Upon his release, his wife had successfully smothered his past and obtained for him the salesman's job that he still held.

The latest object of Mahon's attention was a long-faced spinster named Emily Kaye, who was a clerk with the company that employed Mahon. Miss Kaye, who had reluctantly bade adieu to her thirty-fifth birthday several years previously, was an enthusiastic tennis player—a fact that a Sherlock Holmes would have deduced from the overdeveloped state of her calves. She was usually seen carrying a racquet in a brown canvas case, and, on those occasions when she was going to play a set or two after work, she wore sneakers in the office.

Mahon's taste in women wasn't half bad and, all things considered, Emily Kaye was hardly the type of woman who would have interested him. One day, however, she had asked his advice about some investments and happened to mention that she had saved up some £800 (then the rough equivalent of $4,000). Mahon was fascinated, and that night he took Miss Kaye out to dinner.

It was after a day at the beach, in June, that the irresistible force collided with the movable object. Night had fallen and Mahon and Miss Kaye were sitting on the sands, looking at the stars. Mahon murmured:

"Let those love now who never loved before.
Let those who always loved now love the more."

That did it.

The conquest of Emily Kaye a *fait accompli,* Mahon now went to work on her dough. He got half of it without difficulty, telling her he was going to invest it for her.

The money quickly went on the horses. The horses were Mahon's failing, if you don't count women. Patrick Herbert Mahon was in some respects a singular man, but he had one thing in common with millions of other males. He was a sucker for the bangtails. The egotist in him wouldn't permit him to admit that he couldn't beat the races and, when he wasn't chasing some woman, he was working on a system whereby he hoped to parlay a few pounds into a fortune.

Miss Kaye, although not suspicious about the fate of her £400, nevertheless showed a strong disposition not to part with her remaining money. Mahon was just as determined to somehow get it. He needed it to make a clean-up on the races and replace the £400 he had lost.

In January of 1924, Emily Kaye quit her job and broke the news that she was going to become a m-o-t-h-e-r. She demanded that Mahon divorce his wife. He stalled her. The proposal offended his aesthetic nature. When he contemplated Emily Kaye's long face, bulging leg muscles and the sneakers that she seemed to be wearing all the time now he felt like the fellow in the sing-damn-you-sing joke.

Now there cropped up the first of a series of incidents that were to effect the destiny of Patrick Herbert Mahon. The little salesman was busily engaged over a week-end on a new handicapping system, and in the course of his research made voluminous notes and calculations on scratch paper, which he tore up and threw into a wastebasket as he went along. On the Monday morning when he went to work, his wife, fearing that he was up to something crooked, retrieved the contents of the wastebasket and put sufficient pieces of the scrap paper together to know that her husband [*Continued on page* 128]

Illustrated by Paul Wehr

Mahon had weighted the hatbox and dropped it into the Thames River.

"My Friend," .22 knuckle duster.

Gadget Guns

And most of them are the deadliest, ugliest, smallest killers that mind and hand could create

BY LUCIAN CARY

True's Gun Expert

Most of the thousands of firearms that have been invented in the last 500 years are more gadgets than guns. Many of them were invented to get around somebody else's patent. But many more were new—at least to the inventor.

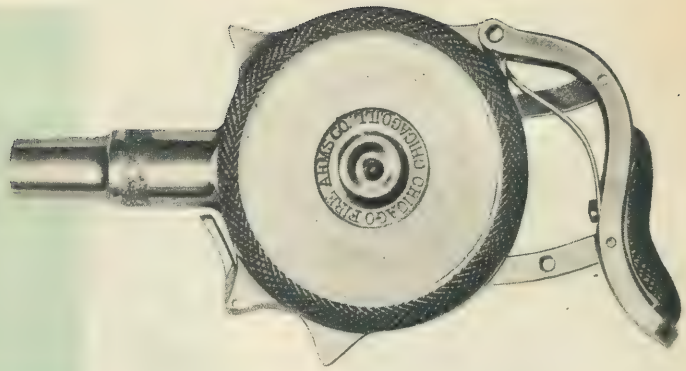
Pistols have been combined with keys, daggers, battle axes, clubs, pocket knives, knuckle dusters and flashlights. They have been made to be concealed in the pocket, in a coat sleeve, in the top of a boot, in a woman's muff, in the palm of the hand, in the hilt of a sword and in canes. Guns have been designed to kill the man who opened a door, to produce rain in Switzerland, to open kilns in the process of making cement, to harpoon fish, to knock a man out with no injury to him, to fire fourteen-pound high explosive shells without recoil, and to shoot around a corner. This last isn't a joke, either. In the final year of World War II the Germans made guns that would shoot around a corner and, within reason, hit what the shooter aimed at.

Early users of firearms had plenty of troubles but the greatest of these was the time it took to reload. If a man was shooting a pistol, he was usually shooting at close range

At top, .22 muff pistol, engraved "For Hattie." Three center derringers are the Colt line. Odd derringer is duplicate of one that shot Lincoln.

Much reduced Elgin cutlass-pistol for ship landings (above). Below it, a gentleman's Malacca dagger cane with .22 pepper box added as insurance.

Mean Murder

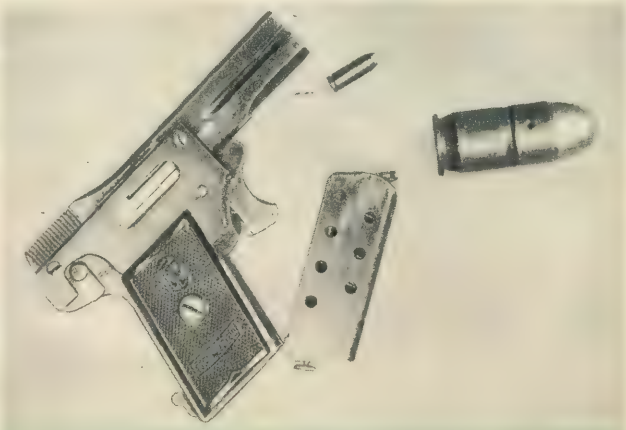


Thug's .32 palm gun. Engraved in pearl.

and often his life hung on the shot. He wanted a repeating gun and, if he couldn't have that, he wanted one that was also a dagger, a club or an ax. Often he preferred a sharp blade as his real weapon and the pistol was merely an added gadget. One such, a museum piece made in Europe, is a long knife with a flintlock pistol in its chased metal handle. During the flintlock period, many men carried swords with a pistol barrel extending through the guard and pointing alongside the blade. A sword with a pistol made after the percussion cap came into use shows a different notion. The pistol is almost completely concealed. The barrel runs through the handle of the sword and points to the rear, so a man could shoot in the act of surrendering his sword hilt first.

Samuel Colt had one model revolver made with a dagger, but he never put it in production. The dagger was a poor selling point and Samuel Colt was a salesman. His story was that a man who carried a Colt revolver had five or six shots ready to fire and didn't need a knife. If the customer wanted more shots, Colt would sell him a second revolver for his other hand or a spare cylinder that could be carried loaded and capped, ready to be slipped into the gun when the original cylinder was empty. But the idea of fitting a gun with a blade, or making it so it could be used as an aid to the fist, [*Continued on page* 83]

Photography for True by Al Gould . . . Guns from the collection of Robert Abels



The German Kolibri 3 m/m automatic won't kill you across the street (compare it with .45 auto cartridge), but it works like big ones when fired in your ear.

English tricks. Above, muzzle-loading flintlock .44 cal. sword, made in 1750. The bottom jackknife, NON XLL, is also blackjack and .32 cal. pistol.

For shy girls. Trigger on top revolver, knife as center barrel, are for muffs. Shiny weapon is four-shot palm gun. Screw gun dissuades window openers.

Taking the warrior's view, the gamecock is altogether magnificent.

Bred for Fury

BY TED ROCKWELL and DAVE ROBBINS

If you think that cockfighting is a sport practiced mainly in exotic jungle villages, we will bet you even money that there are more cockpits in this country (active, attended by hundreds every few weeks) than there are ball parks and stadia combined. And if you think that the sport is confined to hillside barnyards, we will throw in an additional wager that there are more pits within Chicago's city limits than there are, say, police stations or art galleries. And more in greater Manhattan than in Mexico City or Havana. Or maybe both.

The actual proof would be difficult, as cocking is illegal in nearly every state. This illegality is based on two counts, gambling and cruelty, and encompasses raising, owning or selling game birds, operating or attending a pit, and, in general, anything that tends to "encourage or foster the practice." Every now and then a raid is publicized, several prominent citizens are jailed, and that is about all that the general public ever hears of the sport. The normal assumption is, of course, that it is somewhere between vivisection and pulling the wings off flies, and is indulged in by a few queers who are duly apprehended by the law's long limb. Many put it in a class with bullfighting. Some liken it to the pit-dog meetings.

TRUE presents on these pages the first color photographs ever published of fighting cocks in action. Photographer Dave Robbins journeyed to the deep South and synchronized a Rolleiflex camera with a Stroboscopic light to stop the terrific action of pit cocks fighting.

The fastest way to dispel this misconception is to look through any of the many national magazines devoted to the sport. They are faintly heraldic in character, bearing such names as Grit & Steel, Knights of the Pit, and The Feathered Warrior, and are published in scattered locations which represent most of the country. With few exceptions they are over a generation old, and carry letters from superstitious Canadian farmers, rich Hawaiian planters, Mexican sportsmen, GIs on every continent, and every type of man and woman in this country. There might be an article reporting a main (a challenge match between two owners, each pitting a few of his best birds) which reads like Helen Hokinsen's women's club reports, telling of all the socially prominent present, and there are idiom-ridden, gabby letters about another fight at some obscure mountain pit in Arkansas.

You will see ads for alkaloid and hormone-loaded foods for "conditioning" cocks for battle; articles deploring the downfall of breeding standards, quoting Chaucer, Pepys, and Themistocles; reports of little hack fights (single challenge matches) and four day international tournaments;

Long before the Vikings started improving dogs, the Phoenicians were pitting gamecocks of recorded breeding. Today cockfighting has the largest following of any sport, with America leading

editorials pleading for cockpit operators to obey city fire ordinances; pictures of men and their chickens, and accounts of the hundreds of fights that take place each week in some of the thousands of pits throughout the country. In the continent's largest cities, in rural communities from Long Island to Catalina, in barns and basements from Quebec to Cuernavaca, men and women from all walks of life write in to report on one of man's oldest sports.

The men in this game are individualists of all extremes, but generally fall into three categories: gamblers, sportsmen, breeders. There are men who will bet on anything, and they are naturally drawn to chicken fighting, for it is possible to throw away more money with less effort in this game than in any other commonly indulged-in pastime, with the possible exception of politics, and there it's not your shekels. Men have won (and lost) in the tens of G's in a single tournament (in cockfighting's unique way). All you have to do is to take a few hundred dollars in your hot fist and stroll through the stands shouting "Eight hundred to five hundred." That's all. Somebody yells, "I'll take that," and it's official. The loser looks up the winner and pays off. If he is reluctant, he is generally found in a ditch. This game is remarkably straight and the crowd doesn't like welchers.

The gambler doesn't care whether it's chickens or ducks that are fighting, as long as there is a taker. Every fight has

(1) "Sparring off" a Pyle against a Brown-Red before pitting.

(2) A knifeman's waltz. The Pyle wheels for position.

(3) The Pyle recoils three feet after cutting the Brown-Red. . . .

(4) Which is staggered, as feathers fly from the cutting.

(See page 39)

Young breeders, handlers compare birds before a "main."

"Heeling," fastening steel gaff over natural spur's stump.

Tennessee veteran breeder Bill Grady with a Law Grey.

a fellow who hangs around the drag pit where the long fights are finished off, and says periodically, "Fifty gets eighty, you pick your bird." You can take either side and still get odds. There's a diehard gambler!

The sportsman doesn't care who is pitting as long as the birds are good and the fight is clean. He is the same guy who will spend his one night in a strange town seeing a basketball game or a prize fight, not knowing or caring who is participating; just looking for a good contest. He can't remove a bird from his coop without billing him a few flurries against any nearby rooster. At the drop of a gaffing kit, he will spar a couple of birds just to demonstrate their gameness. Like the gambler, he will arrange a hack (the single challenge bout) at a moment's notice, regardless of the bird's condition, but, like the breeder, he will insist on an even match. He won't know half the time what the bird's real breeding is, but will argue at length on his invincibility. I usually think of him as being young and more of a playboy than the other two types, but that is certainly arbitrary restriction, and there are plenty of old rubes who fall into this group.

The real old-timers, the genuine backbone of the sport, are the breeders. They are an extrapolation of the most orthodox of the breeders of horses, dogs and orchids, for the controlled, recorded ancestry of game fowl antedates that of thoroughbred horses and pedigreed dogs by hundreds of years. Long before the Arabs were developing their famous stallions, ages before the Vikings started crude selective breeding of hunting dogs, the ancient Greeks—and, before them, the Phoenicians—were pitting birds of recorded breeding. The purity of these strains is revealed by the fact that although some of the coloring is extremely varied and intricate, in purebred birds it is exactly identical from one rooster to the next.

Game fowl are pitted in basements, open fields and backyards, but most legitimate pits are quite similar. Outside one looks like a typical barn or smokehouse, and from a distance, except for the crowing which can be heard for hundreds of yards, that might be all it is. But as you get in close (no mean feat in most cases; they are usually pretty far back in the bush) you will see a sign informing you that it is the Roaring Fork Game Club or some similar name, and will note that "YOUR CONDUCT HELPS THIS PLACE RUN. BE A GOOD SPORT BOYS," and "NO DRINKING ALLOWED OR PROFANE LANGUAGE WILL BE TOLERATED." You are also told that "ALL MEN MUST ABIDE BY THE RULES OF THE CLUB. NO CHILDREN ALLOWED. NO LADIES EXCEPT ON LADIES DAY" and "MEMBERSHIP DUES $3." You pay the latter to a motheaten old joker in a rustic box office and receive your "membership card," which may consist of a plain white tag or a scrap of colored cardboard. You present this at the door and can get it again if you leave before the derby is finished. This last is a friendly gesture since a derby may last nearly continuously from Friday afternoon until early Sunday morning.

The arena itself is like a primitive operating room. In the center is the pit, generally round or polygonal, about twenty feet across, with built-up wooden sides about two feet high and often topped with spikes to discourage rail sitters. The pit floor is hard clay, smooth like a tennis court and sprinkled with a very light coating of fine sand. There are two lime-marked lines inside the pit, and the whole is lightly doused with water. Hanging low over the pit are banks of bright lights in green reflectors, which all but obstruct the view from the top bleacher seats and which silhouette the cigaret smoke, making the atmosphere look like something out of the half shell.

The rustic bleachers fade up into the smoke at about a 45- to 55-degree slope, adding to the operating room atmosphere. The entire construction is generally the nadir of inelegance. You can usually see the stars through the cracks in the roof, unless the rain is dripping in on you, and the stands, groaning under the weight of several hundred rest-

less participants (you can't dismiss them as spectators) seem to be perpetually on the verge of collapse.

Naturally there are some very swanky pits (especially in Florida where it is legal) in some city basements and backrooms, and some of the private estate exhibitions (there was once a yacht anchored off Chicago, and, if you stopped at the right spot on the breakwater and whistled into the fog, a rowboat would appear—but that's another story), but most rural establishments follow roughly the pattern outlined here.

In some pits you will see dead chickens under the stands, thrown there by irate losers. This is unusual. The general atmosphere is one of clean overalls, with an occasional gabardine suit and white Stetson combination. The floor is usually covered with enough sawdust to absorb the tobacco juice, the pit is kept raked, moist and smooth, and the curb is washed of the blood that occasionally splashes on it. Drunks and rowdies are conspicuous by their absence, and raised voices and profanity are amazingly infrequent, especially considering the stakes. Friendships are easily made, bets are paid off quietly, and, in the midst of blood and heavy betting, the bouncer (usually the owner) has less to do than he would in a cheap night club, where the most stirring thing in the place is an uninspired, overworked singer.

Around the bleachers, or in separate buildings, are the cockhouses. A good pit tries to provide a separate stall for each entry, consisting of ten or twelve coops, which can house his entries, plus a few other birds he will try to hack, i.e., arrange a challenge match with another bird of similar weight. There is generally a bench, a table and room to inspect and show off the roosters to prospective bettors and challengers. Here, also, the birds are heeled, that is, the steel gaffs are applied just before the fight. Entrants will show up with chickens in cages strapped to a flivver, or shipped in by freight, or in elaborately outfitted modern trailers or trucks.

In most parts of the country, there is, in addition to the main pit, at least one drag pit, a smaller pit where fights which drag on longer than fifteen or twenty minutes (depending on house rules) are completed under the surveillance of those betting on that particular fight, while a fresh pitting starts in the main pit.

At the far end of the pit is usually a small table with the weighing-in scales, and a clipboard or desk for the correspondents of the national game-fowl journals. The scales are standard pan balances, calibrated in pounds and ounces, game fowl running between four and seven pounds. The left-hand pan is padded and covered with felt or velvet, which gives the rooster something to grip and keeps him quiet while being weighed. The birds are ordinarily weighed in with gaffs on, ready to fight.

Heeling, the skill of applying the steel gaffs, is a very important step in preparing the feathered warrior for battle. The cock's natural spurs, which in game fowl grow to be an extremely nasty weapon, are sawed off close a day or two before a fight, leaving a round harmless stump. In the Caribbean and South American pits the birds are customarily fought with bare heels or single "slashers," but in this country, in formal pittings, the steel is nearly universal, although there are scores of slightly different types of gaffs. If an owner wants to learn something about a bird's method of fighting, he may spar him against another cock, both of them wearing "muffs," boxing-glovelike gadgets which fit over the spurs and prevent serious damage.

The gaffs may be kept in vest-pocket kits, containing several pairs of gaffs, a small hacksaw for trimming the spurs, shears, tie strings, tire tape and packing. The gaff (or gaffle as it was originally called) is a curved steel needle, round in cross section, one to three inches long in this country, forged as one piece with a cylindrical section which fits over the stub of the spur. This open cylinder sits on a rectangular base that is fastened onto a leather strap which in turn is secured around the leg [*Continued on page* 90]

(5) Brown-Red on guard against return flurry by the Pyle.

(6) Brown-Red meets the issue with the fury of his breed.

(7) Twelve minutes after the command "PIT," the Pyle wins.

The Good Sun and Instant Death

BY GORDON LEWIS

When the doctors finally diagnosed my sudden loss of sight as having been caused by bovine tuberculosis and warned that only complete inactivity would provide for possible restoration of vision in one eye, nostalgic memories of Florida sand, sea and prairie brightened my strange new dark vacuum that carried with it the daily threat of permanent blindness. Down there, I believed excitedly, there could be no final loneliness (avoiding tourist centers, of course). The very wind itself carries a story in scent and sound. The eternal movement of animal, fish and bird in marsh, river, lake and sky, the stir of surprisingly quick growths from deep rich mucklands . . . these are things a blind man could come to know.

A year passed, a year of feeling the good sun beat down, a year of tasting, of touching, of smelling, and hearing . . . a year of faint shadows flickering to view, disappearing . . . a year straining to identify the happenings I could sense all about me. . . . Then light returned to one eye.

Now, I knew, these strange night sounds, the birds coming over from Merritt Island, the wash of the Indian River on the tiny beach in front of the house, and the clack of the palms would soon be sharply outlined to me in color and silhouette against the hot Florida sun. And the fine yellow moon that comes out of the sea to haunt the crackling night life of the marshes and the fills would aid in presenting me with views adequate to bolster a man's courage.

Of course, I'd read about a lot of it when I still had eyes. All America went on an Audubon spree there for awhile. And here I was, right across from Merritt Island, four miles east of the St. Johns River. Prize, or highlight, Audubon country. I used to like particularly to have Audubon read aloud to me.

The ducks come a few days after Armistice Day, every year, to the Indian River. You can hear them and, when you can see, the long thin scrawls of the Vs scratch the sky. I got a glimpse of those the second fall I was there.

The right eye was gone. When I wrote a New York gunsmith he said it would be $400 if I sent the barrels, $750 if I wanted an offset stock from the right to left shoulder. Oh, why didn't I use a pump or an automatic? I was always against both of those guns, liking a double-barreled, twelve-gauge, figuring the ducks enjoyed winning, too. If you miss twice, why the hell not let them go on their way?

It was a mighty early dawn, and I was nervous. These good Florida men kidded the life out of me.

"Why can't you shoot from one shoulder as well as the other?"

This was an idea. A hooded male merganser came over.

"Hit it, hit it, shoot!" the big Florida man yelled wildly, laughing as a bear should laugh. I thought it was a summer mallard. They don't look too unlike . . . a merganser and a Florida black, or summer mallard. But leave the house if you ever make the mistake of trying to roast one. The wings were over my head and it was dropping on a sinkhole where a blur of decoys sat quietly rocking. I got the gun from my right shoulder to my left, pulled, and the duck nosed with folded wing into the brackish water. That opened Audubon's marshes to me. The Florida man said it was a neat, clean, lucky shot.

It wasn't so many mornings later that I left at five with the huge Florida man who knew the marshes.

"Thought you could really get some shootin' now," was all he said as we rode across the rattling wooden bridge from the mainland to Merritt Island. When the motor stopped I could hear the distant beat of surf from the Atlantic that washed the low shores of Merritt on the east.

The marsh was so quiet, flat, hot in the first glare of a gold-piece sun, it looked like one of those glass lakes you used to see on tiny Christmas toys, except the snow was sawgrass and the evergreens were palms posed in strange postures, bent, curved, twisted during a black hurricane.

"Hell," said Crawford—that's his name—"no ducks fly on a day like this."

A few came over. Crawford never raised his gun. I shot long shots, did no damage. I saw a lithe, whiskered fellow raise his face out of the water, twitch his whiskers.

"Sea calf. Son of a sea cow," Crawford mumbled, anticipating my question. We had drifted in close to shore. Three feet of water now.

Staring at the shore, I saw a gaunt, blue, wading crane

In a fight to save his eyesight, Mr. Lewis settled in a section of Florida where Nature's eerie battles rapidly dwarfed his own

sharply pulled by his bill low into the water. Crawford raised his head.

"What in hell has got him?" he yelled.

I didn't know that anything had got the crane. Then the fight started. The crane went splay-legged. His back pulled. His wings beat the air and his legs bent. He tried to shake his head, but he seemed to have an anchor on his beak. Then he threw his whole body forward and his wings beat the water. He raised himself slowly.

"Godawmighty, somethin's sure lickin' that crane," Crawford said, peering at the freak struggle.

There was a gargle from the crane as its head went under time after time. Its legs seemed to be weakening and its wings beat tremblingly, without power. Then the crane took a whole body dive, came up slowly from the rear with a stagger of defeat in its slow movements. The legs braced. Its head was still out of sight. Ponderously, slowly, stretching to its full body height, it moved backward, with carefully paced, well-braced steps, toward shore.

Its head would sink, its long neck bending like a split bamboo rod of finest make, then curve back; the feet would brace, and another backward step would move it and its submerged enemy toward the sand and the solidity of the salt-alkali, weed shore.

We saw the struggle growing fiercer as the crane backed onto firmer ground. Once a thick black back threshed the water, and the crane's bill was yanked back to sea. But

Triumphantly the crane raised a wing as it stood exhausted over the no-longer deadly fish.

soon the crane had firm sand, and the grass of the marsh under water was left behind. Like a dog pulling apart a tangle of rope, the crane triumphantly braced in a rhythmic heave, and flung a gape-jawed, spiny toadfish three feet onto the sandy shore. The toad, its head four times its body size, let go, and the crane gaped its jaws with a compass movement determined at making a diameter of earth and heaven. It emitted a triumphant "aaaawk," stamped the ground, slapped a confident wing then turned to where the huge toad was still [*Continued on page* 94]

The big cat strained upward awkwardly, the fawn hit the ground unhurt and running, the hawk dove crazily into the dusk. We found only the big cat.

Illustrated by Roy Collins

One of the most adventurous true stories in America's history is told here by one of America's greatest Western writers

Captain with the BOOK and GUN

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Author of Long Storm, Canyon Passage, etc.

Early in the spring of 1822, General William Ashley, about to embark on a fur-trapping expedition, placed an advertisement in the St. Louis Republican:

> To Enterprising Young Men: The subscriber wishes to engage ONE HUNDRED MEN to ascend the River Missouri to its source, there to be employed for one, two or three years. For particulars inquire of Major Andrew Henry, near the Lead Mines in the county of Washington (who will ascend with and command the party) or to the subscriber at St. Louis. Wm. Ashley.

Each American generation has its own particular city of adventure. St. Louis town—5,000 people lifting on the fresh tide of fur trade—was such a city in 1822, the portal of a West still so little known that geographers led legendary rivers through mythical mountains and, lacking anything better, marked great white areas "Terra Incognita."

The general got a mixed response to his advertisement—the evil characters cast up on any frontier, the restless nonconformers whose moccasins were to touch and verify the geography of half a continent, and those young ones out of eastern cities and from eastern farms who formed the

Prayer brought old memories that swayed them briefly. On the frontier, life belonged to the quick, not the reflective.

bulk of that western-rolling wave which rolls still. One of these young fellows was Jedediah Smith. He was 23 when he saw the general's notice, straight from an Ohio farm. He had done a farm boy's trapping, he could shoot, he could take care of himself. General Ashley liked him and took him on as a hunter for the expedition.

He stood a little over 6 feet, blue-eyed and brown of hair, with a large nose set in a shaved, long face. In his knapsack he carried, among other "possibles," a Bible, a book of hymns, a copy of Evidence of Christianity, Rollins' Ancient History, and an account of the travels of Lewis and Clark. No other trapper ever went into the Great Stony Mountains with that equipment. A later commentator said of him: "He was a very mild man and a Christian; there were very few of them in the mountains."

He had three strong inner drives: to serve his Lord with faithful militance, to gain wealth that he might provide for his family and his friends, and to leave behind him a record of great exploration. He was to live nine hard-crowded years, to see his men drop around him in sudden hails of bullets, and to die at last in the same manner.

He possessed a descriptive eye. Traveling up the Missouri with Ashley and his company, he was struck by the sight of the Sioux villages along the river.

"The distant appearance of these lodges when many Indians are encamped together cannot fail of pleasing. Clustered together with their yellow sides and pointed tops, the children playing around in the intervals between them, the men going out or coming in from hunting, the horses feeding on the neighboring prairie, the dogs sleeping in the sun or shade, the squaws at their several labors and the boys at their several sports; these . . . with a beautiful

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mingling of prairie and woodland or some undulation of the land or some bend of the great river . . . would almost persuade a man to renounce the world, take the lodge and live the careless lazy life of an Indian."

Fourteen hundred miles out of St. Louis, they stopped at an Arickaree village to smoke a pipe and pass a cautious word of friendship with an unstable tribe, and near the great bend of the Missouri they paid their respects to the Mandans; afterward they moved overland toward the Yellowstone, through tremendous buffalo herds.

Any log hut in that wilderness was a fort; and thus was Henry's Fort, at the mouth of the Yellowstone. Major Henry had left trappers there the previous year. Arriving now, he dispatched the accumulated furs down the river with Ashley and began another season's trapping. He sent Smith and a small party up the Musselshell to establish a separate trapping base. After the winter's work, they returned to Henry's Fort in the spring.

This was long ago and the records are like wetted letters, a line appearing, a line gone. Some months later Jedediah Smith is not with Henry trapping on the Yellowstone; in some manner—for space meant nothing to these men and it was a common thing for a man to say to another man, before pushing off into the distance: "I will meet you here, July first, the year after next"—Smith had gone down the river to meet General Ashley who once more was poling his way upstream with a group of trappers recruited in St. Louis. They reached the Arickaree village and pitched camp on the sandy beach directly below the stockaded houses of the Indians. The 'Rees made their gestures of friendship, but at 3 o'clock of a June morning Smith woke to screaming of men caught in down-slanting rifle-fire. It was the first time he heard that drum roll of tragedy.

TRUE MAGAZINE

Caught between water and stockade, twelve men were killed before the party withdrew and drifted downstream. Ashley sent a courier to the nearest Army post 500 miles below and called for volunteers to make the 160-mile trip to the Yellowstone to summon Henry. The insolence was momentarily gone from the party and there was reluctance to venture on so risky a journey. It was Smith who volunteered and made the trip with a partner now unknown.

Before he left, he performed a chore. John Gardiner, wounded during the fight, had died. Standing at his grave, Smith made a prayer; a later historian speaks of it as the "first recorded act of worship in South Dakota." To another trapper, Hugh Glass, fell the duty of writing John's parents. "Mr. Smith, a young man of our company, made a powerful prayer which moved us all greatly; and I am persuaded John died in peace." It is a scene worth some comment: these men, to whom formal prayer was strange, standing silent while the words of the prayer unlocked long-ignored compartments wherefrom old memories rose briefly to sway them and to die away when the prayer ceased. On the frontier in 1823, life belonged to the quick, not to the reflective.

The record is blurred again; when it clears, the summer of 1823 is running on and Smith, with sixteen men, is out in the desert lands west of Fort Kiowa, west of the present Pierre, South Dakota. He has wintered in the Rockies, he has been blooded at the 'Ree fight, and Ashley has weighed him and made him a captain. Ashley's weighing is not enough of itself, for Ashley can make no man a leader who is not accepted by these rough, quick wild ones. The modern individualist cannot know of the individualism which these men possessed and on which they staked their lives; it was an individualism too complete to survive into modern times.

The fur trade was half trapping, half exploration; it was based on the beaver, that mild animal who, when touched, lifted its eyes and whimpered. Prime beaver fur was worth $5 in the heyday of the business to the trapper who lifted it from the water and sent it back to civilization to be used for those tall, shaggy hats men wore and in which sometimes, as old-fashioned brief cases, they stuffed their papers. As the trade grew and the familiar streams were trapped out, economics pushed men farther outward into the white space of the geographers. Thus Ashley, remembering the legend that the land beyond the Black Hills was fabulously rich in beaver, sent Smith that way.

Now began for Jedediah Smith that chain of hard circumstances which followed him the rest of his life. It was a late, burning summer and the wastelands were bone-dry, and the grayish powdered soil rose like smoke beneath the horses and threw off a glare that scorched men's eyeballs. There was no water; the horses gave out and men dropped. Smith dug a trench in the sand so that they might have some shelter from the sun. The few hardier ones broke away, hunting water. John Clyman found it and walked directly into it to soak his tissues; and the horses got the odor of it from afar and stampeded forward. Smith observed then the phenomenon which he was to notice many times again, and comment on: a man recovered slowly from starvation, but one good drink of water revived him instantly from long thirst.

They circled the Black Hills, whose central peak—the Inyan Kara of the red man—was a beacon through the long distance; they struck for the Powder and one day, breaking through a willow thicket, a grizzly charged the strung-out file and threw it into a sudden, bucking

panic. Smith, rushing back from the head of the column, came suddenly face to face with the grizzly; the grizzly charged before Smith could raise his gun, seized Smith's head in his mouth, ripped his scalp from crown to temple, tore away an eyebrow and an ear, and left him on the ground with three broken ribs.

They were scarcely squeamish men, but none of them wanted to touch that bloody pulp which was Smith's head. It fell to Clyman to get needle and thread from his possible sack and do the job of sewing up. He pulled the scalp into place and awkwardly tacked it together, but he had no hope of saving that ear which hung by a single strip of flesh. Smith urged him to it. "Go ahead. Try. Stick it on somehow." He lay still while Clyman finished his surgery. For disinfectant there was the single mountain remedy of soap and sugar, and for dressing there was another, the fur of the beaver. Ten days later Smith was on his horse.

They trapped the Powder and that winter went into camp with the Crows in the Wind River Valley: well-fed and warm in the Crow lodges, they listened to the hard wind crying around the lodgepole tops and mended their clothes and sewed on gaudy porcupine quills for ornament and swapped their stories. They drew maps on the dirt and stored away what they knew; they lived with their Crow women and soft living turned them rank and restless; they butchered their meat and stirred the dog stew in the pot, and their buckskins grew greasy from the wipings of their knives. Outside, rumps swung against the wind, the horses fed on cottonwood bark.

They left the Crow tents in February, 1824. Over the divide of the Rockies were virgin beaver waters. Hudson's Bay Company people, working from the north and the west, knew something about that country, but the Americans did not. Traveling up the Sweetwater through snowdrifts, Smith got far enough away from the Crows to cache the furs of his previous season's gathering. The technique was standard. A hole was dug large enough to accommodate their fur packs, and the soil laid aside on buffalo robes. The hole was lined with brush, filled with furs, and covered with dirt; horses were corraled over it to erase the marks of digging, and a campfire was built upon it and the surplus dirt was carried to the creek and washed away. There was but one thing left to do—take the bearings on the cache so that it might be found a year or more later.

Following the gentle grade of the Sweetwater, Smith came upon a summit spot [*Continued on page* 92]

Pilot without nerves

If anybody ever asks me who was the bravest man I met during my time overseas as a war correspondent, I'm going to have a hard time picking out any single name from a long list. But if I'm ever asked who was the coolest of the many brave ones I met, I'll have no trouble at all. Though I have had no word of him in more than two years, though he never told me anything about himself except his name, he still stands out in my mind as the man with the iciest nerves I've ever encountered.

I remember a day in England when a young flier had just "checked out" in a Marauder—had just won promotion from the copilot's seat to that of first pilot. He was plenty pleased with himself, naturally, but his feeling of personal satisfaction was entirely overshadowed by his admiration for the man who had accompanied him on his test flight.

"That Paul is a great guy, a great guy," he kept saying. "Would you believe it, when I got up there I did practically everything so wrong that I got us into a spin. Paul could have taken over, of course, and almost anybody with any sense probably would have taken over right off the bat. But not him. He just sat there, with his arms folded, and watched me work and sweat to get us out. He was as calm as could be, as if he was just mildly interested, in a detached way, in whether we were going to crack up or not. I did get us straightened out, finally, and everything went okay from then on. And believe me, I *know* how to handle one of these planes now. But I might never have learned if it hadn't been for Paul."

"Paul" was an important man in the squadron, being its Operations Officer, but no officer in the outfit ever thought of calling him Major Stach. Probably the enlisted men, if they hadn't been so overawed by the Army's rigid distinctions, would have fallen into the habit of calling him by his first name, too. He wouldn't have minded. He addressed everybody else in the squadron as "Sir," regardless of whether he was speaking to a colonel or a private.

For all his quiet, unassuming manner, Major Paul Stach was a man around whom legends grew. His fellow fliers would talk about him by the hour. He was a graduate of Texas A. & M., where he had earned a reserve commission; and he had switched to the Air Forces from the Armored Force before Pearl Harbor. Possibly the fact that he was of Czech ancestry accounted for his constant readiness to fly against the Germans whenever opportunity offered. The squadron commander discovered one time that Stach hadn't even been off the field, except to fly, for more than seven months; he had to order him to take a ten-day leave, and at that Paul pleaded to be called back if any "good" missions came up.

But the incident that perhaps best illustrates the easy serenity that was his outstanding characteristic doesn't concern combat at all. It happened when Stach was a fledgling pilot, finishing a training flight in the States. Just as he was preparing to bring his Marauder in to land, both his engines cut out cold. A thing like that is no joke, especially in a B-26. Nevertheless, he not only brought his plane down safely, but did it with such smooth neatness that he ended his taxi almost directly in front of a hangar. Climbing out, he strolled over to the nearest crew chief.

"See that Marauder I just brought in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the crew chief.

"Well, fix it, will you, please?" said Paul, politely. "The engines don't run."—**Arch Whitehouse**

About a crazy parrot, mad rats and sundry other mysteries of the deep

IN PERIL of the Sea

BY ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

Author of When Guts Were Tough

Our mate, whom I will call Murdock as I've forgotten his real name, invariably was called upon to settle those useless but heated arguments that are apt to spring up in any fo'c's'le. He was a tall, gaunt man with watery eyes and a perpetual dew-drop on the end of his thin, red nose which continual blowing and wiping seemed unable to dislodge. His decisions were final; he was a complete sea encyclopedia.

If you wanted to know on what day, in what year and from which port the Grampian had been launched, he could tell you. If you inquired what was the difference in tonnage and speed between the sister ships Lusitania and Mauretania, he had that information too. If you were curious as to the exact reason the second mate of the Sea Witch lost his ticket, or just why Captain So-and-So shot himself, he could practically repeat the full records of the Boards of Inquiry. Occasionally brash young seamen or smart apprentices would dig up obscure facts and try and trip him, but invariably they retired baffled and red-faced. By dint of having served over thirty years afloat, having an uncanny memory and a library of books and old records that practically pushed him out of his cabin and drove his steward nuts on cleaning days, Murdock was authority in person. And his specialty, his hobby so to speak, was sea mysteries and disasters, both the complete ones and the near misses.

Like everyone else who is interested in such things, he had his own particular ideas about the famous case of the Marie Celeste. This has been written up so very often it hardly seems necessary to recount it in detail, but briefly the story is that she was a brig or brigantine (accounts vary) and was picked up by the bark Dei Gratia in latitude 30.20 N. by longitude 17.15 W., roughly between the Azores

It was said the rats went mad, then the men, and there was no escape save death in the waters below.

and the coast of Portugal. The legend states she was found with all sail set, her boats in place, but no sign of the crew. Over the intervening years (since 1872) at least half a dozen "sole" survivors have turned up (like the numerous "sole" survivors of Custer's Last Stand) and have written their accounts as to what actually happened, but unfortunately none of the accounts agree, and not one covers all the real or imaginary details. The crux of the whole mystery, of course, is what happened to the crew if the boats were still in place. How did they get off the ship, or what took them off?

Unfortunately again, the very crux of the mystery is debatable, though it is generally accepted as fact. But when the Marie Celeste (it is claimed her name was really the Mary Celeste, which may be so) was brought to Gibraltar for a salvage claim, Mr. Solly Flood, then British Advocate-General there, reported after investigation that after "arresting the ship in the customary manner," the vessel's register, manifest and bills of lading could not be found. Also there was no chronometer or sextant on board. As these are about the

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

About a crazy parrot, mad rats and sundry other mysteries of the deep

IN PERIL of the Sea

BY ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

Author of When Guts Were Tough

Our mate, whom I will call Murdock as I've forgotten his real name, invariably was called upon to settle those useless but heated arguments that are apt to spring up in any fo'c's'le. He was a tall, gaunt man with watery eyes and a perpetual dew-drop on the end of his thin, red nose which continual blowing and wiping seemed unable to dislodge. His decisions were final; he was a complete sea encyclopedia.

If you wanted to know on what day, in what year and from which port the Grampian had been launched, he could tell you. If you inquired what was the difference in tonnage and speed between the sister ships Lusitania and Mauretania, he had that information too. If you were curious as to the exact reason the second mate of the Sea Witch lost his ticket, or just why Captain So-and-So shot himself, he could practically repeat the full records of the Boards of Inquiry. Occasionally brash young seamen or smart apprentices would dig up obscure facts and try and trip him, but invariably they retired baffled and red-faced. By dint of having served over thirty years afloat, having an uncanny memory and a library of books and old records that practically pushed him out of his cabin and drove his steward nuts on cleaning days, Murdock was authority in person. And his specialty, his hobby so to speak, was sea mysteries and disasters, both the complete ones and the near misses.

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Illustrated by Courtney Allen

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things a master would take with him on abandoning it seems logical to assume she was so abandoned. The main puzzle here is *why;* though sound ships have been abandoned before for real or imaginary reasons, such as a panic-stricken belief they were foundering or were on fire, though the Marie Celeste did not seem to have any such symptoms.

The greater mystery in the legend, the boats being in place, is quite as foggy. The American consul at Gibraltar at the time stated in his report, "No ship's papers were found except the logbook . . . nor were any boats found on board." He sent a second report verifying this. And the American Maritime Register of January 15, 1873, states, "There were no boats on board when she was found." So it seems logical to assume again the crew decamped in a hurry and the boats were lost trying to make a port, and the legend really began in the fertile mind of some writer. There even cropped up later the belief (too obvious to be true) that the ship carried thirteen hands. There is mystery enough as to why the crew decamped, without hauling in imaginary details, and as to why so many men examined her when first found at sea, so many more when she reached Gibraltar, and so many others, writers and sea experts, who studied the case with the curious result that hardly any two accounts jibe, save those of the British and American officials at Gibraltar.

Murdock, our sea encyclopedia, firmly believed, however, in all the accepted items, including the matter of the boats being on board, and to explain the complete disappearance of the crew he agreed, of all things, with the theory put forth in a fiction story by Morgan Robertson, a well known sea writer of a past generation.

This theory was at least unique and seemed to cover most of the alleged facts much better than most of the other theories did. Robertson suggested the rats on the ship had all been smitten with hydrophobia, starting with one rat bitten by a mad dog just before the vessel sailed. Soon all the rats were so infected and as they grew mad came on deck and bit the men, possibly even climbing the rigging after any that tried to escape. So the men went mad too and, like the rats, eventually threw themselves into the sea, probably taking the ship's papers and navigation instruments with them, I suppose. A matter which Murdock either was not aware of, or simply ignored.

"That's about how it happened," he would state, blowing his nose. "There was a ship lying ahead of us in Calcutta once that had trouble with the rats. Three or four men bitten and one died. You can see how it would turn out at sea with no hospitals or fancy treatments." No one in the crew knew enough to dispute him, so we all considered the case of the Marie Celeste as solved at last. Authority had spoken.

Similar in many ways was the case of the Carol Deering, a five-masted schooner of Portland, Me., which went ashore near Diamond Shoals, North Carolina in 1921. Sails all set. Everything in good condition, but no crew aboard. What added to the mystery here (the matter of boats isn't brought up) is that the crew apparently disappeared just at the time a meal was to be served. A bottle was picked up ashore later containing a message supposedly written by the mate of the ship which read: "An oil-burning tanker boarded us and placed our crew in irons. Get word to headquarters of the Company at once." It is hard to figure how a man in irons could get a pencil and paper, write a message, then procure a bottle and cork and heave it overside. Another bottle was found later, this time with a message purporting to be from the Carol Deering's captain, stating he had been taken prisoner by the crew and placed on another vessel.

Such bottle messages are invariably fakes, inspired by cranks or people anxious for publicity. A few bottle messages have been genuine, but they have invariably been picked up months or years later, and often too late. Incidentally, the year 1921 saw a veritable epidemic of wrecks, mysterious groundings of sound but deserted ships, and what was worse the complete disappearance of a dozen vessels without trace. The New York Times reported this in its June 22 issue of that year, and some question was even raised as regards piracy, which may not be so improbable as it sounds, even if all the above occurrences were confined to the American east coast, which is so well traveled and policed you would hardly expect pirates to be around. Still, stranger things have happened.

The ships that really do disappear without trace are possibly the real mysteries, though they do not present us with a number of tantalizing and intriguing facts, such as the abandoned ships do. They simply leave port and are seen no more, and one can only conclude their fate to be due to the normal perils of the sea. In 1909, for instance, the mail-passenger steamer Waratah vanished off the South African coast, on the comparatively short and safe run between Durban and Cape Town. The day after she left Durban she spoke to another steamer, and from then on was neither seen nor heard from again. No less than five bottles were found, and thirteen years later another popped up, all proving to be hoaxes. No trace of the vessel was ever found, though usually when a large vessel goes down, wreckage of some sort remains as evidence.

The American transport Cyclops, carrying wireless too, vanished in World War I coming up from the Caribbean, and her fate remains unsolved. The Danish sailing vessel Copenhagen, used for training cadets, left Montevideo in 1928 to go around the Horn and was lost with the flower of some of Denmark's most distinguished families. Nor did extensive search bring any clue as to what had happened. It is probable in this case, as with so many other ships trying to round the Horn, that she was driven too far south and smashed into the

bergs from the great Antarctic ice cap, and probably, like the Cyclops, had not even time to send a last message. But the record is full of such grim incidents.

It has been a favorite device of writers to plant many of these sea mysteries flat in the laps of various sea monsters, as it were, and very juicy reading they make too. Such imaginings cannot wholly be dismissed, though they seem slightly improbable to say the least. But we have not yet fully explored the land area of the earth, and even now we occasionally turn up some new monster or monstrosity. The sea, which covers five-eighths of the world, has vast areas no ship has ever traversed, save possibly by force of bad weather or aimless drifting while disabled; and ever so often new shoals and reefs and islands are found to help fill in the charts. And then the sea runs to depths of several miles in places and so far we have only a slight knowledge of what inhabits it for a few fathoms down.

We do know that strange and nightmarish forms of life exist at the lower levels, and that huge and formidable creatures live somewhere out there in the greater depths—a matter which was known to the ancients, though until recent times we dismissed the stories as fairy tales. But whether even such monsters as we know of, or suspect, can be held responsible for vanished ships is dubious.

The fabulous octopus that engulfs a vessel can be dispensed with, like the myth of the Sargasso Sea drawing all wrecks into its fold to circle endlessly in the heavy weed. Octopi are comparatively shallow water animals, and while some do grow to a size where they can drown an unsuspecting fisherman or a swimmer, they hardly stack up as prospective destroyers of a Waratah or a Cyclops, or as slimy shapes oozing over the rail of the Marie Celeste or the Carol Deering to swallow all on board. The deep-sea squid is a different sort of customer and could undoubtedly give a small steamer a tussel if aroused. These monsters are known to run a hundred feet across the tentacles and probably grow much larger. They are the main food of the sperm whale, who certainly couldn't keep up his bulk unless he had something substantial to gnaw on, and their ultimate size may be judged by the fact that harpooned sperms in the death flurry have been known to vomit up pieces of squid tentacle well over six feet in diameter. Such an animal, attacking a small vessel either from hunger or in anger, could conceivably do some damage, ripping away rigging and even sweeping a man or two overside. If it tried to climb on board and the ship were small enough it might even capsize it, but the [*Continued on page* 85]

Connoisseur of CLUES

Death was caused by apoplexy, said the doctor, after a hurried examination. But the detective looked over the victim's medical history, saw that he had been under treatment for diabetes, and knew that murder had been committed. Diabetics never die of apoplexy.

That odd fact was a key point in a recent radio investigation by "Nick Carter." The information came from among hundreds of such oddities, faithfully entered in his "little black book" by Alfred Bester, author of the series.

Bester, who approaches a bit of unusual information with all the zest of an art collector closing in on a cut-rate Rembrandt, classifies the "gimmicks" in his personal Believe It Or Not under two headings, new rackets and inside stuff. New rackets are unorthodox ideas in crime, designed to baffle police (and radio listeners) while providing a fast dollar for the criminals. Inside stuff is any little-known information which can be used to sprinkle clues along the way for the detective, without being obvious to the dialer.

As an example, in the racket division, Bester cites a clever device that was used by rum runners in Prohibition days. They'd load their liquor into oversized containers and pour rock salt into the vacant spaces. Then, if a police boat challenged them, all they had to do was dump the cases overboard. The cases would promptly sink, and the evidence would be safely beyond reach.

It would take two or three days for the rock salt to dissolve. Then, being considerably lighter, the cases would bob to the surface. And there, waiting patiently to salvage them, would be the bootleggers.

Another item under the "new rackets" heading that served Bester as the basis of a script is a form of counterfeiting. Steering clear of the risk of making Uncle Sam unhappy by going into competition with him in the business of making stamps or money, these counterfeiters do their work on labels of well-advertised brands of merchandise—expensive merchandise, of course. The buyer accepts the familiar label without question, but when he opens the package, he finds either inferior merchandise or none at all.

Under the heading "inside stuff," his little black book will tell you that four out of five lobsters are left-handed. You can tell by looking at their claws. The claw which is used more is larger than the other. Parrots are left-handed in about the same proportion.

If Bester starts telling you about sick statues, the safest thing to do is believe him, for he can prove that statues have an illness of their own, called bronze disease. Experts are not quite sure what it is, but it's some sort of chemical action that will run through a bronze collection like an epidemic.

If you were wondering just how Bester goes about making a mystery script out of the fact that statues can get sick, here's the answer. He contrived a story in which a crook artifically infected his collection of phony bronzes (which he had been selling at fantastic prices), in an attempt to destroy evidence when exposure seemed imminent.

Here are some other miscellaneous oddities from Bester's little black book: There is an American herb, dittany, which will explode if you light a match near it. It's possible to fracture a skull or break a neck by a heavy blow on the feet. There are trees in Arizona, trees which have gone a step past petrification and have become opal.

Incidentally, if you're still worrying about the fact that diabetes and apoplexy don't go together, the answer is simple. Low blood pressure goes hand in hand with diabetes—and apoplexy is brought on by high blood pressure.

—**Ed Reynolds**

Luisa tops all the secret agents Marine Intelligence ever had

Dark Guardian

BY LT.-COL. ARTHUR J. BURKS, USMCR

Illustrated by John Clymer

Luisa Palmer approached me the day I became Assistant Intelligence Officer of the Second Brigade. Her grin was wide and her teeth very white.

"Why you never speak to me?" she demanded. "Other Marine officers proud talk to me. You stick up nose like I smell bad. I bery clean."

I had driven to the dock to identify a drowned black man and had just stopped the official Ford. Luisa carried an armful of huge red roses. She had the run of our encampments, I knew, though I had served almost two years in the Dominican Republic without exchanging words or smiles with her. She had supposedly led the Marines into Santo Domingo City (now Trujillo City) in 1916, by a way which effected the capture of the city without a shot being fired. She was a privileged character.

I was a young second lieutenant. I had brought a wife and small son with me, and two daughters had been born in Santo Domingo. I was automatically wary of gals like Luisa, even dusky ones. But besides being a line officer I had volunteered during the last two years for every mission no one else wanted, because I hoped one day to be a writer and wanted all the background material I could get. I wanted to *live* my stories. I had had malaria, dengue and amoebic dysentery so often I was a physical wreck. This new job might finish the work sickness had begun, and Luisa was just an irritation added to routine headaches. Even so, the way she carried herself, as if she owned the world, interested me.

I sat in the Ford and looked down at her. Motley, my leatherneck driver, looked straight to the front, but I could sense that his ears were twitching.

It was the white rum which gave Luisa conniption fits. She said she was going to set herself afire.

"You smell all right from this distance," I told her. "Why should I be proud to speak to you?"

"Because I th' bes' damn' frien' the Marines got down here!"

That could be true, I thought. The Dominican Republic, eastern three-quarters of the Island of Haiti, which United States Marines had occupied for almost seven years, since 1916, did not especially like *Yanquis*. I studied Luisa. She posed, as if for a photograph, and every movement was unusually supple. It was hard to guess her age. Later she told me she was thirty, a trifle old for a Latin-American woman to be so shapely. Her ebon face was unlined, slightly touched with rouge. High cheek bones suggested Indian ancestry, too. Her oiled, kinky black hair was knotted behind her head and she wore a red rose in the knot. Gold earrings with long chains and big loops tinkled when she laughed. She laughed easily, showing her even, perfect teeth. Her shirtwaist was white, her skirt and shoes black. She was spotlessly clean. Her eyes were full of mischief.

"I suit you?" she asked.

"Suit me? Why?"

"Men as good as you an' white as you like go to bed with me, too!"

That bowled me over for a moment. Private Motley's ears and neck got red. He was quite young. Luisa, missing nothing of her effect on people, laughed at Motley's red neck and my gaping mouth.

"We talk bed later, mebbe, *Teniente,*" she said. "Now I tell you something. You need me plenty in your work."

"My work? What work?"

"*Intelligencia.* Don't pretend with Luisa. She knows everything. That's how you need me. I know ever'body in Santo Domingo you need to know."

I gaped again.

"You think because I'm black I don't know dem, eh?" she read my mind. "I sleep with most important ones last fifteen years, since I fifteen years old, an' come here from Puerto Rico. They married now, but they not forget Luisa. They better not! If I say 'Come!' they come, believe me! Remember when you need see people, nobody help you more than Luisa."

This bawdy introduction was my first contact with the most unbelievable woman I ever met. Luisa had no fear of God, man or devil. She was legendary heroine of a battle in which she had killed a bandit leader, and whispers said she had killed "her man" several times during troubled times in Santo Domingo. She could shoot, use a knife, fight with fists, teeth or toenails. She was completely loyal, thoroughly unmoral, a true friend, a ruthless enemy.

She became my second intelligence agent. My first one was Julio E. Garcia, native of Puerto Rico also, but a private in the Marine Corps. He brought me the first report on arms running, and it proved out. I quickly had him promoted to corporal, then sergeant. He and I had just been through a trying experience with filibusters, as a result of which I became Assistant Brigade Intelligence Officer, and Luisa braced me for a job on the Ozama Docks.

"I can't use a woman," I said.

She roared with laughter.

"And I don't mean what you're laughing about!" I snapped at her.

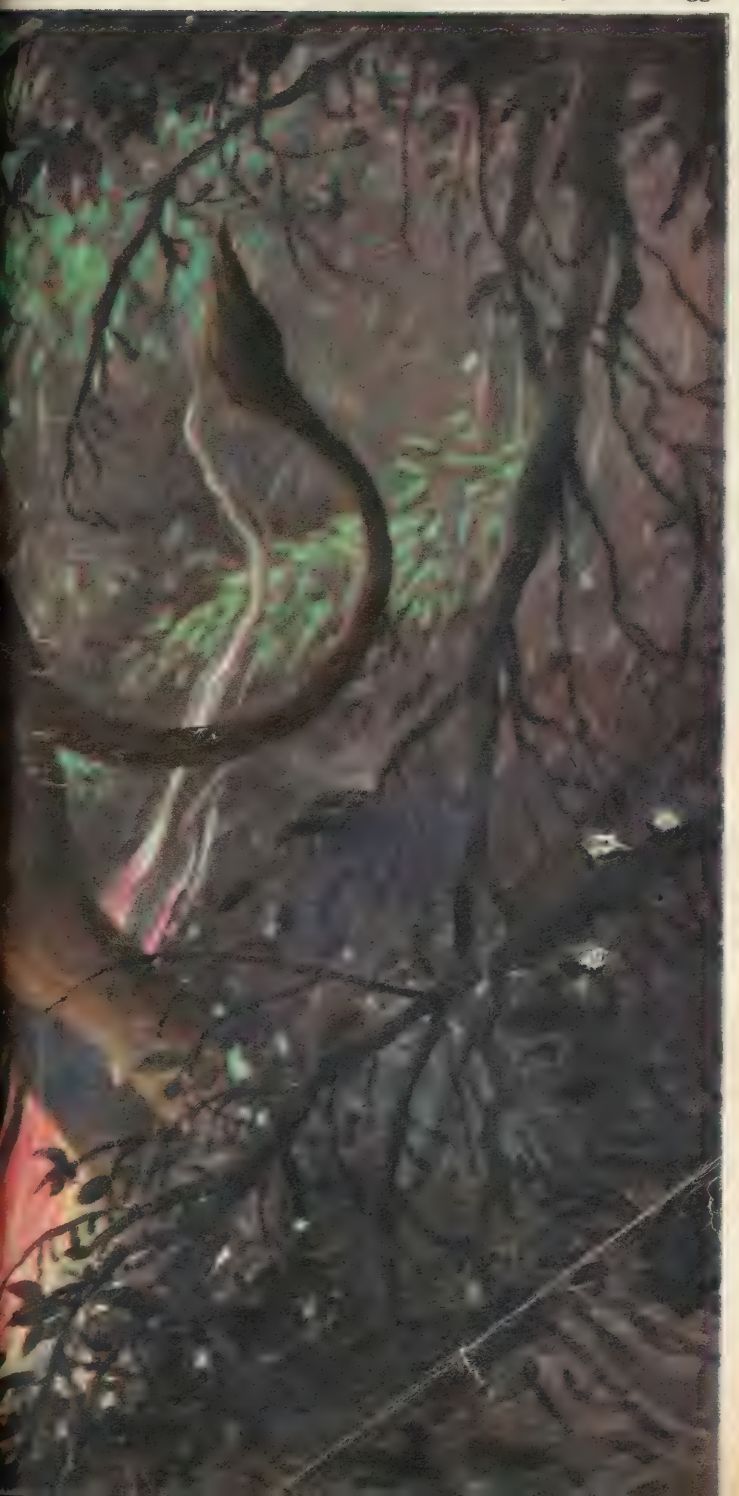
"So!" she said, her eyes wide. [*Continued on page* 117]

Lions that Hunt Men

BY HOWARD BLOOMFIELD

A noted adventure writer uncovers the facts of one man's great patience against the worst man-eaters Africa has known

Illustrated by Robert Riggs



The two lions died in 1898. They'd had a busy year. They stopped, for three weeks, the construction of a railroad, while several thousand workmen slept in trees. They devoured twenty-eight men of the construction gang. They also ate some scores (about a hundred in all) of African natives, of whom no one kept accurate count. They consumed all this human meat through nine long months of terror.

Theodore Roosevelt, who undoubtedly would have liked a crack at those lions himself, was thrilled by the story, and declared, "The incident of the Uganda man-eating lions is the most remarkable account of which we have any record." The lions broke into the British press. They appeared, by proxy, in the House of Lords when Prime Minister Lord Salisbury regretfully explained to his peers the delay in building a new railway in British East Africa.

"The whole of the works were put a stop to for three weeks," he told them, "because a party of man-eating lions appeared in the locality and conceived a most unfortunate taste for our porters."

The "party" of lions consisted of two strapping young males that had not heard of the adage that man-eaters are usually old and gum-sore brutes, too slow for quicker prey.

The story of the lions and their unfortunate taste for porters begins with the arrival of Colonel J. H. Patterson, a British Army engineer, on the railway being built from Mombasa to Uganda. Patterson was an astonishing man. No reader will deny him the title of hero. He was placed in charge of running Her Majesty's railway straight and true through a wonderful big-game country of open plain, thorny jungle and rocky outcrops, bridging any streams in the way.

Patterson left Mombasa with all the gear necessary to the dignity of a British colonel, and a shotgun and a rifle. As the train carried him on to his charge at Tsavo, an ostrich raced alongside. A single shot brought it down. Patterson sent word forward to the engineer, and the train was backed up, the trophy placed aboard. Patterson was well pleased with the prospects for a bit of sport.

At Tsavo he found a country of dwarf, heat-blasted trees and "wait-a-bit" thorns. He had his tent, with fly to ward off the sun, pitched in a little clearing. And there, unprotected, he continued to sleep until the man-eating lions became very busy at dragging sleeping men out of tents near by.

Patterson had been at Tsavo only a few days when subordinates reported that lions had devoured two coolies of several thousand brought from India to build the railway through the wilderness. The story seemed to be utter bosh to the colonel. He did not investigate. He fancied the men had been disposed of by coolie enemies, who invented the story.

It will be observed that Patterson, throughout his incredible adventures with the lions, displayed the qualities of the traditional British officer breed. He muddled through. He did the wrong things doggedly, but in the end he got the right results. He maintained a sporting attitude toward the lions no matter how many of his construction gang they ate. And he exhibited, in awe-inspiring degree, a rash courage and cold-blooded nerve.

The lions were so much rot, old chaps, until he had been at Tsavo for three weeks. Then a gruesome sight opened his eyes.

He was told that one of his own servants, his jemadar, Ungan Singh, a powerful Sikh, had been dragged from his tent and eaten.

The Sikh slept in a tent with six other men. About midnight a lion had stepped through the open tent door and seized Ungan Singh by the throat. The victim screamed and threw his arms round the lion's [*Continued on page* 87]

Screaming coolies threw firebrands and stones, but the lion broke through the thorn fence and dragged a victim away.

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Was the Malemute a sheep-killer? In frontier Alaska, the verdict meant something personal . . . and a few chuckles . . . to every man

A Dog on Trial

BY JACK HINES and George Vedder Jones

The court annals of frontier Nome record one of the strangest trials I have ever heard of. Actually I suppose it resulted in a miscarriage of justice. And yet it is hard to see how the twelve men who made up the jury, veteran miners and trailsmen of the Northland, could have brought in any other verdict.

The trial, which concerned a matter of little importance in itself, brought to a head the bitter feud between the dog men of Alaska and the newly arrived sheep men.

Charges were brought against Albert Fink, prominent Nome lawyer, trailsman and racer of Malemutes, by the Pacific Cold Storage Company, Charles LaFarge, manager. Fink was called upon to show cause why he should not pay the plaintiff $420 in damages, the market value of twenty-eight head of sheep owned by the company and admittedly destroyed by a huge trail Malemute named Dick, the property of the defendant.

On the warm September day of the trial, the town's saloons and gambling halls might just as well have closed their doors. Miners, dance-hall girls, bar flies, and nearly every other man, woman and child in Nome jammed the rough frame courthouse on Steadman Avenue. The crowd filled every square foot of the interior and extended out onto the board sidewalk and into the muddy street beyond.

Within the courtroom rail, LaFarge sat at one end of a table with his lawyer, Ira Orton. Orton, one of Nome's cleverest lawyers, had been representing some of the wealthiest commercial interests in the North successfully for years. LaFarge, of French-Canadian descent, was an out-and-out businessman, blunt and brusque and extremely irritated over the whole affair.

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

At the other end of the table, Albert Fink sat alone. Being himself a lawyer, he had elected to conduct his own defense. He lounged in his chair, complacent and saturnine, gazing blandly at United States Commissioner Tom Reed, who had just assumed the judge's chair and was rapping for order. Fink seemed not in the least concerned that his case, in the opinion of just about every living soul in Nome, was hopeless.

The business of selecting a jury took an hour and a quarter. I myself, after being turned down as a known "dog man," managed to wangle a seat in the very front row of the courtroom where I could see clearly all that went on.

"I defy Fink to let go of him," Orton shouted. "There would be dead sheep all over the streets of Nome!"

Ira Orton was worried to death that the jury would contain too great a representation of dog men. Of course his fears were justified, for all Nome favored the pioneer trailsmen who had built up the country and resented the intrusion of the commercial sheepherders.

Orton excused juror after juror until at last, seeing that the panel was nearly exhausted, he managed grudgingly to concede the fair-mindedness of twelve men. During the choosing of the jury, Albert Fink objected to only one man, a bookkeeper in the employ of Pacific Cold Storage.

The jury was finally sworn in and all twelve of them sardined into the rickety wooden jury box. A hush of anticipation fell over the courtroom as Judge Reed, one of the keenest and most reasonable men in the North, rapped for order. Trials during the Gold Rush were not always conducted in accordance with the strictest niceties of legal procedure. But the justice administered was none the less fair for that frontier land.

The first witness called by the plaintiff was a sheepherder on the big Pacific ranch, which lay out near the Sawtooth Ridge. He was a lanky, stoop-shouldered young man whose accent and manner were reminiscent of the Kentucky hill country.

"Your name, please?" Ira Orton spoke in a gentle, soothing manner, to nip in the bud the attack of stage fright which seemed about to overcome the witness.

"Piney Jackson, suh," the young man replied.

"And what's your business, Piney?"

"Tendin' sheep for Mr. LaFarge."

"I see." Orton put on his most reassuring smile. "Piney, tell the court in your own words what happened to the sheep you were watching on the morning of the tenth of August this year. Take it slowly and let us hear everything you can remember."

The young man swallowed. "Yes, suh. A dog come along and killed a heap of them."

"How many sheep did the wolf-dog kill, Piney?"

"Well, suh, when I finally got to count them, there was twenty-eight daid."

"Twenty-eight." Orton nodded solemnly. "By the way, did you have a gun with you, Piney?"

"I had a rifle, suh. One I brought up myself from Kaintucky."

"Tell the jury why you didn't shoot the wolf-dog when he attacked the sheep."

Jackson fidgeted in his chair, glanced at his boss, LaFarge, then blurted out:

"He was right plumb in the middle of the flock, suh, and I was afraid I'd be shootin' down innercent sheep instead of the dawg."

"Yes, of course. You had to be careful," Orton said soothingly. "Do you know who owns that dog, Piney?"

"Not for sure, suh. But I seen him hangin' around the minin' camp a lot of times."

"The Pilgrim mining camp?"

"Yes, suh."

"Would you recognize the dog if you saw him again?"

"Oh yes, suh."

Ira Orton faced the judge. "Your Honor, I ask that the dog called Dick be produced in this courtroom by the defendant in order to establish ownership."

Fink got to his feet and said that he admitted the identity and ownership of the Malemute in question. The dog's appearance in court at this time would, he said, interfere with his plan of defense.

Orton didn't make an issue of it. He said, "Very well; your witness, Mr. Fink," and sat down seeming satisfied, peering thoughtfully over the tops of his glasses at the jury.

Fink got up again slowly. He himself had come from Kentucky and always talked a good deal about the South. Now he spoke with a broader accent than usual—a soft, soothing drawl.

"Piney, you were saying you couldn't shoot at Dick for fear of hittin' sheep. Remember the Blue Grass, Piney? Wonderful country in those parts, isn't it?"

The youth grinned broadly. "I sure do remember, suh. And it sure is."

"What part of Kentucky do you come from, Piney?" Fink said gently.

"Jefferson County, suh. Right near Crescent Hill."

Ira Orton was on his feet. "Your Honor, I [*Continued on page* 102]

Was the Malemute a sheep-killer? In frontier Alaska, the verdict meant something personal . . . and a few chuckles . . . to every man

A Dog on Trial

BY JACK HINES
and George Vedder Jones

"I defy Fink to let go of him," Orton shouted. "There would be dead sheep all over the streets of Nome!"

The court annals of frontier Nome record one of the strangest trials I have ever heard of. Actually I suppose it resulted in a miscarriage of justice. And yet it is hard to see how the twelve men who made up the jury, veteran miners and trailsmen of the Northland, could have brought in any other verdict.

The trial, which concerned a matter of little importance in itself, brought to a head the bitter feud between the dog men of Alaska and the newly arrived sheep men.

Charges were brought against Albert Fink, prominent Nome lawyer, trailsman and racer of Malemutes, by the Pacific Cold Storage Company, Charles LaFarge, manager. Fink was called upon to show cause why he should not pay the plaintiff $420 in damages, the market value of twenty-eight head of sheep owned by the company and admittedly destroyed by a huge trail Malemute named Dick, the property of the defendant.

On the warm September day of the trial, the town's saloons and gambling halls might just as well have closed their doors. Miners, dance-hall girls, bar flies, and nearly every other man, woman and child in Nome jammed the rough frame courthouse on Steadman Avenue. The crowd filled every square foot of the interior and extended out onto the board sidewalk and into the muddy street beyond.

Within the courtroom rail, LaFarge sat at one end of a table with his lawyer, Ira Orton. Orton, one of Nome's cleverest lawyers, had been representing some of the wealthiest commercial interests in the North successfully for years. LaFarge, of French-Canadian descent, was an out-and-out businessman, blunt and brusque and extremely irritated over the whole affair.

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

At the other end of the table, Albert Fink sat alone. Being himself a lawyer, he had elected to conduct his own defense. He lounged in his chair, complacent and saturnine, gazing blandly at United States Commissioner Tom Reed, who had just assumed the judge's chair and was rapping for order. Fink seemed not in the least concerned that his case, in the opinion of just about every living soul in Nome, was hopeless.

The business of selecting a jury took an hour and a quarter. I myself, after being turned down as a known "dog man," managed to wangle a seat in the very front row of the courtroom where I could see clearly all that went on.

Ira Orton was worried to death that the jury would contain too great a representation of dog men. Of course his fears were justified, for all Nome favored the pioneer trailsmen who had built up the country and resented the intrusion of the commercial sheepherders.

Orton excused juror after juror until at last, seeing that the panel was nearly exhausted, he managed grudgingly to concede the fair-mindedness of twelve men. During the choosing of the jury, Albert Fink objected to only one man, a bookkeeper in the employ of Pacific Cold Storage.

The jury was finally sworn in and all twelve of them sardined into the rickety wooden jury box. A hush of anticipation fell over the courtroom as Judge Reed, one of the keenest and most reasonable men in the North, rapped for order. Trials during the Gold Rush were not always conducted in accordance with the strictest niceties of legal procedure. But the justice administered was none the less fair for that frontier land.

The first witness called by the plaintiff was a sheepherder on the big Pacific ranch, which lay out near the Sawtooth Ridge. He was a lanky, stoop-shouldered young man whose accent and manner were reminiscent of the Kentucky hill country.

"Your name, please?" Ira Orton spoke in a gentle, soothing manner, to nip in the bud the attack of stage fright which seemed about to overcome the witness.

"Piney Jackson, suh," the young man replied.

"And what's your business, Piney?"

"Tendin' sheep for Mr. LaFarge."

"I see." Orton put on his most reassuring smile. "Piney, tell the court in your own words what happened to the sheep you were watching on the morning of the tenth of August this year. Take it slowly and let us hear everything you can remember."

The young man swallowed. "Yes, suh. A dog come along and killed a heap of them."

"How many sheep did the wolf-dog kill, Piney?"

"Well, suh, when I finally got to count them, there was twenty-eight daid."

"Twenty-eight." Orton nodded solemnly. "By the way, did you have a gun with you, Piney?"

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TRUE'S
Plane of the Month

The age of private flying is here. Many improved light planes are going on the market. Each month Major Keyhoe, an ex-Marine pilot, aviation authority and noted writer, will present his personal appraisal of a new plane model. Major Keyhoe's report is based on his experience in personally flying the plane, government reports and manufacturer's specifications

The North American Navion

BY MAJ. DONALD E. KEYHOE

A photographer was shooting pictures of a model posed on the Navion's wing when I arrived at Washington Airport. She was an attractive girl, smartly dressed, and an idea popped into my mind. Purely business, of course. I passed it on to Ed Ryan, North American's stocky and amiable representative.

"How about having that model go along on the flight for TRUE? You know—human-interest stuff."

Ed grinned, and I thought he was going to make some crack. But the photographer had finished by then, and the girl stepped down and came over. Ed introduced her as Betty Hayes.

"Keyhoe thinks it would add to the TRUE article if you went along on his analysis flight," he said.

She looked surprised, then she smiled. "You're sure your readers won't object?" she asked me. "It being a man's magazine and all?"

"Oh, our readers aren't complete woman haters," I said.

"That's good," said Ed, "because it just happens, old man, that Betty's the pilot."

I could feel my face getting red. Betty was kind enough not to laugh. I can't say as much for Ed.

"A fine thing," I told him. "Letting me think she was a model."

"Well, she was one, before she went into the Wasps," said Ed. "The pilot-model combination is partly why we picked her to fly the Navion on this forty-state demonstration tour."

He introduced the remainder of the tour crew—Theron Morgan, engineer and copilot, and Mark Sherwood, photographer. An airport jeep drove up, and Sherwood began handing down luggage from the plane. I counted five suitcases, a portable typewriter, a 4-x-5 camera case, a hatbox, and three bulging briefcases.

The jeep driver climbed on the wing for a look at that baggage compartment. I followed him. It was quite evident

that Sherwood hadn't been pulling rabbits out of his hat. The space was large enough for a trunk, or six handbags, with room left over. It was equipped with hold-down straps, and when Sherwood slid the cabin canopy shut, its flat lower section covered the compartment, providing a shelf for coats, hats and other items.

"The baggage limit is officially eighty pounds," remarked Ed Ryan. "But we've carried two hundred pounds overload for three weeks, over mountains, too, and no trouble."

For a practical test of the Navion, Ed suggested a full passenger load. I mentioned Bill Shippen, aviation editor of the Washington Star, and Jane Howard, an ex-Wasp like Betty Hayes, now on the personal-plane council of the Aircraft Industries Association. We decided to pick them up after a lunch in Washington.

On the way into the city, Betty Hayes told me the company tourists had visited twenty-five cities, with as many more on their itinerary. I also learned she had been a flight instructor after the Wasps were disbanded, and later had demonstrated ships for a private plane company before joining North American.

After lunch, Bill Shippen and Jane Howard rode out to the airport with me. We arrived ahead of the others and, with the help of Theron Morgan, gave the Navion a once-over. The plane has the familiar P-51 Mustang tail and the AT-6 Texan wing design—not surprising, since North American built both ships. It also has a monocoque fuselage and engine mounting similar to the Mustang. From nose to tail, it is all-metal, with all controls balanced and mounted on ball bearings. The engine is a Continental 185-horsepower, direct drive.

Morgan pointed out the slotted flaps, operated hydraulically, also the rudder and aileron tabs, which are adjustable on the ground.

"The nose wheel is steerable through ninety degrees—forty-five to right or left," he said, "so you don't need individual brake pedals. Also, that's an oversize wheel and tire—six hundred by six. Helps prevent the wheel from catching in furrows or ruts, if you land on rough ground."

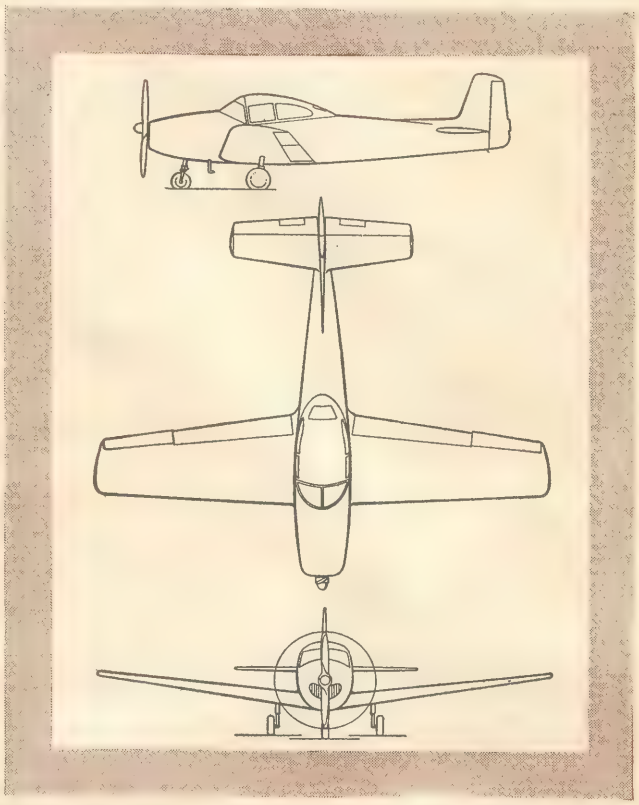
The nose wheel goes up into a well below the engine, with a small part of the tire unretracted. The main gear retracts into wing wells. An engine-driven pump serves the hydraulic system for flaps and gear retraction.

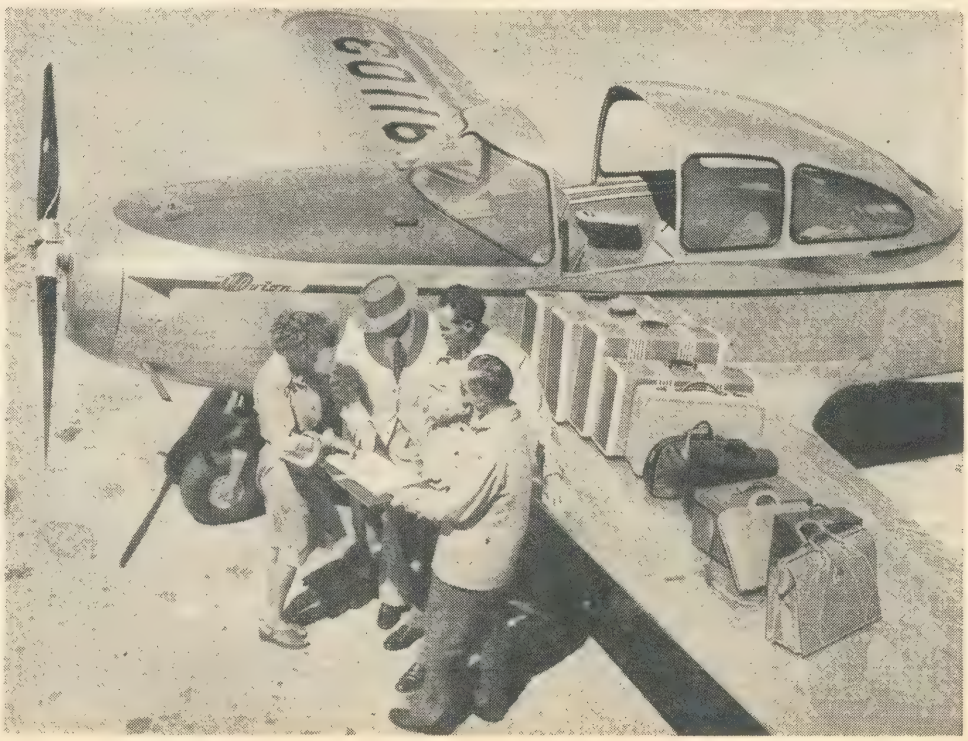
This ship had a Hartzell controllable-pitch propeller, but an Aeromatic also can be supplied as standard equipment. The starter operates from a 12-volt, 34-ampere-hour battery, and the engine drives a 15-volt, 25-ampere generator. Fuel feeds from two aluminum alloy tanks in the wings, with two pumps to force the gas from an accumulator tank to the carburetor. The engine will run on one pump if the other fails.

To show the ease of repairs, Morgan indicated the detachable wing tips, the six bolts holding on each wing, four bolts for the engine, the split-type hood, also a combined tie-down lug and jacking point under each wing.

About this time, Betty and Ed Ryan showed up. Betty climbed up, unlocked and slid back the canopy, which looks like the roof of a stream lined sedan, even to the slanting window in the rear. Jane Howard and Bill Shippen took the back seats and I slid into the copilot's place. It is fairly easy to get into the Navion. There is a fixed metal step forward of the wing, and a hand grip higher up. This step, Ed Ryan told me, may be moved to a rear position in later models, to avoid prop accidents in case a careless pilot starts the engine while a passenger is getting aboard. [*Continued on page* 106]

Tricycle landing gear, flaps, and all-around vision make for easy take-offs and landings in this classic low-wing design.





Four people and a lot of luggage fit comfortably under the Navion's sliding canopy.

When I was principal of a grade school near Las Animas, Colorado, one of the teachers, an earnest young lady, was reviewing a talk on safety which had been delivered the previous day—a talk obviously loaded with statistics.

"How often does a fatal accident occur?" she asked. There was a flurry of hands and the teacher nodded at a bright-faced girl who quickly answered: "Every fourteen seconds!"

"That's right. And do you remember how often someone is born?"

Again there were many hands raised but at this point something strange happened. Elihu, an overgrown fifth-grader who had never before volunteered on any question, raised his hand. His eyes glowed with the light of learning. The teacher, quick to grasp any educational opportunity, said, "Yes, Elihu?"

"Every nine months!" he answered proudly.

—Milt Andrus, Canon City, Colo.

On a busy downtown Manhattan street recently I was attracted by the urgent salesmanship of two young men. Their packing-box stands, about twenty feet apart at the curb, attracted occasional small crowds. The first barked loudly:

"Get your envelopes and writing paper . . . ten cents a package!"

And the second seemed almost to echo him:

"Here yuh are—envelopes and paper, only five cents a pack!"

Both the hawker's wares appeared identical; curiosity compelled me to hang around. The five-cent stock was soon sold out and the vendor left with pockets jingling. Then, to my surprise, the higher-priced hawker also folded up and went away. I followed, into the nearest saloon.

"Still works, doesn't it, Jack?" he said to the nickel-a-pack man, who was waiting. "Let's try neckties tomorrow, and I'll take the cut-rate stand."

—Walter C. Hill, Jamaica, N. Y.

Two young men came out from Dallas last summer to our near-by village to install glazed tile squares on the front of a new business house. Soon after they began work, watched by several sidewalk superintendents, one of the town's ancient know-it-alls spoke up, "Young man, you ain't doing that right."

The younger of the two workmen had an answer that allowed them to finish the work in peace. "I know it, Pop, but I'm doing the best I can. I told the boss not to send me out here, that I didn't know much about it, but he said that was all right, just to go ahead and start the job, and some damn fool would come along and tell me how it ought to be done."

—L. D. Staffelbach, Crystal City, Texas

Sometimes the most amazing philosophy can come out of a barroom. Last week I overheard two pleasantly glowing gentlemen quietly reviewing their respective marital problems.

The oldest one was approaching the saturation point. Gulping down his shot of rye, then clanging the empty glass on the mahogany, he growled: "Well, George ol' fellow, look at it this way—if m'wife didn't drive me t'drink, wot th' hell good would she be?"

—Everett Troup, Harrisburg, Pa.

Several years ago we were having a barbed-wire pasture fence built on our ranch at Big Foot, in South Texas. I told our foreman to be particularly careful and build a strong, straight fence which would look neat.

About two weeks later, I returned to the ranch and the foreman and I rode out to his new string of fence, which was an awesome sight to behold. Before I could comment on the remarkable construction of it, he drawled, "Well, Ed, maybe it ain't so grand fer looks, but it's hell fer stout."

—Edgar J. Perron, San Antonio, Texas

Bill G., the crafty old village handyman, had run up quite a bill in my small-town tavern. The bill becoming quite old and collection doubtful, I decided to make some concessions. One cold winter morning when he came in and backed up to the stove to warm himself, I said, "Bill, you have owed me for a long time and if you pay me now I'll meet you halfway. I'll throw off half of your bill."

He regarded me gravely for a moment, then started edging for the door. Upon reaching it he turned and replied in a very sociable voice, "That's fair enough. By golly, I'll throw off the other half."

—Gordon F. Piper, Cascade, Wisc.

Decorations by Baldy Benton

TRUE pays $25 for each of these true, humorous anecdotes. They must be original, not previously published, preferably taken from your own experience. Payment is made on acceptance; if you do not hear from your submission within four weeks, consider it rejected. None can be acknowledged or returned. Address True Magazine, Fun Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Even before the war-born arrogance of all behind- and under-the-counter salespeople, I witnessed an episode that enhanced the already considerable reputation our old Yankee druggist enjoyed as a "character." Over the soda counter one summer evening, regaling some of us neighborhood boys, he was interrupted in mid-sentence by a smartly dressed young man who breezed in with a great to-do. "I want a chocolate malt, Old-timer, and I'm in a big hurry!" he ordered gustily.

The old man eyed his customer briefly, then came deliberately from behind the counter and walked out to the young man's car. Through the window we could see him stoop to inspect its license plate. He plodded back to his accustomed seat, peered at the impatient stranger and said, "From Ohio, eh? Figger on gettin' home tonight, son?"

—Philip O. Swanson, Hingham, Mass.

At a new Army camp where I assisted with construction, the carpenter approached a young captain relative to the backyard plumbing.

"Now," said the carpenter, "do you want accommodation for one or two in this building?"

"Let me see," the officer hesitated. "You'd better make it two." Later that day, however, I heard him tell the carpenter he'd been thinking it over, and decided only one was needed. The following day he changed his mind again. When the officer went to view the completed structure he noted there was accommodation for one only, and harshly reminded the carpenter that his last orders had called for the twin model.

"You don't want two," smiled the carpenter. "Two means that you would have a choice. A choice means a decision. Sometimes a decision must be made instantly. No, for you—one."

—D. A. Muirhead, Seattle, Wash.

While we were stationed at an Emergency Air Base in the Costa Rican jungle, an unusually hard rainstorm flooded the stream near our landing field and backed up water about three feet deep over the runway. Our food was getting short and when we heard the motor of a low-flying plane, we waded out into the open. The aircraft, a C-45, circled and dropped a canvas bag. Everyone rushed to it and our CO extracted a small package upon which was scribbled:

"Have some food for you. Here is only equipment can offer to dry up your field. If you get it dry by this afternoon, we'll be back."

The package contained two dozen large white blotters.

—Leon Rutsky, Memphis, Tenn.

The Jap Killing Sickness

BY GLADWELL RICHARDSON

The guns of the far Pacific have been stilled. Bombs no longer rain from the sky. And most of the Indians of the southwest who served in the armed forces against an enemy they called "slant eyes" have come home.

But a good many of our southwestern Indians were killed on Pacific islands. And their number is nothing compared with the returned Indian veterans who may now die as a result of that fighting. For there is a disease incubating here in the southwest of which medical science knows nothing.

Its dangerousness came home to me fully on a recent sunny morning, when I expected to do nothing but loaf. There was a ringing of the doorbell, a loud clatter and then a frightened guttural voice.

In some alarm I got to my feet. When a Navajo, especially a medicine man, gets excited there is something badly wrong. And Hathali Nez's voice was urgent, scared and held all the ring of a desperate man grasping at a last straw.

At sight of me he broke into Navajo so fast I had no chance of understanding him. I got him to a chair, and quieted him down. Hathali Nez is a big man, six feet tall, his hair just turning gray. As a medicine man he is supreme in his district. Yet now his face actually looked white.

"You must get me some part of the body of a Japanese!" he cried.

It was my turn to become agitated. I could only gasp, "What?"

"I am holding Endah. Tomorrow morning we shoot the spirit, and now I discover that I do not have any part of the body of the enemy!"

The Navajo ceremony "Endah" is a war dance, known as the "Squaw Dance" to white men. It works this way: Navajo warriors who return from battle where they have slain an enemy halt near the hogans. They paint their faces black, and do not approach closer until the cleansing ceremony begins. The medicine man on the last day of the rite buries some part of the body of the enemy. Mounted warriors then ride up and shoot at this with a sacred bow and arrow, and "kill" the spirit of the enemy. Unless this is done, according to Navajo religious belief, the spirit of that slain enemy has the power to enter the body of the living warrior, sicken him and make him die.

"I have held Endah for every veteran in my district," he said. "Even for those who did not slay an enemy. This is because those we did not at first hold Endah for, began to sicken and waste away."

The spirits of those dead Japs, whether killed by them or not, began to enter the bodies of the veterans. Hathali Nez assured me of this, and he wasn't fooling. Yet even he did not pay much attention to it until two young men died. Then he set to work to right things.

It is a well known fact that when and if a Navajo decides he is going to die, he will lie down and do so. Therefore when the returned veterans became despondent and felt ill without there being any cause for it they could understand, it was the Jap killing sickness. No more, no less.

"I have been working night and day," Hathali Nez told me. He did look worn out. "I am doing everything in my power to combat this slant-eye killing sickness and make those people well.

"You must help me, for now this slant-eye sickness has spread from the returned warriors to the men, women and even little children who have never been off the reservation in their lives!

This astounding development did not exactly amaze me, though its possibilities of chaos in human misery brought full realization of what could happen if all 50,000 Navajo's decided they had the Jap killing sickness.

"I have four patients," he informed me sadly. "Unless I can obtain some part of this enemy's body, they will be dead in less than one week."

"I have come to you for help, my younger brother," Hathali Nez pleaded with tears in his eyes. "Unless you aid me now the death of four men, who are also friends of yours, will be charged against you."

That was putting it up to me the hard way. The telephone looked like my only hope; so I started calling my ex-service friends. A couple of them, not quite grasping my hurried explanations, apparently thought I'd gone crazy. Others were out of town. One had brought back a couple of Jap ears, but had sold them in Los Angeles. Hathali Nez was beginning to feel lower than the polish on the floor, and I wasn't any too cheerful myself. I started picking names out of the directory.

On one page the name of Russel Cheves, local plumbing contractor and gas man, leaped to my eyes. Cheves had been a Chief Petty Officer in the Seabees. While I hadn't been in that part of the Navy, as one ex-Chief to another—well, it was worth a try.

"I haven't got any Jap scalps," Cheves said, and then he added: "But I got one lone tooth from Bougainville."

My warwhoop brought Hathali Nez into some imitation of life.

We drove beyond the speed limit to Cheves' office, and behold; there was one yellowed Jap jaw tooth, looking like a mountain. It was big enough to be broken into four pieces; one particle for each of the ailing patients.

Hathali Nez wouldn't touch it with his hands. Cheves put it in an envelope for him, and was thanked ten times with ten handshakes. Outside, Hathali Nez shook my hand fourteen times.

Yet almost at once his face went gloomy again. This would be the necessary medicine for the four present patients, but what about those others to come?

To a white man this sickness of the spirit may seem ludicrous. But before he laughs he should remember that even the white man is beset with sickness, even disease, of the mind and the spirit. Psychologists and M.D.'s combat it every day.

The Japanese killing sickness, brought back by the veterans who slew enemies in battle, is spreading so dangerously that the medicine men are worried. They must have some part of an enemy to overcome it. And with the little material expended already that was brought back by veteran Navajos, I hardly know how the medicine men will acquire more.

It would be extremely dangerous for any Japanese to wander into Navajo country right now!—THE END

Commissioner Happy Chandler makes his first public pronouncement, exclusively for TRUE, on the major problems of the diamond

Baseball's Czar speaks out

BY CHARLES DEXTER

Albert B. "Happy" Chandler's statement of baseball's principles is the most important single document in the history of America's national game.

Baseball's High Commissioner—one-time ball player, lawyer, legislator, Governor of Kentucky, United States Senator—expressed his beliefs to me in an interview in his offices in Carew Tower, Cincinnati, a few weeks after the 1946 World Series. When they had been typed he insisted: "I don't want to sign them. They're not mine—they're baseball's." Then he added: "Just say that they came out at our interview." But they are his; his words, ideas, formulations.

And they mark the beginning of a new era in baseball. Commissioner Chandler has spoken out boldly on controversial subjects. Unlike his predecessor, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, he favors the much-disputed farm system. He believes in the rights of ball players to bargain collectively. For the present, he believes that players are satisfied with labor-management committees which have successfully negotiated for important concessions from owners. But if this fails, he would not oppose a player's union. In clear language, he spoke for the democratization of the game, the right of Negro players to an equal opportunity in the struggle for fame and fortune on the diamond. His understanding of what he calls "the baseball war between Mexico and the United States," is equally distinct—and his solution forthright and wise.

COMMISSIONER CHANDLER SAYS:

1. **On the players' union:**

► "The player has rights to contractual adjustment, minimum pay and approved conditions of work. He has the right of appeal to the Commissioner on decisions made by lesser authorities. He has the right to representatives of his own choosing. His future must be guarded by a pension plan."

2. **On personal conduct:**

► "Gambling, disregard of personal obligations and infractions of the law will be punished without fear or favor."

3. **On the draft and waiver rule:**

► "A baseball player's advance from obscurity must not be impeded by unfair administration of the draft. The waiver rule must be administered justly and without discrimination."

4. **On the farm system:**

► "Where, through the organization of farm systems, major league owners are able to develop minor league ball, their right to do so should be unquestioned."

5. **On club owners' rights:**

► "Within the limitations of personal conduct not detrimental to baseball, club owners may compete freely under baseball law in accordance with the code of free enterprise."

6. **On the Mexican baseball situation:**

► "Baseball must be defended against aggression from any quarter; and its principles be maintained. American experience and co-operation must be offered to those who play elsewhere under equivalent rules and regulations in accordance with other countries' laws."

7. **On sandlot baseball:**

► "Sandlot and amateur baseball must be aided by organized baseball. High school players must be permitted to complete their studies. American Legion and other amateur players must be permitted the opportunity of fulfilling their scheduled obligations before entering professional ranks."

8. **On Negro players in baseball:**

► "In the democratic tradition of America, opportunity in baseball must be open to all, regardless of race, color or creed."

It happens that my interview with "Happy" Chandler and his approval of the list of statements on what constitutes baseball's doctrine was his first formal interview since the season of 1946 began. From the day that sixteen major league owners elected him Commissioner in the spring of 1945, he had been under bitter and sometimes venomous attack. He was characterized as a charlatan, a political opportunitist, a mercenary-minded clown.

The reasons were various. Most important, perhaps, was that he had snatched the election away from several important baseball and political dignitaries who had been campaigning for it. His simplicity of manners, his Kentuckyish drawl and love for the Blue Grass state; and his inability to play the sharp, shrewd game of politics in baseball added to his difficulties. He frankly admitted, for example, that he knew little or nothing about the inner workings of the Commissioner's office when he assumed control.

But the fact is that "Happy" Chandler, the man, is quite different from "Happy" Chandler of the political cartoons drawn by his enemies. He is an able executive, an unfalteringly sincere man, friendly to the point of brimming over with enthusiasm for human beings.

In February, 1946, he took stock. He decided to make no public statements, to waste no words. He decided to let his actions speak for themselves. Eight months later, the '46 season over, he agreed to meet me in his office. His mind was made up on many matters. He was prepared, too, to defend certain of his statements and acts which had been under heavy fire.

He sat behind his polished desk on the twenty-sixth floor of Cincinnati's highest building. In the mid-forties, dark-haired, full-faced, notable for his vitality, his quick ready handshake and smile, he was now serious, almost stern.

"D'you know what gives me the greatest satisfaction right now?" he said. "Baseball's never enjoyed such confidence from the people—there've been two World Series since I became Commissioner. The National League won one, the American the other. We've not had the whisper of a complaint. . . ."

He turned to an outline of the baseball tenets, which we had discussed during the World Series. He began to analyze his duties. "The Commissioner is really a chancellor in equity," he said. "He is not bound by the legal phrases of the law. He's a legislator as well as a judge in baseball disputes. I am administering baseball law with the widest discretion. I'm placing the burden on club owners. 'You make the rules and I'll interpret them,' I tell them. 'If you make rules which are detrimental to baseball, I'll throw 'em out. If you don't like the rules, change 'em.' "

He grinned. "Isn't that right?" he asked. "Of course, it's right. But they don't always like the responsibility. When they complain, I say: 'You did it, didn't you?' And they look surprised. I don't want to hurt anybody if I can help it—that's why I've taken that position."

We turned to discussion of the other judges of baseball, the umpires. "We had less trouble on the field last year than in many seasons," he boasted. "And especially in the World Series—it ran off without a serious argument. I kept my hand on the umpiring—appointed a liason man to contact the umpires every day and to report to me. That's an innovation and it's worked."

We turned to the press attacks made upon him for his supposed choice of Series radio broadcasters. "I didn't choose 'em—the sponsor did, and I approved them. Both were old established announcers. Jimmy Britt had handled all the Boston games. Arch McDonald speaks with a neutral accent, although he comes from the South. If he was not liked by some listeners, that's because they were not accustomed to his pace and mannerisms.

"Why did I let the sponsor pick announcers? Well, in Judge Landis' day, all three major networks handled the broadcasts. One year, two refused to air the game. This sponsor came along and saved the day for millions of fans in all parts of the country. I think he's entitled to select his own announcers, provided they meet the general standards of experience and ability."

There had been a "rhubarb" in 1945—Umpire Ernie Stewart of the American League had been fired by President William Harridge on charges of agitating for a pay increase. Commissioner Chandler, it was said, had approved Stewart's request in principle, but had not saved the umpire from loss of his job.

"Umpires are satisfied with their pay today," he said. "Why, those in the Series took home more money than the Red Sox players, $2,500. As for Stewart, he was Harridge's employe. Harridge contended that he should have come directly to him instead of talking to fellow umpires. Harridge was within his rights."

"Happy" had been criticized widely in sports circles for his 1945 statement that players should stay away from race tracks, for, as Governor of [*Continued on page* 115]

MAN TO MAN *Answers*

Conducted by ROBERT E. PINKERTON and the staff of TRUE, The Man's Magazine

Mr. Pinkerton and the staff of TRUE will settle any argument you may have about questions of interest to men. Send your questions to Man to Man Answers, True Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Ten million service men, many of whom had never handled a weapon of any kind before the war, have returned home with a new interest in old firearms. Man to Man receives more queries on this subject than on any other and with few exceptions the letters run something like this:

"I have an old gun. How can I tell what it is worth? What does an expert or dealer want to know about it before making an appraisal? Is there any way by which I, without experience, can tell whether I have something of value or just a piece of junk?"

TRUE, seeking authoritative information, interviewed Robert Abels, 860 Lexington Avenue, New York, one of the city's foremost experts and dealers in antique firearms and edged weapons. His knowledge is so extensive and exact that he can usually tell at a glance what a weapon is worth; the reasons back of his appraisals are illuminating.

"The value of an old firearm to a collector is determined by scarcity, rather than age," he says. "A Colt's revolver made in the 1840's is worth more to most collectors than many pistols a hundred years older. Workmanship and maker are important in determining the value of many pistols produced before 1800. Pistols and revolvers in original cases with loading equipment have added value.

"A fine old pistol in poor condition, with missing parts and a broken wooden stock, has lost most of its value. Only an expert, with a stock of spare parts, can restore it. And, if a man has an old gun to sell, he should leave it as he finds it. A collector likes to clean and repair it himself. Many old flintlock pieces have been altered to percussion or cap and thus have only a fraction of the value of an original flintlock.

"Soldiers and sailors have come home with pistols of every age and nationality. While I have seen some fine examples of the gunsmith's art among these, they are rare; most of the weapons have little value. Service men who had some previous knowledge of firearm-collecting themselves were usually the ones who brought back really good pieces.

"Double-barreled muzzle-loading shotguns crop up often because every old-time farmer had one. If in excellent condition, they may be sold to users of this type and have a fair value. But most of them are mutilated or have been left to rust and serve only as wall decorations.

"The best way to have a weapon evaluated is to photograph it and list the markings on its lock and barrel. Tell size, general condition and missing parts. The second best method is to lay the piece on a sheet of paper and outline it, then sketch in the parts and indicate any marks." It might be added that the retail value of a gun is greater than a dealer will pay. He may love old weapons, but he is still conducting a business.

Q. Can scientists, as well as predicting weather, tell us what the weather was like 1,000 or more years ago? Walter Mead, Penobscot, Maine.

A. And more. They can tell when droughts and famines occurred, when prehistoric peoples developed and declined, in what years ancient buildings were erected, basing their conclusions on the weather of the period. This branch of historical research came from the study of annual rings of the giant Sequoias in California, the oldest known living things. As these trees grow faster in wet years than in dry ones, the wet-year rings are distinctively heavy. By counting and measuring the rings, therefore, it has been possible to chart general weather conditions back for nearly 3,000 years.

Q. I claim the first New York subway began operation in 1904 and ran between Van Cortland Park and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn. Correct? Arthur J. Hughes, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

A. The New York Board of Transportation tells us the first subway was opened Oct. 27, 1904, from Brooklyn Bridge to Broadway and 145th Street. Nov. 12, 1904, it was extended to Broadway and 157th; and on Aug. 1, 1908, to Broadway and 242nd. From Brooklyn Bridge to Fulton Street, June 16, 1905; to Borough Hall, Brooklyn, Jan. 9, 1908; to Utica Ave. and Flatbush Ave., Aug. 23, 1920.

Q. A friend insists Boulder Dam cost less than $1,000,000. I say more. R. Bragin, St. Paul, Minn.

A. According to the World Almanac, the ultimate cost of Boulder Dam and power facilities will be about $150,000,000.

Q. Is it possible to take action photos of a moving picture during projection? Bernard Cevenka, Abbott, Texas.

A. Yes, if the camera and projector are synchronized.

Q. My friend bets me players in a World Series get paid for only four games. I say for all. Which of us is right? Cyril Fasnacht, Madison Lake, Minn.

A. Players' share of the World Series receipts is a percentage of the first four games. Top 15 per cent goes to the commissioner's office. Sixty per cent of the remainder forms a fund for the players. The contesting teams share in the larger part of this fund, but teams finishing second, third and fourth in both leagues also participate. Subsequent games still allocate the top 15 per cent to the commissioner's office, the rest going to the clubs and leagues.

Q. Friends say it is possible to see stars in daytime from a well bottom. I say it is impossible. Gerald Andrus, Albany, Ore.

A. The Hayden Planetarium in New York informs us that if the well is very deep and one accustoms his eyes to night sight for an hour, it is possible to see stars overhead even though the sun may be shining.

Q. If a man has plastic surgery done on his face and doesn't like it, can he have it done over? Buddy Shufelt, Voocheesville, N. Y.

A. Several operations are often performed to get desired results.

Q. What radio program has been broadcast under the same sponsor for the longest period? Darrell Ruef, Bremerton, Wash.

A. Both National Broadcasting Company and Cities Service Company say it is the Cities Service program. It started Dec. 29, 1925, ran to Jan. 4, 1926, was resumed Feb. 18, 1927, and has been running ever since. N. B. C. was three months old when this program started.

Q. What is a screwball, a slider, a balloon ball? Harley Hecksel, Nunica, Mich.

A. These pitches are designed to keep a batter off balance by their contrast with the speed of the pitcher's fast ball. Assuming a right-handed batter and a right-handed pitcher, grip and delivery of a screwball sets it spinning so as to break in toward the hitter. The slider breaks away from him, but generally does not curve with the sharpness of a curve ball thrown full force. The balloon ball, or blooper, is thrown with tantalizingly slow speed; it is a high lob that falls across the plate.

Q. How long is the time between halves in college football and between quarters; and how long are high school games? J. Harn, Briceland, California.

A. Fifteen minutes between halves in college football, after quarters only long enough for officials and teams to walk to reverse positions. Some high schools play twelve-minute quarters.

Q. Which can be hit farthest, a fast or slow pitched ball? And does a ball really

[*Continued on page* 97]

A curly-headed Adonis ain't got half the sex appeal of a bald Joe with hair on his chest, it says here

BY DONALD G. COOLEY
True's Medical Writer

Illustrated by Syd Hoff

It's all in how you lose it

Brother, have you taken to peering into mirrors to see if your receding hairline is still visible to the naked eye? Are you training your side hair to cover that motheaten patch on the back of your head? Is your medicine chest bursting with unguents, dandruff cures, tonics, and fertilizers supposed to grow a new crop on your scalp?

If so, allow the writer a personal paragraph and let me say I know how you feel. In my early manhood I too saw signs of an approaching turret top, and I went whole-hog for all the baldness cures in the book and a lot that shouldn't have been. My scalp was given up by dermatologists, kneaded by "specialists" who called themselves trichinologists, laved and anointed, pinkened by irradiation and massaged to numbness. I raised hope but no hair. The total result of all these ministrations was an invisible pubescence that would shame a peach.

I have concluded that when a bald pate is inevitable, relax and enjoy it. As a personal opinion, this is worthless. However, for twenty years it has been my business to peruse medical literature to report advances in medicine, to interview and collaborate with all manner of doctors (many of whom were nude to the ears but with handsome Van Dykes) and the conclusions to be set forth are a fair summary of scientists' research into the case of the vanishing hairline. I know now that the boys who worked over my dome did everything they could, which was nothing. It must be conceded, from the conflicting opinions of experts or their frank admissions of ignorance, that a great deal remains unknown about the why of falling hair. But what is known should be helpful, if only in disposing of popular fallacies and possibly in conserving your hardearned dough.

For instance, we may as well be honest and admit at once that any association of baldness and brains is purely coincidental. Wisdom may have some slight association with a brow so high that it extends to the nape of the neck, for many professional men and sedentary brainworkers have a tendency toward nude noggins, but in any gallery of the brilliant there is also an impressive number of noble Einsteinian thatches.

Nevertheless, there are a number of kindly things that may be said about baldness and we might as well say them. As Don Herold has remarked, "It is neat." You get a shampoo at the flick of a washcloth. You acquire a suntan where it shows. Things don't get in your hair. But probably the most heartening fact about the common garden variety of baldness is that it marks you as a man among males. The high-domed man usually is an ample producer of male hormones.

There is popular recognition of this in jokes about the bald-headed rows at the girlie shows and depreciatory remarks about long-haired men, or short-haired women. The Greeks, who had an eye for virility, depicted the satyr as a capric character with a furry body, heavy beard, and plenty of hair around the ear line, but with a hairless swath extending from eyebrows to occiput. Old Hippocrates, who gave doctors their good round oath and who himself had only a little fuzz around the ears, observed two thousand years ago that eunuchs do not get [*Continued on page* 126]

STRANGE - but true

BY MEE MORNINGSIDE

►Many of the towns in the United States that are named after numbers apparently think that six is lucky, among them being Six (West Virginia), Sixteen (Montana), Twenty Six (Kentucky), Fifty Six (Arkansas), Seventy Six (Missouri) and Ninety Six (South Carolina).

The world's smallest "brilliant" diamond, hand-cut in 1921 by an Amsterdam artisan to show his skill, is in the collection of Pieter de Witt, a famous New York diamond consultant. Though having fifty-eight facets, the stone cannot be examined without a microscope, as it weighs only 1-400th of a carat and is smaller than the head of a pin. ***By Spencer Hare, New York City.***

►The first horseless carriage on record appeared on the streets of Nuremberg, Germany, in 1649; and long mystified the citizenry because it had no visible motive power, being propelled by two men who,

concealed in its back section, turned the rear axle with a winch. Although its maximum speed was only two miles an hour and everyone gave it a wide berth, the vehicle was equipped with a device for clearing the road —a dragon's head that spouted a stream of water more than fifteen feet.

At Southern tobacco auctions, sales are sometimes made so rapidly that they have to be slowed down to the standard rate of 360 an hour, or an average of one sale every ten seconds. ***By Emil Sanderson, Raleigh, N. C.***

►The fanatical desire of the Japanese to take long baths is exemplified by the patrons of the mineral spring resort at Shirahone, Japan. As some of the bathers remain in the large shallow tanks twenty-four hours a day for as long as three weeks, they are supplied with large flat stones which they pack on and around themselves at night so that they will not turn over and drown in their sleep.

Not long ago, an American life insurance company, in making an analysis of 269,600 policies that it had issued to white males over a period of seventeen years, discovered the unexplainable fact that there is a direct relation between the amount of insurance per policy and the height of the insured. With each additional inch in their height, the average face value of their policies increased proportionately—from $2,979 for men of just five feet to $5,906 for men of six feet five inches.

►Since 1934, the naval and merchant ships of all nations have used the International Code of Signals, which consists of forty flags whose colored markings are visible, through glasses, up to five miles in daylight. Although no more than four flags are hoisted at a time, more than 375,000 messages may be transmitted by them.

The most prolific and successful designer of type faces in printing history is Frederic W. Goudy of Marlboro, New York. While no other artist has ever created more than thirty designs, with few becoming popular, Goudy has so far produced 115 designs, sixty of which are in general use throughout the world. ***By William Baird, Topeka, Kan.***

►Bobsledding down the Mt. Hoevenberg run at Lake Placid, New York, is so dangerous that every person, before making his first descent, is required to sign a waiver relinquishing his right to sue for damages in case of accident. So that a spill may be reported immediately, seven telephone stations located at strategic points along this mile-and-a-half course announce successively the passing of each sled. *By Moses Kane, Schenectady, N. Y.*

The Jewish calendar, owing to the complex rules that govern it, has years of six different lengths—353, 354 or 355 days in common years and 383, 384 or 385 days in leap years. Thus, the Jewish year 5706, which ended on September 25, 1946, had 383 days, while the current year 5707 will have 354 days. ***By Irving Burman, Newark, N. J.***

►The ability of women to sing at a higher pitch than men is due to the fact that their vocal cords, being 5-12ths of an inch in length or 30 per cent shorter, vibrate from 200 to 800 times a second—twice as fast as those of men.

The fact that the brain receives an extra supply of blood during mental activity has been demonstrated several times by having a person lie on a delicately balanced table that remained

horizontal as long as the subject kept his mind a blank. But when he was given a problem to solve, the head-end of the table sank under the weight of the additional blood.

►The amount of human energy obtained from eating cereals and vegetables is considerably greater than that obtained from the meat they would indirectly produce if fed to livestock. For example, seven pounds of corn eaten by a person as corn meal contain 11,900 calories, whereas the same quantity fed to a hog produces one pound of pork which contains but 1,900 calories. *By Alva Burris, San Francisco, Calif.*

Probably the only individual whose patronage lent such prestige to hotels that, even after one visit, they changed their name to his was the Earl of Bristol, England's celebrated connoisseur of foods and wines who died in 1775. His numerous travels throughout Europe resulted in hundreds of hotels being renamed "Bristol's." Some of them are still in existence.

►Among the many American Negroes who were both free and wealthy before the Civil War were Cyprien Richard, who owned a plantation in Louisiana worth $250,000, and Thomas Lafon, who owned real estate in New Orleans valued at $500,000.

Rio de Janeiro is believed to be the only city ever to be air-conditioned by man. In 1922, the mean summer temperature of the downtown section was

lowered more than five degrees by the removal of a hill called Morro de Castello, which had blocked the ocean breezes. ***By Joseph Gale, Elizabeth, N. J.***

►"Pick's disease" is a good example of a disease whose name, because taken from that of its discoverer, is not only uninformative as to the nature of the ailment but also confusing since it may refer to one of several kinds of illness. There are four of these Pick's diseases, each named after a different person and each pertaining to a different condition, location and cause.

As late as a generation ago, South Africa had so many wild animals that, when searching for new grazing grounds, they sometimes formed herds of incredible size. In 1900, one of these migrating herds of springbok, a small antelope, was estimated to be fifteen miles wide by 140 miles long and to contain 300,000,000 animals. ***By Mead Riparius, Lawrence, Mass.***

►The bugle call that sounded "The Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava, Russia, during the Crimean War ninety-two years ago, is preserved on a unique phonograph record. Using the original bugle, the British soldier who actually sounded the call on the battlefield made the recording in London in 1890 and copies of it are available today in New York City. *By Edwin Hegins, Uniontown, Penna.*

No model of its kind ever approached in magnificence the Queen's Dolls' House, which was presented to Queen Mary of England in 1924. Built on a scale of one inch to the foot, this palace occupies 215 cubic feet of space and contains more than fifty rooms, those upstairs being decorated with paintings and sculptures contributed by 600 famous artists. Besides a workable electric plant and plumbing system, many other things in it are real, including the contents of the wine cellar, whose tiny bottles are filled with vintage wines and covered with genuine cobwebs. ***By Frank Libonati, Tulsa, Okla.***

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, True will pay $25.00 each on publication. Readers must send the source of their oddities in with the contribution. None can be returned. Address Mee Morningside, True, 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

"Well, a mink coat would be nice, but I'd rather you'd pay my phone bill"

"Well, a mink coat would be nice, but I'd rather you'd pay my phone bill"

HIS MAJESTY

ONE OF A SERIES OF AMERICAN PAINTINGS

Mr. Mason is back in TRUE again, Mr. Roy Martell Mason. If you're unfortunate enough to have missed his gatefold painting for us, The Only Freedom, May issue, you probably don't know that he was born in a New York town no longer on the map, that his father ran their farm according to the dictates of the game-bird season, that painting was important to young Roy but he refused to go to school about it.

Today he could make a fine watershed coat from the distinguished awards he has received. Go look him up in Who's Who. We want to talk a little about his latest painting for us, His Majesty. In his May issue painting he set a somber mood of plow, man, sky and two horses on dark earth with a wedge of geese flying over. It was something of a statement, something of a challenge.

His Majesty is in a different world of art. Mr. Mason is full middle-age, and one quickly respects his seasoned opinions upon talking with him. His love of good men, rich soil, green land, wildfowl, farm scenes is strong enough to be relaxed by a slick and dry humor. But his outstanding quality here is his ability to shed all his tough and generous years, close his eyes and then open them with a child's delight on a fresh landscape, record it in fairyland colors, keep it loose in the process of composing, and then leave it alone. . . .

This is the wonder of Mason's work for us, for this is the basic, delightful art of the painter who keeps life itself in his brush. How do you like this boy, poling his rowboat slowly past two spring-touched willow stumps, and being caught napping by the silent, serene flight of the great blue heron, a kingly bird when he has corrected his comedy of get-off errors and streamlined himself majestically for flight?—*Harvey Van Valkenburg, Art Editor.*

The business end of Mr. Roy Martell Mason's studio, plus a few shotguns.

Wild West in Patagonia

Texas Jones is feudin' with old Grandma Newberry, who owns the sheep ranch adjoining his. When Grandma went to court last year for an injunction to keep Jones from putting foot on her land, she said, "Judge, if we see each other across the fence, it'll only be a question of who shoots first and straightest."

She said it in Spanish, because this American woman lives in the Patagonian sheep and cattle country, way down south in Argentina.

Mrs. Newberry is 80. But she still shoots straight.

Fanny Newberry and wizened Texas Jones are the last of the American wild west down Argentina way. Around the turn of the century, the lonely windswept plains of Patagonia were invaded by American cowboys, some out of Texas one jump ahead of the sheriff.

Patagonia at that time was no-man's land, unexplored and unpoliced. It was a vast desert of scrub and bare cliffs bordering on Chile and sweeping down to the icy tip of Tierra del Fuego. On the western horizon lay an oasis of virgin forests, snow-capped mountains, and deeply colored lakes along which a few nomadic Indian tribes tented. The cowboys came filtering down the long coasts of South America just a-lookin', like the boll weevil, for a home. Patagonia, which resembles the settings of all the Hollywood horse operas ever seen, was it.

But Fanny Newberry was there first.

In 1894 pretty Fanny Taylor of London, Ohio, arrived in Buenos Aires with an aunt who was joining a missionary husband. In the Argentine capital, saucy, slim-waisted Fanny caught the eye and heart of American George Newberry, a dentist who yearned to become a rancher. The young bride honeymooned on horseback across the width of Argentina, and helped to build her first home on the shores of Lake Nahual Huapi among the Indians.

When the American cowboys arrived, there was already a wooden "Dead Man's Gulch" of a town called Bariloche across the lake from the Newberry cattle ranch. Some of the boys came by the Newberry route from the Argentine capital. Others canoed and portaged from Chile by way of a string of lakes and rivers that cross the border into the Patagonian oasis.

Among the most notorious cowboys was Martin Sheffield of Texas. Sheffield prospected for gold, and once a year he came into Bariloche with a bag of dust and nuggets to trade for food and liquor. Business done, he leaned against a post on the main drag and had himself a good time shooting the heels off the shoes of passers-by, or cigars from their mouths. Sheer high spirits, that's all. The sheriff finally persuaded him not to carry arms in town. He married an Indian woman, had thirteen children, and died in Bariloche eight years ago, peacefully, in bed.

George Newberry died about twenty-five years ago, leaving his tough chip of a wife with 50,000 acres and a family to raise. Everybody advised her to sell out and go to Buenos Aires. "This is no place for a woman."

Her blue eyes snapped. "I know how to handle a ranch, and a gun." She said; and she stayed.

The feud started when Jones was a cowboy on the Newberry ranch. No one knows how it began, not even Mrs. Newberry. "He's just pure mean," is all she'll say.

And when, occasionally, she visits her children and grandchildren in Buenos Aires, she's glad to get back. "That soft city life is all right for young folks, but not for me," she says. "Besides, I've got to keep that Texas Jones off my land." **—Lawrence Martin**

Government Burglar

BY WILLIS GEORGE
Illustrated by Jack Tinker

The astounding story of a man employed by the U.S. to stage thefts on a scientific, mass-production basis

A True Book-Length Feature

Only the superintendent knew that the two men who came into the great glooming square-shouldered office building every night shortly before midnight, and then spent the next three or four hours working behind the locked door of a stuffy little room in the basement, were Naval Intelligence Agent Jack Larsen and Agent-in-charge Willis George.

Government burglars, that's what we were, Jack and I. But the employees on the night shift—it was a large office building in Chicago and half a dozen men worked on the elevators and elsewhere all night—didn't know that. One night a new boy on the elevators became suspicious.

"What are you fellows up to?" he asked.

I put on my best Sunday face—hush hush, if a face can be that, and no end confidential.

"Well, you know how it is. A rich dame wants to get something on a guy, so—"

"Oh, a couple of divorce dicks!" he grunted, and promptly lost interest.

Building employees are frequently questioned by private detectives about the amorous adventures of various tenants, and to them a divorce case is old stuff. The men in this building were no exceptions. Beyond speculating as to who the "guy" might be and how much money the "rich dame" was spending, they thought little about our activities because they fell into a familiar pattern. And that was exactly the sort of cover we wanted; we could carry on unhampered by dangerous curiosity.

Each night we found the little basement room literally bulging with burlap sacks, all properly labeled. They contained scrap paper and other refuse collected by the building's cleaning staff from offices on the tenth and twelfth floors. There was a huge quantity of it, but most of it was a blind.

We were interested only in the material from an elaborate suite on the twelfth floor, occupied by one Stephen K. Ziggly, who had come to this country from a neutral European capital a few months before the United States entered the war. Everything that came from his office was examined under magnifying glasses, tested for invisible writing and, if necessary, photographed.

Ostensibly, Ziggly's business was banking and insurance, in both of which he had an international reputation. But American authorities suspected that he had other and more important business, that he had been sent to this country to organize and operate a Nazi spy ring.

He had made two trips to Berlin, just before embarking for the United States, and he was known to have had very profitable business dealings with high Nazi officials. He claimed Austria as his birthplace, but he was a naturalized citizen of the neutral country which had given him a passport. This and his other papers had been in perfect order when he arrived in New York; even if they hadn't been, a way would have been found to let him enter the United States. For the only way to trap him, if he should prove to be a Nazi agent, was to let him show his hand here. He spent a week in New York, living quietly in a good hotel, and, as far as the authorities could learn, seeing no one except three or four businessmen to whom he presented letters of introduction. None of these men was involved in his later schemes. Then Ziggly went to Chicago, where he signed a five-year lease on offices in this building in the Loop.

He had insisted upon extensive alterations in his offices and the rearranging of the suite so that a visitor,

Condensed from the book, Surreptitious Entry, copyrighted 1946 by D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc.

There sat the consul, gun in hand, with a husky armed guard beside him. They had us covered.

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He had insisted upon extensive alterations in his offices and the rearranging of the suite so that a visitor,

Condensed from the book, Surreptitious Entry, copyrighted 1946 by D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc.

There sat the consul, gun in hand, with a husky armed guard beside him. They had us covered.

to reach his private office, had to undergo the scrutiny of employees in four rooms. Soon after moving in, he complained to the building management that careless cleaning women had ruined a valuable document, and insisted upon employing his own cleaning staff. A little later he entered his office late one night and found the night watchman inspecting the premises. Although the watchman was only making his usual rounds, Ziggly became greatly upset, and soon thereafter installed new locks on all inner and outer doors of the suite. He put a particularly intricate lock on the door of his private office.

Although Ziggly's fussiness about his office sharpened our suspicions, we let him pretty much alone for several weeks. We wanted him to make his American contacts, establish himself and get to work. We gave him a month; then we went to work ourselves. Nothing of importance developed immediately. His business affairs were apparently legitimate, and so were his conversations and correspondence. His social contacts were few, and about what might have been expected of a man in his position. He talked and wrote little about the war; when he did, it was to express his detestation of war, and a horror of the instruments and machinery of war. In several conversations and letters he said that the war had so greatly affected him that he was unable even to look upon a gun or an airplane without a feeling of revulsion.

It was after surveillance, censorship and other methods had failed to produce any evidence of espionage that we decided to examine the scrap paper from Ziggly's office. For this, some preparation was necessary. The superintendent of the building, whose cooperation was essential, was investigated and found to be a good American citizen. I went to see him and told him outright that I was a government man searching for spies.

"We suspect some of the tenants of your building," I said, "and we want to look over all the scrap paper taken from their offices."

"I'd like to help you," the superintendent said, "but all wastepaper is destroyed as soon as it is collected."

"We can fix that," I said.

I then gave the superintendent a list of some twenty tenants, among them Ziggly. Several times during the next few days the superintendent told his cleaners, at my suggestion, that many complaints were being received of papers swept from desks into wastebaskets and so carried downstairs to be destroyed. A day or so after that, still at my suggestion, he told them that a new system of wastepaper disposal would be followed. All scrap would be put in bags and sent to the basement, labeled with the office number from which it had been taken. It would be kept for two days, so that a search might be made if anything was reported lost. The superintendent himself, each night, sorted the bags and carried into the basement room the scrap collected from the offices on the list I had given him.

For three months we examined every scrap of paper taken from Ziggly's offices. We found nothing incriminating. But we learned a lot about him. For instance, he was an inveterate doodler. And as the investigation progressed we became more and more interested in the fact that most of Ziggly's doodling had to do with war, a habit greatly at variance with his often expressed opinions. His doodles were nearly always neat little pictures of guns and ships, of airplanes and bombs; and occasionally there appeared among these figures a design which bore a striking likeness to a radar apparatus, and another which resembled a piece of laboratory equipment. Finally there came a night when we found, on a torn scrap of paper, half a dozen of the radar doodles and some words and fragments of words:

"Important — rad — meet — importa — arriv —."

Subsequently, we learned that this jumble of words reflected Ziggly's worry over the arrival of a German agent carrying information about American and British radar. At the time, the words seemed meaningless, except that it was obvious that they indicated the coming of someone whom it was important for Ziggly to meet. Who this person was, what his business with Ziggly was—these were facts it was up to us to find out; and it was not the kind of information we could be sure of finding in a wastebasket. So, a surreptitious entry was decided upon.

In some circles this operation is called burglary, but when it is performed for Uncle Sam—as it was in some 200 instances in which I was personally implicated—it is usually called by a $64 word, or words. Not that the verbal camouflage protects the government burglar if he is caught. He is on his own. He is outside the law, and therefore without hope of support or recognition from the government of a law-abiding country. Even if he is fatally wounded in the line of duty, he receives no Purple Heart.

To the building superintendent I explained that a search of Ziggly's offices was a thoroughly illegal procedure and a quite different matter from examination of scrap paper. I pointed out that if the entry were discovered, especially if no evidence were found, the government would disclaim responsibility. The superintendent would face possible criminal prosecution, a suit at civil law, and loss of his job and reputation. He listened carefully. Finally, he said:

"Okay, I'll help you."

"Do you want money?" I asked.

"No. I've got two boys over there. Just make it look good."

"It'll look good," I promised.

And it *was* good.

It is still impossible to describe in detail the information obtained in the search of Ziggly's offices. But it included conclusive evidence that Ziggly had been operating a German espionage ring of a dozen agents in six large American cities. Some of the records in Ziggly's safe contained the names and addresses of these agents. Others were carbon copies of instructions in the use of microfilm, invisible ink, and disguises.

By 5:30 the next morning we had completed our work, and had carefully destroyed all evidence of the search. Everything in Ziggly's office was replaced, the desks were rubbed with cloths to obliterate fingerprints, the floors were rewaxed, the dial of the safe was set at its original reading, the window shades were adjusted to their original heights. The last man to leave, as he retreated, swept the rug to destroy footprints.

Within a month, all of Ziggly's agents had been rounded up and the espionage ring had been smashed. But neither Ziggly nor any of his associates knew how it was done. No one ever discovered that our search had taken place. Nothing was removed. Nothing, apparently, had been touched. This was the unique feature of our extra-special kind of surreptitious entry—a wartime emergency procedure which, I am proud to say, I had a part in creating and perfecting and, as you will see, was privileged to practice throughout the war, first, in this country, for Naval Intelligence, and later, in the European theater, for General "Wild Bill" Donovan's OSS.

Notwithstanding the confession of a career of crime which I have just made, I ask you to believe that I am not the criminal type. My mother did not raise her boy to be a burglar. In fact, she and my father gave me more than my share of what are properly referred to as "advantages," and until a panic, a depression, an airplane, and a Cuban revolution combined to turn me toward a career of crime against crime, I comported myself in a wholly conventional manner.

After serving as a very young doughboy in the first World War I got myself a job with a brokerage house, and by hard work and some luck advanced rapidly during the financially hectic Twenties until in 1929, when the bottom dropped out of the Wall Street world, I was a member of the New York Stock Exchange. I had reached that height in lush 1927 and held it, albeit somewhat dizzily, until dour 1931, when I quit.

I wasn't any smarter than my friends and associates in the Street. I make no claim to being the all-wise man who foresaw the break in time to sell his holdings at the top of the market and then retired for life with the beaming smile of those old couples in the insurance ads. But I did get off a bit better than most. I had some money left, enough to live well myself and to make loans of considerable size to some of my less fortunate colleagues. Also to buy an airplane—and that was my undoing.

To understand how a respected member of the world's greatest stock exchange deviated into the unrespected business of picking locks and cracking safes—some of them within a couple of blocks of that noble Broad Street building with the six Corinthian columns and massive pediment—you must under-

stand about that airplane. It wasn't a very large one or a very fast one, but it had lure. There wasn't much business in my line in 1931, but after I bought the little Waco, I couldn't attend to what there was. I joined the Aviation Country Club at Hicksville, Long Island; enrolled for a thorough course in aerial navigation; made several trans-continental flights; entered amateur flying contests in various parts of the country; went through all the exciting and expensive stages of being a sportsman-pilot.

As I was about to take off for South America on a personally-financed good neighbor mission, an official of the Waco Company approached me and asked me how I would like to sell Wacos south of the border down Trinidad way. I said I'd like it fine, and, in spite of my training as a stock broker, I didn't even ask him to put up a margin. A Trinidad tycoon was hell-bent to set up a feeder line to Pan-American Airways, and the little Wacos were just what he needed. It was a cinch. I didn't even need an expense account. I'd take my profits in commissions, but large. The day I landed in Trinidad, the air-minded tycoon died.

I flew to British Guiana on a tip that a mining group was about to start an airline to their mines in the interior. The money was already deposited in escrow. My commissions were practically in the bank. Then the colonial government stepped in and said that if any airplanes were to be bought in British Guiana, they must be British ones.

I flew to Venezuela, and began negotiations in Caracas—over the far from dead body of a German Army aviation official—for a big government order of trainer planes. I was just beginning to wear the German down when word came from my home office to take off immediately for Cuba. The Machado government had actually written Waco asking for a fleet of army planes. Asking—that was something! I flew to Havana. Two days later came the revolution. Old Man Machado was out on his dictatorial face. As an international airplane salesman I was a bust.

In more ways than one. My money had begun to run out in Caracas. In Havana it disappeared utterly. The job of playing wet nurse to an infant industry under the Southern Cross had proved too much for me. But I didn't know I was licked. I sold my plane to get the wherewithal to keep up the fight. I didn't get what I should have for the Waco, and what I did get didn't last long in tourist-mad Havana. But I hung on for six months trying to find a government official sure of holding his job long enough to sign a contract. It was no good. I just wasn't intended to sell airplanes.

I began to go into the red at my hotel, the Presidente. One hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars. The manager was deeply concerned. But I told him he needn't worry. I had money coming to me, I explained, from some of the biggest men in Wall Street. I cabled all my pre-depression pals to whom I had lent money. Not one replied. Perhaps they couldn't afford the postage stamp. By chance, however, I learned that one of them was solvent enough to be taking one of those de luxe Caribbean cruises. For ten days I met every passenger steamship that touched at Havana. Fred wasn't on any of them. If I had known how to pick locks and crack safes in those days, I might have been tempted to try a little surreptitious entry on my own. Then I had a talk with Henry Ward.

We had met mostly in barrooms, Henry Ward and I. Cubans—and, I was to learn, all Latins—live in their restaurants and cafes, and when you are in Cuba you must do as the Cubans do. If you want to do business with a Havana business man, you don't call at his office; you meet him in his favorite bar and grill. Henry Ward, through long residence in Havana, had learned this, and I, through shorter but no less educational experience, had sensed it. So we met.

Henry was the tight-lipped sort. He bought as many drinks as the next fellow, but he didn't drink so many. It isn't absolutely necessary to go haywire in Havana, but it is very easy. There is no prohibition—of anything—and neither the Cubans themselves nor their touring visitors suffer unduly from inhibitions. One-night standers down "Mary Pickfords"—they still call them by that hallowed name—at Sloppy Joe's in Zulueta Street. Seasonal guests sip daiquiris at Adolphe's on the Square. Natives get drunk at any old bar. But none of these temptations, although he was daily, or rather nightly, exposed to them, gave Henry Ward a tear. In short, he was completely sober the night he offered me a job. I decided to take him up on it.

After siesta next day, I went out to Ward's house in the suburbs. He was sitting on the veranda, where, as I later found out, he did most of his work.

"Mr. Ward, you said something about a job I might be able to land. How about it? I'm interested."

"Would you like to work for the United States Treasury Department?"

You could have knocked me over with the traditional feather. Ward had known about my unsuccessful efforts to sell airplanes to the Cuban government. He had also known, I gathered from casual remarks he had let drop, a good many other things about me. But I hadn't known anything about him. That, I was to learn, was the Henry Ward technique.

"Seems like I've worked for the U. S. Treasury Department most of my adult life," I replied. "But now that I haven't any income to pay taxes on, I don't see what good I could be to that outfit."

Henry Ward gave me one of those rare smiles that he seldom wasted on a shining mahogany bar or a damp and smelly sidewalk-cafe table.

"This is not income tax, Willis," he explained. "This is smuggling."

"I'm ready to go to work," I said, "but I don't think I've any training or qualifications for tracking down smugglers."

"If you'll do as you're told and don't talk about it, we'll get along fine," Ward reassured me, and added that he would telephone Washington at once; that would be all that would be needed to get me temporarily on the Federal payroll.

The next day I was sworn in as an undercover agent of the United States Treasury Department.

Starting the day I was sworn in as an undercover agent, and bit by bit by trial and error, I gained an education of post-graduate rank in all the unlawful activities law enforcement officers must sometimes practice in the legitimate service of our Federal Government. My first attempts at surveillance, wire tapping, and assumed identity were very crude. But Henry Ward was a fine instructor. An Indianan by birth and a citizen of the world by reason of having traveled more or less all over it in service of his government, Henry was qualified both by temperament and training to get Washington what Washington wanted—and Washington wisely did not inquire too closely into how Henry got it. He believed that the best way to combat the underworld was to use counter-underworld methods. To get the information and evidence needed in a case, he was perfectly willing to go, ostensibly, into partnership with the people involved. With him it was "win, regardless of methods." And he was almost uniformly successful. The combination—his character and his achievements—made a deep impression on a neophyte like me.

Fortunately our gangster pals were usually a good bit stupider than we were. Possibly, back in the States, they were smart, but in Havana we had a chance to see them without their newspaper glamor. Most of them turned out to be first-class informants or stool pigeons, and so made our work much simpler than it otherwise would have been.

In my humble way, in spite of lack of experience, or perhaps because of it, I was able to contribute more than I had hoped. On more than one occasion, when Captain Povey of the Cuban army air force wanted to stage a flying circus for a fiesta, I had helped him out by flying one of the planes. So my identity was firmly established in the right quarters as a sportsman-flyer as well as a sales representative for the Waco Company. The cover proved invaluable.

After I had been a member of Ward's staff for two years, I was qualified to handle cases alone. I had learned how useful it was to have a good cover for each case, and knew how to lay out the preliminary elements of an investigation. All of which was to prove immensely helpful to me in my subsequent career as lock-picker and safe-cracker for Uncle Sam.

But, though the work was interesting, it wasn't very well paid. It took me a couple of years to get my debts paid off and to save a little cash. As soon as I'd done so, I decided to take another try at a business career. I severed my connection with the Treasury Department and became once more a free agent. Optimistically, I flew back to New York.

I didn't find reconversion as easy as I had thought. Neither

the Stock Exchange nor I was well enough heeled to justify my returning to the Wall Street life. And somehow I had lost my taste for it. Puts and calls seemed rather dull stuff after cops and robbers. Executive positions in commerce and industry were not waiting for a man of my peculiar and rather bizarre experience. So I had to fall back on trying to be a salesman—the old commission racket which had licked me once before.

One gadget which interested me because it was in my line was a new device for tapping wires. I knew from experience that the old ones used by the government agencies were poor enough. This one was really good. I spent about a year trying to get the FBI and the Treasury people to adopt it. I even got it to the favorable consideration of J. Edgar Hoover himself. Mr. Hoover tested it, and praised it. But he didn't buy it. There were few appropriations and little sympathy in congressional circles even as late as 1939 for aids to government snooping.

All that I had left at the end of the year which seemed to me to have any marketable value was my experience and reputation as an investigator, and this asset brought me a temporary job with a regular salary from a congressional committee investigating the WPA. It was a good job and a good committee. The members weren't out to smear or witchhunt. They wanted facts, and I got them for them. In a little more than a year's work I found waste, fraud, and inefficiency in some projects, and clean honest efficiency in others. All the testimony, good and bad, went into the Congressional Record. From there on the job was up to Congress, and the job was over for me.

I wasn't sure that I wanted another one—in the regular sense. The war in Europe was getting into my bones. The great need, all the dispatches said, was for pilots, both for combat and for transport. Why hadn't I thought of it before? Although I had lost my plane, I was still a pilot, or could be. This meant action, and I'd be in it. We'd all be in it before long, but I'd be in it first. I was happier than I had been since I left Havana—perhaps, since I had landed there.

Britain needed thousands of pilots. The largest potential supply was in the United States. As a cover under which to recruit Americans for service in either the Royal Air Force or the Royal Canadian Air Force, the so-called Clayton Knight Committee was established. Representatives of that committee covered the entire country in their search for pilots and qualified instructors for the Canadian training units. Along with hundreds of others I made my application to join the RCAF at the New York office of the Committee. A few days later, I passed my preliminary flying test at a field near Flushing.

While I waited for the next group to be formed to go to Canada to take the final tests, I was summoned by telephone to the office of the Committee. I supposed that there were a few more routine questions to be answered. Instead, I found one of the heads of the Canadian Intelligence Service waiting for me.

"I have been impressed," he said, "with your investigative background."

"But I want to fly," I said.

"Yes, yes, we'll come to that. You shall have every opportunity to qualify. But while you're waiting, you'll help us, won't you?"

"If I can, sir—but I still want to fly."

He smiled encouragingly, and went on to state his problem. It seemed that Canadian and British authorities were greatly concerned over Nazi infiltration into the RAF and RCAF. They had conclusive evidence that enemy agents were at work in both Canada and England. That very week, several planes had been sabotaged; others, when examined before important flights, were found to have been tampered with. Cement was found in motors, ignition wiring had been cut at places where short circuits might cause fires. They suspected everyone, but had no way of checking the American recruits except through a commercial investigative agency. What would I advise?

I asked for time to think of a plan of action that would be practical, as I realized it would be impossible to run all over the country making investigations of the backgrounds of all of these recruits. The next day I submitted a scheme which I believed would shortcut the time element and screen out those men not completely trustworthy.

A slightly shady proposition was to be offered to each pilot recruit.. It would vary in detail, but essentially follow these lines: in a private interview I would tell the recruit that I represented a new aviation magazine that was to be published for war pilots; it had ample backing and would be ready to pay liberally for news of new war planes, new training methods, and kindred subjects.

This proposition of itself might appear innocent enough, but as I would be offering extraordinarily large payments for this kind of news, the reaction of the recruit would fall into three categories: if he took up with my plan and agreed to send me the information, he was dangerous; if he failed to report my offer to his superior officer, he could properly be considered suspicious; but if he reported me for making this questionable advance, there was probably nothing to worry about as far as he was concerned.

The Canadian Intelligence officer accepted my plan, and during my remaining days of waiting I proceeded to put it into operation. Then I journeyed to Canada with a group of previously recruited pilots. In Canada I passed my physical examination and final flying tests, and confidently looked forward to front-line action as a pilot. Instead, I was offered my choice of two jobs: one as a student instructor, the other, towing target planes. They told me I was too old for combat flying. This burned me up, but there was nothing I could do about it; so I went back to New York City, and made straight for the Canadian Intelligence officer, who, I half suspected, was responsible for my disappointment.

"I didn't do it," he grinned. "I didn't have anything to do with it. But I'm glad you're back. It's your job and you ought to do it."

"Okay," I sighed. "Once a dick, always a dick!"

My work with the Clayton Knight Committe came to an end shortly after Lend Lease became law, March 11, 1941, because after that Canadian Intelligence could without risk of complications send its own officers into the United States to examine candidate fliers. In Washington, I was told that our Office of Naval Intelligence was looking for experienced investigators. Several of my friends who had worked for congressional committees had already joined this branch of the service and, a week later, I submitted my own application.

In sudden panic, our man spilled the bureau drawer on the floor. Furiously I worked to repair the damage.

Late in August, 1941, I was instructed to report for duty as a civilian employee in the Third Naval District, and, to my disgust, found myself assigned to the old dull routine of applicant investigation. There was nothing very nautical about that! Later, the investigative field was broadened to include conditions existing in factories and shipyards that were doing conversion and repair work for the Navy. In one large ship-repair yard I found astonishingly lax conditions. Its personnel department lacked a carefully checked record of the workmen employed, and there were not enough guards at the gates to check the shifts of employees as they came and went. In short, conditions were ideal for saboteurs. I reported these laxities, and almost overnight conditions were corrected. After that, even an officer in uniform had to show his orders before he could visit that yard.

Two hours after we got the news of December 7, 1941, we were assembled and armed. The office was put on a twenty-four hour a day schedule, with somebody always on hand to receive teletype messages from other naval districts and to answer the telephone calls from excited individuals who were sure they had seen signals flashed or had heard enemy agents in conversation. All calls received had to be duly entered in the log book, for we had become very Navy-minded! The floors were decks; the walls were bulkheads, stairways were companionways; and our stenographers were yeomen. We no longer went to lunch; we went to chow. Everything was "aye, aye, sir." Gossip and rumors became "scuttlebutt," and the Captain's office, topside. All our investigations had to be made in civilian clothes, but officers were required to wear uniforms between home and office.

Reports were telephoned to us that German submarines had been seen in the Hudson River, in the East River and in Long Island Sound. They proved wild stories but, of course, they had to be investigated. Then came messages about individuals who had short-wave radios and were sending messages. The Federal Communcations Commission invited us over to its district office to be briefed on what short-wave sending sets looked like, for at that time nobody in our office could have identified such a set if he had seen one. In late 1941, in short, counter-espionage in the United States was just in its beginning, and far from expert.

The art of successful surveillance was, perhaps, the most difficult to master. To keep a person under observation and yet not appear to be doing so requires long and careful training. To keep close enough to him so that he cannot escape by dodging around a corner, by taking a taxicab, or by otherwise eluding a follower also requires a large team of agents working together, so that the suspect will not come to know and identify any single one as his special "shadow." It was surprising how quickly our men learned the niceties of surveillance, but in the beginning we were crude.

One of our first victims was our big and bluff old Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox. He was coming to New York, and our office decided that he needed a secret bodyguard of Naval Intelligence men. They were in civilian clothes, but armed and instructed to shoot if necessary to protect him. One of the men in this detail had never fired a gun, but that didn't matter, for their surveillance was of short duration. The Secretary quickly discovered that he was being followed, and he was anything but pleased. He chased our men back to the office with the curt observation that he was still able to take care of himself.

Our boys were naturally chagrined whenever they failed, and some of them were inclined to try to cover up their mistakes in their reports. I recall one blatant case of this sort involving a team of agents from our office, who were to meet a courier who would arrive by plane at ten in the morning, and follow him to an office where we believed he would deliver certain important letters. He arrived on schedule, and the team went to work. Meanwhile, the office to which he was going had been tapped and I was on hand to listen to the conversation that would ensue. I had a long wait, for it was two in the afternoon before the courier put in an appearance. This is part of what I heard and recorded phonographically:

"My friend, I have been so distressed. Your plane was on time. Where have you been? We were worried."

"I was tailed by two jerks," replied the courier. "Gave them a ride they'll never forget. I lost them in the Grand Central Station. Hid behind a post while they looked for me, and

A True Book-Length Feature

then followed them back to the Office of Naval Intelligence."

Here followed a detailed and uncomplimentary description of our two men. "The letters? Yes, I have them here. A steward carried them off the plane for me, as I was afraid I might be searched. I gave him fifty dollars and promised him another fifty when I leave your office."

I returned to the office and read our budding surveillants' report of this affair. There was nothing wrong with their imagination, certainly, for their account was thrilling melodrama couched in Navy language. I read it in silence and then, for their edification, turned on the record I had made earlier in the day. It had a salutary effect. From then on, these two men were very careful what they reported. This record had other uses. For some time thereafter, in preparing men for their first surveillance, I played it for their benefit as a classic example of the consequences of clumsy work.

Deliberate training of the memory for detail, whether of persons or places, is invaluable in secret service work. By strict observation an agent can become so familiar with local bearings that he can tell immediately in what direction each road runs, to what town, through what valleys, plains and hills. A good man becomes acquainted with fields, paths, short cuts, and the kind of cover they possess, such as hills, hedges, trees and ditches. He finds the points that will make the best observation posts and classifies them according to the time of day when they will be most useful; a good post in the morning with the sun at the watcher's back may be no good in the late afternoon, when the lateral rays of the sun strike his eyes and not only blind him but possibly expose him to the enemy.

Nothing escapes the properly trained observer, and nothing should, for not only the success of his mission but his own life may depend on the slightest detail. I know from personal experience that the smell of a pigsty or a tannery, the ripple of a brook or the croaking of frogs in a pond, may be invaluable guides and clues on a dark and rainy night. Much of our surveillance work was unbelievably dull, but all of it was good training for the work I was about to do—and one more or less routine investigation led indirectly to that work.

We were watching a young titled woman of enemy origin who seemed to be entirely too attractive to many of our impressionable ensigns and lieutenants, j.g. She was continually seen with one or another of them in various New York night clubs. During the day she was employed by a large department store as a fashion stylist. To find out what I could about this fascinating young woman, I went to that store and saw the head of its security service. We were never able to establish any untoward action by the countess, but a shoplifting anecdote told me by the head detective of the store changed the whole course of my work for Uncle Sam.

We at Naval Intelligence had made an exhaustive study of criminal methods. With one exception, their jobs were not good enough to be imitated. Our researches revealed that burglary methods were invariably violent and clumsy, and left the premises rich with clues. We had never found a criminal who had done any research or used any imagination in planning a specific burglary. But the thieves the store detective told me about were really smart.

One afternoon during the summer, when business was at its dullest, two men dressed in mechanics' overalls, and with greasy hands and smudged faces, stepped out of the freight elevator into the sporting goods department.

"Where's that big outboard motor that we're supposed to get?" one of them demanded of the section manager.

Unsuspecting, he led them to a powerful motor mounted on a dummy representing the stern of a good-sized boat. The two mechanics eyed it critically and gloomily.

"Wow! She's a big 'un all right. We can't handle her alone. If we had a hand truck and a couple of porters, maybe we could move her."

The section manager bustled around, telephoned for a hand truck and porters, and was generally helpful. Then, with much grunting and grousing, the two mechanics got out their wrench

kit and went to work to demount the motor. After it had been put on the hand truck, with the store's accommodating porters doing most of the work, there was further questioning as to which freight elevator to use. And how about helping it off the elevator? The porters went down with them and helped push the motor onto the loading dock. Then the mechanic appealed to a shipping clerk. Pointing to the outboard motor and then to his waiting truck, he said:

"How about some help, Mac? Ain't it the limit what some folks expect? Look at that bozo. We can't load it by ourselves. Will a couple of your guys give us a hand?"

They did; and presently outboard motor, truck and "mechanics" disappeared into the traffic of a busy street.

The two "mechanics" were, of course, shoplifters, who had successfully stolen one of the bulkiest things in the store. It was the effectiveness of their disguises and their ability to play the parts they had set for themselves which enabled them to carry out their mission right under the eyes of the store's trained detective force. Surreptitious entry, carefully prepared and brilliantly executed—that was what it was, and that was what we needed in our work for Naval Intelligence.

Then and there the idea, which had long been gestating in my brain, was born.

I was fortunate in the type of officer I worked under. He was an ambitious lieutenant commander and was largely responsible for the success of the Naval Intelligence unit of the Third District. I liked him, not only because he was a good leader and gave his men a chance to get ahead, but because he was ready to take long chances. He did it time and again.

Many Navy officers become over-impressed with rules and regulations and follow them to the letter. Not so with our lieutenant commander. Had he been less ready to gamble his naval career for things he knew ought to be done, our surveillance work would have been far less successful. And of the higher-ups he alone saw the possibilities of surreptitious entry.

The test came one night, some months after Pearl Harbor, when it was my turn to take the duty watch. At 2300 (11 p.m.) the quiet of the office was broken by the chatter of the teletype. I jumped from my chair and stood over the machine as it printed out a message from Washington. Even today I am not at liberty to quote it exactly, but the substance of it was that attaches of an embassy in Washington were believed to have been burning papers the previous day. Could we find out whether their consulate in New York had done the same?

At a party I heard details of our searches from a girl friend of a swivel-chair commando.

I telephoned my commanding officer and read him the message. I then asked for permission to try getting into this consulate to find out what, if anything, had been done.

"Go ahead," he said. "But remember that consulates are sacred territory. Breaking into one of them is a serious matter. If you should get caught, it would be extremely embarrassing to the Navy Department."

As I set out for the building where the consulate was located, I remembered the two shoplifters who stole the outboard motor, and tried to evolve a plan for getting into the consulate that would be fool-proof. I saw the night superintendent and showed him my credentials. He proved to be a Navy veteran of the first World War and readily agreed to help in any way he could.

"There's no one on guard at night except the man on the consulate's special elevator," he said.

"We ought to be able to get around him."

"Sure. And I know none of the consulate staff is working tonight. It ought to be a cinch."

"Good. But just in case—have you a cleaner's outfit that I could borrow? Then, if anything goes wrong, I'm just an honest building employee, come to tidy up the place."

"Come down to the basement and I'll fix you up."

So I put on a cleaner's set of coveralls, and the superintendent and I rode up in the elevator to two floors above the consulate. I walked down two flights of stairs and used the superintendent's passkey. Inside, I was greeted with the odor of burned paper. Every wastebasket gave evidence that papers had been destroyed. This could mean war. I went over the suite of rooms carefully. There were a number of safes, a built-in vault, and many filing cabinets, all locked. Papers had been burned, but I was sure that plenty of important ones still remained. Whatever was to be done had to be done right away, for if war should come, this consulate would be closed and placed under the protection of a neutral government.

I made my decision on the spot. With or without permission I was coming back to that office with whatever and whomever was necessary to help me open those safes and files. Once more the CO was game. This time he had no authority from Washington. Through me he had found out what Washington had asked him to find out. Anything more he did was on his own. And he knew well, as I did, that it was one thing to smell at a wastebasket in the line of duty and quite another thing to crack a safe.

"I make only one condition," he said. "You must do your stuff in such a way that no one will know you did it."

"Make sure that no one catches us, you mean?"

"I mean much more than that. I mean that all the papers in those safes and files must be left in exactly the same place and condition they were in when you found them."

"But we want proof, don't we? Evidence that will stand up?"

"Yes. And we want codes if there are any—and I suspect there are—but no one must know we have them or suspect that we've even seen them."

This was a large order, and the problem it presented to this amateur cracksman was a staggering one. But, slowly, a plan took form. I couldn't dynamite the safes or shoot out the locks on the files, so I must get a good locksmith who knew how to pick locks and a safe-expert who knew how to work combinations. But how about the documents themselves? How was I to take them away with me and still leave them where they were? I thought of the micro-film camera, used to photograph papers and documents in postage-stamp size for future enlargement. That meant a first-class cameraman. Then, since most of the documents we wanted were probably in foreign languages, we must have a linguist who could read them, so we could decide which were worth photographing and which were not. In addition to these there would be the searchers. In all there were fifteen jittery men—sixteen including me—who made the first more or less official and more or less organized surreptitious entry.

This time a freight elevator was put at our disposal and two of our party were left in the office-building lobby in full view of the operator of the special consulate elevator. They were to intercept the consul, should he come in and attempt to go to his office. Just how this was to be done had not been

seriously considered, for none of us had ever seen him and so could not identify him. It was fortunate that he did not put in an appearance that night, for the two men were armed and had orders to shoot if there was trouble. No thought had been given to the international complications that such action would certainly have precipitated!

The rest of us began milling around the consulate upstairs. No one knew what to do or where to do it. But finally the recording cameras were set up, and the locksmith opened a number of desks and filing cabinets. We crowded from room to room to see just how locks were picked. The safe expert started his work and eventually had one of the safes open. Everyone tried to look inside at the same time. Our language "expert" proved to have had only high school training and was plainly beyond his depth. Some of the men went off to other rooms on lone-wolf searches.

Several thousand photographs were taken, many of them quite unimportant. But among the papers in the open safe was a heavily sealed package with this inscription on its wrapper:

"Secret, to be opened only in case of war."

We didn't know how to open this without leaving a broken seal, but we did photograph the envelope itself. Then, in our innocence, we felt that our night's work was finished. We did rub a few doorknobs and flat surfaces to get rid of fingerprints. Even we knew that much. But, as we learned from experience later on, we undoubtedly left many other evidences of our visit, which would most probably have been discovered in the morning if the worthy superintendent had not spent the remaining hours of the night cleaning the consulate and removing all traces of our presence.

The next day the microfilm of papers and documents was developed and rushed to Washington. It was marked, "Received from a confidential informant."

Washington was much pleased and wanted more material from this same "informant." Especially, it wanted to know what was inside the sealed envelope. Meanwhile, we found out that British Security had an expert who could open any sealed package. We arranged to have her lent to us for this special duty; and when the date was set for our next entry she joined the party. I never knew her name. A spare, angular woman of about fifty, rather mousy in appearance, she was the type of person who naturally fades into the background and is forgotten. Yet, or possibly because of this, she had been doing this highly skilled work for the British Government all over the world for years. Her image has grown dim in my mind, but I have not forgotten her equipment. It took two men to carry her pots, pans, steam-kettles and packages.

This time our security arrangements were somewhat better. We had devised a signal system by which the lookout men in the entrance lobby could warn the searching party upstairs. To make sure it would work, we had tested it two or three nights in the building where Naval Intelligence had its own office. Its purpose, of course, was to provide enough time for the searching party to cover its tracks and retreat to a place of hiding should the consul or a member of his staff make a sudden visit. If anything went wrong downstairs, a husky member of the searching party was designated to attack the visitor from behind as he left the elevator at our floor, knock him unconscious and tie him up. Also, we would now be able to identify the consul and his assistants, for one of our men had made it his business to discover who they were and what they looked like.

That night, the package was unsealed by the British expert and its contents photographed. They were, to put it mildly, diplomatic dynamite.

This was the beginning of a long series of return engagements to this supposedly secure hiding place for enemy information and base for espionage. From rank amateurs we gradually developed into a cohesive unit that worked rapidly and without duplication. We were learning the hard way, but we made progress; and mistakes were seldom repeated. Holiday spirit gave way to quiet seriousness. Teamwork supplanted spectacular individuality.

Searches continued almost nightly in this particular consulate until we had an accident. The recording camera had been set up in a small hall closet outside the consulate door. That night, it fell to the floor with a resounding crash. The elevator

A True Book-Length Feature

operator heard it and came up to investigate. No one in our party moved; no one even appeared to breathe. Apparently the operator saw nothing. But this accident was most unfortunate, for we had just found an inventory of all the codes in the consulate. We had recorded a few of them, but there were at least five times as many more to be photographed. The camera was so damaged by its fall that it would not work, so we packed up and left.

The next night before we went up to the consulate offices I was inspecting, as was my custom, the record book kept in the entrance lobby for after-hour visitors. Apparently there was no one in the consulate, and I was just about to send up the searching party when some sixth sense warned me that something was wrong. I decided to make a last-minute check. I put on the cleaner's coveralls that I had used on my first visit, and, accompanied by the head of the cleaning staff, went up to the consulate. All was dark and quiet. But as we stepped into the consul's private office, some one snapped on the light. There sat the consul on the sofa, gun in hand, with an armed guard (not of the consulate's staff) standing near him. They both had us covered. But the cleaner's uniforms saved a bad situation. The consul apologized, saying he had thought we were burglars. I was a little weak when I rejoined my waiting group in the basement.

We realized that henceforth we must be much more circumspect. The consul was suspicious, and any telltale traces of our visits might mean installation of private guards and the stopping of our work completely. The lesson was a salutary one, because it led us to check over the way we had been doing our work and to plan how we could operate in the future in order to correct the most glaring of our shortcomings. One of our first improvements was the making of sketches of the interior of desks and safes as they were opened and before the contents were examined. By such means we could be sure that everything would be returned to its proper position. We also equipped ourselves with blackout curtains, to avoid attracting attention from outside; and when we were finished, we not only removed all fingerprints from office equipment, walls and doors, but swept the rugs to remove any traces of footprints. We were still far from expert, but at least we were realizing the importance of careful planning before an entry and equally careful obliteration after it.

It took us about ten weeks to complete the search of that consulate. When it was done, we had photographed every important document there. We located, in addition to the codes, a card-index of pro-Axis residents of the United States and a wealth of material that showed that the Nazis had been using this consulate for important espionage work on the war effort of the United States. How the data secured was used and what disposition was finally made of it was not in our province, but its importance may be at least guessed when I tell you that it was the consulate of Pierre Laval's Vichy France.

Our success nearly ruined us. Not that we were swellheaded. We knew how crude we still were. But the higher-ups didn't. They now felt that we could carry on surreptitious entries on a wholesale scale. We must train—presumably overnight!—fifty men to become expert lockpickers and as many more to master the niceties of safe-opening. For weeks our office went a little crazy. Every case became potential work for a search team.

The peak of this fever passed with an especially foolish case. A man ordered six boxes of highly sensitized paper from a photographic supply house. This was an unusually large order, so the clerk who filled it asked how it was to be used. The customer, resenting his nosiness, gave him no information beyond saying that what he did with it was his own affair. He paid for it and left, stating that he would have a man pick up the package. The clerk brooded on the incident. An hour later, a shabby individual, speaking broken English, called for the parcel. To the clerk's mind this circumstance confirmed his growing suspicion that there might be spy work afoot. He followed the messenger to a shabby building on an inconspicuous by-street in the lower part of the city, and noted the highly

suspicious fact that the man put down his package several times —it was really heavy—and looked around.

Later in the afternoon, the clerk, by that time a thoroughly excited man, came to our office and gave us a hair-raising account of what he had seen. The messenger had a guttural accent (all spies speak in guttural accents), and looked about furtively as he slunk from the supply-house to the building where he delivered the paper. As for the purchaser, he could have been Hermann Goering's own brother from the description given of him. The office was impressed. Here surely was a hot espionage case.

The background and history of every employee of the firm to which this paper had been delivered was checked and rechecked. A surveillance team was assigned to the case. For two weeks, day and night, we kept track of every move of the officers of the company. Even a wire-tap was ordered and a mail-check authorized. Twenty men were run ragged on the case. The office of the company was situated on one floor; one of our agents discovered that there was an additional office on the floor above. The windows had steel shutters which were seldom opened. Further, there was a telephone wire running out of one of these windows to another one on the floor below.

By this time, the men working on the case were definitely of the opinion that a Nazi espionage headquarters had been discovered. Each day brought new and more convincing details as vivid imaginations got in their work. I was ordered to prepare to make a search. We spent some time planning our operation so that there would be no hitch. Well armed, we made our entry. The first thing that caught our eyes was the safe. Certainly this must contain secret plans. Fifteen minutes later, our safe experts had it open. Inside were war bonds and war saving stamps belonging to the employees of the company.

But there was still the secret room on the floor above, with its pick-proof lock. This was opened by our obliging lock expert. Inside we found a photographic laboratory. Examination of some of the work left to dry overnight showed that there was nothing subversive there, just plain commercial work. Imagination and the purchase of some paper by a legitimate business man, who did not see fit to divulge its use to a curious clerk, had built up a "case" for surreptitious entry.

We didn't get anything out of that case except annoyance and waste of time and manpower, but more often than not, we were able to learn even from our failures. The vital importance of alert and resourceful security men was brought home to us in the case of a young foreigner who lived at a Park Avenue hotel, dressed expensively and frequented the most exclusive night clubs. He was amply supplied with money, but seemed to have no visible means of livelihood. He asked all sorts of questions of the young Navy aviators he met regarding their training, types of planes they had flown and where they were stationed, and how soon they expected to be ordered overseas. These facts seemed to justify an investigation, especially when a preliminary check showed that he had excellent European family connections, but no apparent reason for taking up residence in New York. He was followed closely for several weeks, but nothing was learned of the reason for his activities.

At last, I was told to make a search of his hotel room. Perhaps letters or other papers might be found that would give a clue to a spy agency for which he might be working. Before making this entry, I conferred with the hotel management and found out the times he was usually out of his room and away from the hotel. I was also told that his room had a second door opening into an adjoining one. With such an arrangement it seemed very simple to make a surreptitious entry, and go through his possessions thoroughly while he was out at some night club.

I took along a translator, a yeoman stenographer, and two security men. One of the latter took up his post at the main desk downstairs, where the young man always stopped to get his key when he returned to the hotel. The other was posted outside the room in the corridor. The rest of us worked for more than an hour going over personal letters, until finally we found one that clearly indicated the reason for his easy way of life and his residence in New York. He had been pensioned by his family on condition that he stay in the United States and make no effort to return home, where he had been in some sort of trouble. Our "spy" was just a black sheep, and not the pawn of an espionage ring. His questions to the Navy men he met casually in cafes and night clubs were merely attempts to make conversation, and perhaps friends, by a lonely boy marooned in a strange land.

We were feeling rather foolish about all this when we heard our man in the corridor pounding on the door. That was the agreed signal to warn us to get out through the adjoining room. Then one of those silly little things happened which made the life of a government burglar one long continuous series of headaches and chills. Our translator, a new man, was giving me a hand in the search; he had just opened a bureau drawer when the signal sounded, and in his hurry to close it, he pulled it all the way out and spilled drawer and contents on the floor. This meant delay, danger, but as I worked to repair the damage I could hear a lively argument going on in the hall. My security man was doing a fine piece of acting as a too attentive drunk, and not until he saw me leave through the door to the corridor from the adjoining room did he gradually become less insistent and let the young man enter his room.

From that day on, I picked my security men with as much care as I did my lock-pickers and safe-openers.

A succession of such fruitless searches finally convinced the "brass" that our efforts should not be wasted in pursuit of every rumor that came into the office, and in the period of relative peace that followed we were again able to check our mistakes, evaluate our progress, and refine our technique. Finally, we held an informal meeting at my home that lasted for eight hours, during which we arrived at some definite conclusions. Among them was the conviction that the group was only as strong as its weakest member. It had to be a team; and only as a team, with each man knowing exactly what he was to do, could we continue to operate successfully. We also decided that after each search we would hold a board-of-strategy meeting at which we would review any mistakes that might have occurred and lay plans to eliminate them in future searches. Every member of the team would be free to make constructive suggestions to that end.

This surreptitious entry team was one of the finest groups of men I have ever known. They had nerve and courage; they were modest and tireless; and they were fast becoming expertly efficient. Our discerning CO, recognizing these facts, secured funds and equipment for a laboratory of our own, manned by trained technicians. This move greatly facilitated our work—and speeded it up no end. Additional camera equipment arrived almost daily. Soon we were able to set up a complete photographic processing laboratory. And under instructions from the mousy little woman from British Security, we rapidly perfected our ability to open sealed envelopes.

One of our squad cars was equipped with a shortwave radio sending and receiving set. Three other miniature two-way sets were built into suitcases that we could take into the room with us, so as to be in continuous communication with the various members of the squad inside and outside the building while we were on a job. Thus the security men had excellent means of furnishing us adequate protection.

Every important search was now preceded by careful sorting of all scrap paper taken from the suspect's office by the cleaning staff. I know of no more disgusting task. Practically everything is tossed into wastepaper baskets, and to find papers that might be a clue or an indication of one, everything else had to be handled. But the importance of the information secured cannot be overrated. In many cases torn or burned scraps of letters established for us the fact that a complete search would be worthwhile.

One suspect tore up his letters and then burned the pieces, but, a month later, his private secretary discarded her stenographic notebooks and tossed them into the wastepaper basket intact. Transcriptions of this shorthand gave us every important letter that he had written for six weeks. Even smart people get careless sometimes!

In a way, keeping our activities secret from our suspects was much less difficult than keeping them from our own people.

Sometimes the guards in our own building talked. Their work was tedious, and they could not resist telling somebody else within the organization any little bit of inside news they might know: such as having seen our group start off with its heavy equipment late at night. Always, when our men who had been out all night did not show up at the office until late the next afternoon, everybody surmised that another entry had been made.

Also, by this time, our research laboratory had become a place of interest to visiting officers from other naval districts. Our technicians loved to show these gentlemen how easily filing cabinets could be opened with a piece of wire or a broken hacksaw blade; how locks were picked, letters opened, and other things done in the course of a search. Too often, I fear, reference was made to specific cases on which we were still working, and information was let out that later made fascinating dinner-table conversation. Officers and others, who had never been members of a search team, found talk of our work a splendid means of impressing their girl friends. Once, at an uptown cocktail party, I was given full details about one of our searches by a young woman who had obtained them from a swivel-chair commando pretending to be a member of our team.

From time to time, we were plagued with unwelcome companions in our searches. Our officers thought it would be good politics to bring along certain high Navy officials for the thrill it would give them. The novelty usually wore off in about fifteen minutes. After that, our guests were a constant source of worry. We had to stop and tell them not to pick up things, and if there was an interruption, we had to drop everything and guide them to a place of safety.

But in spite of these handicaps we continued to plug along and get better and better equipped for our work. We could now make a complete search of a suite of offices—like the one we conducted at the Vichy consulate, which took us ten weeks—in a single night. Planning and preparing for such a search, however, sometimes took a month. Successful burglary is not a hit-or-miss affair.

We had reached this stage of our progress at the time of our entry into Stephen K. Ziggly's elaborate suite of offices, our team having been transferred for this job from New York to Chicago. Now that the reader is more familiar with the technique of surreptitious entry, he may be interested in knowing in more detail what actually happened on that occasion.

Our team consisted of the following persons:

An agent-in-charge to organize and direct the operation.

A safe-expert, able to open any safe by manipulation.

A lock expert, able to pick any lock within thirty minutes.

A camera expert.

A flaps-and-seals expert, able to open any type of wax or envelope seal and replace it within half an hour, and to do it so skillfully as to defy detection even by examination under violet ray.

An expert evaluator, able to run through documents and papers and to decide instantly what should be photographed.

Three security men to act as lookouts and guards.

Two radio operators.

Each man was provided with the equipment necessary for his particular job. As agent-in-charge I carried a revolver and blackjack; so did the three security men. Each of the others had a gas gun, pencil type. My first task, as we have already seen, was to obtain the cooperation of the superintendent. It would have been possible, though considerably more difficult, to search Ziggly's offices without the knowledge of either the owner or the superintendent, but since the superintendent already knew from our wastepaper activities that some of his tenants were under suspicion, I decided to continue to avail myself of his cooperation. The owner, who had previously been investigated, was also very helpful. He readily gave his consent to the entry. He insisted, however, that the searching party invent a reasonable excuse for entering the building. The old gags we had previously used on the elevator men were too thin. So I suggested that the group take the cover of engineer, sent to test the sway of the building.

"All buildings," I explained, "develop cracks at stress points from swaying, and the possibility of air raids makes it plausible for you to want the stress points tested. Also, using this cover, we will be able to shut down or control the elevators, and so discourage traffic in the building during the search. We will tell your night staff that the vibration of the elevators would affect our delicate testing instruments."

"Okay," said the owner. "You're engineers."

An investigation was now begun of the five building employees on duty at night. One, whose background was not quite satisfactory, was transferred to the day staff. By a fortunate coincidence, he had already requested the transfer. There was, of course, the question of whether the others would recognize me.

The radio car took up its position directly across the street, with a full view of the building's entrance.

A new suit, a different type of hat, and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles seemed to eliminate that danger. Meanwhile, our radio experts tested their apparatus in the vicinity of the building and selected parking places; and two of the security men, in painters' coveralls, were sent to clean and paint the walls in the hallway just outside Ziggly's suite. Two days later, the "painters" reported that they could identify all of Ziggly's personnel.

Then my locksmith and I made a preliminary survey of Ziggly's premises. Very quietly, for we knew that if Ziggly were really a spy there would be traps, the lock expert picked the fancy lock on the outer door. He had the door open in less than fifteen minutes, and immediately sat down on the floor just outside the doorway and began making a key.

Working with a floor plan furnished by the owner of the building, I rapidly sketched in all of the partitions installed by Ziggly, and noted the location of chairs, desks, file-cabinets and other pieces of furniture. All this was done in complete silence. When it had been completed, I searched for traps. On a window sill behind Ziggly's desk I found a large suitcase, from which a concealed wire ran to a base plug. I disconnected the plug and opened the suitcase. It contained a sound-recording device, with an extremely sensitive switch. This switch would be thrown automatically whenever a word was spoken in the room and the sound, picked up by microphones, would be recorded silently on film.

One of the microphones was found on a shelf behind Ziggly's desk, and another was hidden beneath a small table in the center of the room. A cellaret in a corner of Ziggly's private office, when opened, was found to contain a "burglar-proof" safe. The handle number of the safe was noted. Before leaving the office we made a careful check to be sure that everything had been restored to its original position. The polished floor, which bore the marks of our rubber heels, was repolished. A thin layer of dust which had covered the suitcase was replaced with a dust powder of talc and charcoal. On the way out, I investigated all possible escape routes in case of interruption, and chose a washroom a few doors from Ziggly's office for the camera work.

Meanwhile, the superintendent received a letter from the owner of the building, which he showed to his night staff. It told them of the sway test, and directed them to assist. The owner ordered all elevators to be put under the control of the engineers and traffic in the building to be reduced to a minimum. He also instructed the superintendent to check personally all tenants and visitors who entered during the tests.

Three days after the preliminary survey, about one o'clock in the morning, our group of eleven men drove up to the building in several cars and a large enclosed delivery truck on which was lettered "The Northwest Engineering Company," with a street address and a telephone number. Incidentally, we had taken the precaution to hire a small office at the address given, with the name of the company lettered on the door; and the telephone number was listed in the Chicago telphone directory. The place was used as a cover for several operations.

From the truck we unloaded a dozen boxes and suitcases, each stenciled with the name of the company, and containing not only the equipment necessary for searching Ziggly's offices, but also instruments for measuring building sway. Nine of the men carried the boxes and cases into the building. Two remained hidden in the truck—a radio operator with a two-way radio set, and one of the security agents who could identify Ziggly's employees. From a concealed slot in the side of the truck, the security man had a good view of the entrance to the building.

I approached the superintendent in the lobby as a stranger, showed him the group's credentials, including identification cards and a copy of a contract for the tests signed by the owner of the building. I asked that elevator service be suspended until the tests had been completed. Two of the elevators were turned over to the "engineers," though they continued to be run by the regular operators, and the others were stopped. Carrying their equipment, the search team went upstairs, getting off at various floors and then walking up or down to the twelfth. Coats, hats and shoes were left in the elevator, and the operator was told that even the thud of heels on the floor caused enough vibration to affect the instruments.

One of our men, with the key made by the lock expert, went ahead to open Ziggly's door and make certain that the group was not walking into a trap. If he found himself in trouble, he would pretend to be a burglar and escape as best he could. But the way was clear; so he immediately entered the room, pulled down the shades, and turned on the lights. Then he disconnected the sound recorder which I had found during the preliminary survey. At his signal the rest of us entered Ziggly's offices, and each man went to work on his particular assignment. The radio operator established communication with the truck in the street, the cameraman set up his equipment in the washroom and the lock expert picked the lock of an office across the hallway. This was to be used if flight became necessary.

It was well that the entry had been carefully planned, for some fifteen minutes after the work had started, the radio operator in the truck reported that one of Ziggly's employees had entered the building. Swiftly, but without haste, the men gathered up their equipment and retired to the room across the hall, and from there re-established radio communication with the truck. In less than ten minutes Ziggly's office had been vacated, with nothing there to show that it had ever been entered.

Meanwhile, the two men left in the lobby downstairs for just such a contingency were carrying out a pre-arranged plan of delay. One insisted that Ziggly's employee identify himself to the superintendent, and wasted more than five minutes telephoning empty offices, trying to find that official. The other security man went into a highly technical explanation of the sway tests, and told Ziggly's man that there would be a delay before he could be taken up in the elevator, because the testing instruments would have to be disconnected. He asked the employee how long he expected to be in the building, and the man said not long.

"You're interfering with important work," our man complained. "We not only have to disconnect our instruments, but it'll take us half an hour to connect them again after you've gone. Is your work so important it can't wait until tomorrow?"

"Well," said the employee, "the truth is I'm not going to work. I've got my girl in a bar around the corner, and I'm short of dough. I want to get a bottle of whisky out of my desk. I won't be but a minute."

So he was run up to the twelfth floor, and the elevator was held for him while he unlocked Ziggly's office and got his liquor. Then he left the building, and was followed by one of our men until he had rejoined his girl in the bar. When the security man reported by radio that all was clear, we resumed work in Ziggly's office. We didn't know until later that Ziggly's employee, befuddled by a couple of hours of steady drinking, telephoned Ziggly about four o'clock that a lot of men were prowling around the building with queer-looking instruments. This so alarmed Ziggly that he started immediately for his office.

Meanwhile we worked. Ziggly's "burglar-proof" safe bore a manufacturer's notice that if the combination were lost or forgotten it couldn't be opened except with explosives; our expert opened it in a little less than twenty minutes by manipulating the dial and tumblers.

This method of safe-opening is a very skillful operation requiring long training and experience. Its success depends on a delicate sense of touch, keen hearing, and a specialist's knowledge of the way a concealed locking mechanism works. Patiently the expert revolves the dial until he locates each number of the combination. All of the circular tumblers of the lock are aligned at the opening position. Meanwhile, the opening lever beside the dial is kept pressed toward its unlocked position by the expert's left hand. When the right combination has been discovered, and the tumblers are in proper position so that they mesh with gates or notches cut in the locking bolts, the opening handle is given a quarter turn and the safe door is unlocked.

As Ziggly's safe swung open, my eyes went at once to a sealed package, the size and shape of which immediately suggested a code book. On its paper wrapper I could read, in the purple ink of an office stamp, "Received, 5:10 P. M. ...., 194...." The date was that of the previous day. Apparently the courier delivering this package had arrived so near closing time that Ziggly, knowing its contents, had thrust it unopened into the safe. Tomorrow, he probably thought, would be as good as today for studying it. I made a detailed sketch showing the exact location of the sealed package, so that we could return it to its proper place and position; then took it from the safe and

turned it over to our flaps-and-seals expert, who had already laid out his paraphernalia.

His first step was to wrap the package in cellophane with holes cut through it to correspond with the seals, which were thus left exposed. Then he mixed in a small cup some of the impression paste used by dentists. When this had reached a creamy consistency, he applied it a little at a time to the wax seals until small cones about an inch high formed. In about ten minutes, when these cones had become firm, he lifted them sharply from the seals so as not to break the edges, removed any stray specks of compound; and then, using a heated pencil-point soldering-iron, he cut through the seal along the edge of the wrapping paper. As the wrapping paper had been glued before the seals were applied, the expert next moistened the upper surface of the wrapper with a solution used by collectors to remove stamps from envelopes. He allowed time for this to soak through the paper and soften the gum paste beneath it. Then gently he raised the free edge of the wrapper.

At last, we had the code book. We rushed it to the waiting cameraman, who photographed each page. Then we returned it to the flaps-and-seals expert, who was ready to rewrap it. Placing the code book squarely on the paper, aligning it with the original creases, he applied a little fresh gum, and, using an electric iron, smoothed the paper and dried it. Then, using the matrixes which he had made with the dentist's compound, he placed them carefully on the broken seals, which had already been made soft with a very hot soldering iron, and pressed them firmly into place. When, after a few minutes, he lifted the matrixes, the original wax seals looked as they had originally, and showed no indication that they had been tampered with in any way. The package was ready to go back to its resting place.

While this was going on, we had discovered in the safe what looked like a trap—a string laid zigzag atop a dust-covered tin box. Twenty minutes were required to sketch the position of the string and to make sure that it didn't lead to something else. Then the remaining contents of the safe were removed, and all its ledgers and papers were examined one by one by the evaluator. This procedure was followed also with papers and documents taken from desks and filing cabinets.

Everything judged to be important by the evaluator, who knew four languages and used all of them before the search was completed, was sent to the washroom to be photographed. As soon as the picture had been taken, the article was put back where it had come from, and in exactly the same position. In the washroom the camera expert worked like the proverbial beaver. In a little less than four hours he made 2,000 photographs of letters, codes, reports, and other material. At last, the job was finished.

Downstairs again in the lobby of the building, for the benefit of the employees, we made a considerable show of packing away our sway-test instruments, and in setting down elaborate calculations in notebooks. We were about halfway through this job when Ziggly rushed into the building, hurried past the agents, and demanded that he be taken upstairs immediately. Confident that he would find no traces of our visit, we ignored him.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later, Ziggly appeared in the lobby, very jovial and smiling broadly; it was obvious that he had found all his traps in place and suspected nothing. He showed great interest in the sway-testing instruments spread out on the lobby floor, and seemed pleased when one of the "engineers" told him the building was safe. Presently he departed, whistling gaily.

It may have been the last time he whistled that way. Two days later, government agents went quietly into his office and, still quietly, led him away.

Nearly a year had passed since our first clumsy entry of the Vichy consulate. We had now made nearly a hundred surreptitious entries of places under suspicion, and had reduced our operations to a system which left nothing to chance. The famous Bata case will perhaps illustrate better than any other the changes and refinements we had wrought in our technique.

One day we received word in New York from Naval District headquarters in a western city that a trusted and important employee of a local war plant had been arrested by the latter's own security police. In making a routine check of all employees as they left the plant, they had found in the coat pocket of this employee, one Gustav Jensen, part of the plans of a new secret

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weapon. He was an engineer working in the department where the weapon was being developed. His excuse was that he had put the blueprint in his pocket while working, and had forgotten it.

As Jensen had previously made several valuable contributions to the company's war effort, he was released, the plans taken from him, and a stern warning given regarding such lapses of memory in future. But the head of the war plant's security service was not satisfied with Gustav's story. That anyone could put a top-secret plan in his pocket and forget to return it to its proper place before leaving for the day sounded so fishy that the chief ordered surveillance of the man and another review of his background and history. This was done by an able and conscientious investigator.

Gustav Jensen was a naturalized American citizen, born in a country then occupied by the Nazis and maintaining a government-in-exile with headquarters in London. He was on the membership committee of a social organization of his fellow countrymen and spent several nights a week in the company of such friends. He was highly respected, and considered strongly pro-American and pro-United Nations.

A complete account of his activities eventually was deposited in the incoming basket on the "foreign" desk in our office. The head of the department read it, and was especially interested when he found from the report on Gustav's application for employment that he had used as a reference the name of Colonel Bata, an important official in the New York office of this same government-in-exile. Colonel Bata, we knew, had been closely associated with another officer who had accomplished several hazardous Intelligence operations during World War I. It was quite possible, therefore, that he might be engaged in espionage work in World War II—not necessarily on our side. I was detailed to make a preliminary survey of his New York office, which happened to be in a building whose superintendent was an old and trusted friend.

"I'm glad you have come," he said. "I've been worried about the people in that office for some time, and have been on the verge of reporting them to the authorities. They occupy a lot of space, the whole tenth floor and several offices on the eleventh. There's a constant stream of visitors. And another thing—they've taken to burning papers up there in their baskets. The other tenants complained and, of course, we couldn't have anything like that going on anyway. I told them they would have to take anything they wanted burned down to the furnace room. So they took their stuff down after that, but wouldn't trust our firemen with it—insisted on putting it into the furnace themselves. Even the firemen thought that was queer."

We examined the record book kept in the lobby of the building and found Saturday night would be the safest time for our preliminary search. When I joined my friend the superintendent on the following Saturday evening, I had with me one of our photographers. We were already experimenting with infra-red photography, which later proved very useful because the flash bulbs, producing no visible light, enabled the camera to take pictures in the dark.

On arriving at the tenth floor and being admitted by the superintendent's passkey, I sat down at the telephone switchboard, on which I found a list of office personnel and their extension numbers. I rang the extensions for all the men whose names were listed. This established the exact location of the private offices of all the important people who worked there. Then, while my cameraman was busy taking photographs of the entire floor and offices upstairs, I made the detailed sketches.

The office was huge. In one section alone, I found 140 filing cabinets, all locked. I took the serial number of the lock of each cabinet and desk. Finally, each safe was described in detail as to make, type and size. This would greatly help the expert when he came to open these safes by manipulation, since he would have advance information regarding the types on which he was to work, and could refresh his memory on the construction of their locking mechanisms.

The infra-red photographs, although taken in total darkness, portrayed in exact detail all the various rooms. These, together with the sketches I had made, gave a complete record of the

office layout and of the kind and types of equipment that we would have to open. On the possibility that I might have left something unnoticed, I made a return inspection a few nights later.

Long before I had finished this preliminary work, I realized that this entry would be complicated and on a scale that would require all the men and equipment we had available. We would need two photo-record cameras, the radio car, two portable radios built into suitcases—one for each floor—and at least twenty men, all of whom must be armed with pencil-type gas guns and flashlights. We used these in place of revolvers and blackjacks, which were illegal in New York under the Sullivan Law.

The men for security detail were chosen with special care. Using the cover of cleaning and repair crews, they worked around the offices for several days, until they had become so familiar with the appearance of the principal employees that they could recognize them at a glance. A few nights later, we visited the building and made sure that our security points were so situated that our men ould easily observe any unexpected arrival of Colonel Bata or of his associates.

Then the radio car and portable sets were tested in the area to make sure that the electric equipment of the building did not produce enough static to interfere with sending and receiving signals. (Sometimes this was great enough to make it impossible to use our radio. Then other means of signaling had to be resorted to, such as the telephones in the building's elevators. Luckily we had no such complication here.) Reliable translator-evaluators, familiar with the languages in which the offices' documents were likely to be written, were difficult to find for this search because the language was not a widely known one; but a call to the Navy Yard produced the men we needed. Finally, the entire party was thoroughly briefed. Each man knew exactly what his duties would be and what avenues of escape would be used in case of interruption.

Before starting out, each man made a complete inspection of his clothing and removed all identifying labels. Men in charge of equipment went over it thoroughly, made certain that it was all in working order, and that necessary spare parts were included before it was packed into the cases. For the cameras we made sure that we had several extra rolls of films. We had learned to take these precautions through bitter experience. On one occasion the photo-record camera jammed and took 500 exposures, one on top of the other. We had no extra films at hand. The next day, the office we had been searching was closed and we never had a chance to retake the pictures.

As cover for this search we decided to use the building-sway gag we had thought up for the Ziggly case, with some minor but colorful additions. For the benefit of the building's night staff I secured, in addition to the real sway-measuring instruments, an old square wall clock of the type used in schools and offices. I removed the hands and dial, and in their place put a heat-recording graph. A handle, several levels and a thumbscrew adjustment completed this Rube Goldberg instrument. We borrowed a surveyor's theodolite complete with tripod and measuring rods and added several meaningless but impressive attachments. Steel tape measures, rope and some strange-looking voltmeters completed the equipment. Armed with these props, chart paper, slide rules and notebooks for "recording measurements," we were ready to make our entrance.

The searching party assembled at my office at ten o'clock. All equipment was checked and put into carrying cases, each of which carried, in large type, the stenciled label, "Longman Building Survey Engineering Company." At 10:55 the radio car and the two squad cars left for the building. The radio car was to take up its position directly across the street, with full view of the entrance. In it were three men—the radio operator and the two who would alternate in watching the entrance. In the two squad cars were the interior radio and camera crews. At 11:14, by arrangement with the superintendent, the steel door of the freight entrance rolled up and both squad cars drove in. A minute later, the doors rolled down. With the precision of a football team about to make a decisive play, these men loaded their equipment into an elevator and made their way up to the tenth and eleventh floors.

The two cars bearing the "engineering" group left our office at eleven o'clock sharp, and twenty minutes later arrived at the front entrance, where they were met by the superintendent. Pausing just long enough to exhibit their elaborate props and make their reason for being there plausible, they entered the elevator that had been assigned to their use.

Each evaluator went directly to the office assigned him. The safe-expert settled down to his task, and the locksmith to his. Filing cabinets and desks were rapidly unlocked with keys that had been made from the previously secured lock-numbers. The evaluators went to work on the mass of material in the files. Within ten minutes the first photographs had been taken.

Meanwhile, in checking radio communications, we were warned from the street below that a light could be seen shining from one of the windows. One of our blackout curtains had slipped from place. It was adjusted and we had a cheerful "O. K." from the radio car. Work went ahead quickly. In another ten minutes the safe was open. We made the usual sketch of the interior, showing how the contents were placed, before anything was touched. Everyone knew just what he was to do. He worked without speaking. Silence was complete. No one was allowed to use drinking fountains or lavatories lest the slightest rumble in the plumbing pipes betray our presence in those offices. For

Through a concealed slot in the side of the truck, our security man could see every person going into the building.

five hours, the searchers and evaluators continued at top speed. The cameramen took more than 6,000 photographs. The job was done. We got ready to leave.

Everything was restored to its proper place. Even the dust that covered the contents of a small safe, evidently seldom used, was replaced with a small dustgun charged with the mixture of talcum powder and charcoal. Desks were polished, files wiped clean of fingerprints, and carpets brushed free of whatever footprints our stockinged feet might have made. All equipment was checked and repacked. Desks and cabinets were re-locked.

When we returned to our quarters, the photographic laboratory was ready and waiting to develop the rolls of 35-mm film. As soon as it was dry, 8 by 10-inch enlargements of the individual frames were made. Then came the task of sorting and binding and indexing the photographs. At this my yeoman stenographer was most proficient. Now we could examine the fruits of the previous night's search.

What did we have?

What was its value?

We had uncovered an intelligence headquarters that was collecting war secrets from every city in North and South America. We had the name of every agent of this government-in-exile, and what he had been paid. We had complete information about this intelligence network's methods of operation through social organizations of people of foreign birth. We even had Gustav Jensen's entire history, and knew each piece of information he had supplied.

The thoroughness of this foreign intelligence operation stunned us. It was much better than our own. I cannot go into the details of what we found, but I can state that I read the plan of the Allied invasion of Sicily two weeks before it started!

While we were perfecting and using our techniques of specialized burglary, a new Army organization, the Office of Strategic Services, had been formed to do, among other things, our type of work on foreign soil. Many Naval Intelligence officers had already transferred to this new unit. I followed suit.

Candidates for overseas work with OSS were regularly submitted to a rigid three-day examination and analysis by some of the country's leading psychologists. Its object, of course, was to weed out any men with hidden complexes that might impair their work in the field. During the three days, these scientists probed each student's mind so thoroughly that at the end they could be pretty certain how he would react in any emergency. Men not perfectly suited for this work were returned to their previous assignments. Those who qualified went at once to the OSS espionage school. I passed the tests.

The officer in command of the school knew of my former work, but thought it would be an excellent idea if I took the full course at the school anyway, ostensibly as an ordinary student. At the conclusion of the term, I could then make a report to him suggesting any changes in the curriculum that seemed desirable to me on the basis of my previous experience.

I thereupon reported to Washington, and received my official instructions. I was given the cover name of George Gardner, which I was to use during the twenty-one days of my school term. I was also told to remove any marks of identification from my luggage and wearing apparel, and was warned that throughout the school course all of my fellow students would attempt to uncover my true identity as part of their work.

The twenty-one day course at the school was a grueling one. Each day started at 6:30 in the morning and ended about 11 o'clock at night. Sometimes we were out all night on spying missions, conducted under conditions as near as possible to those we would be likely to encounter in a theater of operations. In fact, our instructors preferred pitch-black nights when it was raining hard for our field tests.

The teaching followed the principles of modern education in that the students actually did right away what the instructors had previously described to them in lectures. Just as soon as the principles of map-making had been explained, we went out and made a map of a section of the terrain assigned to us. The student body was small, never more than thirty in number, and the instruction was personal. The entire course was patterned on a combination of the very different methods used by the British and the German espionage schools. The idea was to take the best from each and improve on it if we could.

I cannot deny that I enjoyed my stay at the OSS training school. The students were invariably splendid fellows—even

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those who could not stand the strain of the long hours and gruelling tests—and it was a satisfaction to see them learn so rapidly the lessons which we of the Naval Intelligence surreptitious entry team had learned the hard way through trial and error. The hard part for me was the twenty-first day, when our crop of graduates broke up.

My orders to stand by for European service came through in late 1944.

When I reached London, I was told, I would find a group of about a hundred and twenty-five picked men who had been selected from the Army for my special type of work under OSS. My first job would be to look over these men, select those with the most aptitude for the work we were to do, and then give them an intensive training. I would have a reasonable amount of time to train them, and when I felt the team which I had developed was ready for action, it would be assigned under my leadership to work somewhere on the European continent.

At last, late one afternoon, I was provided with air transportation. I arrived in London January 26th, at 2:30 in the morning. Within a couple of days I was ready to get down to my real work.

But the group awaiting me comprised no 125 picked men. It consisted, instead, of seven men—six GI's and a captain, and they were left-overs that nobody else wanted. This was the nucleus from which I was to train a highly specialized team to work as smoothly as had the surreptitious entry group at Naval Intelligence in New York.

They had been desk commandos in London long enough to know their way around and to start enough romances to keep them busy twenty-four hours a day. Not one of the six GI's had any background of locksmithing, nor had any of them, as far as I could find, any previous training in surveillance or other detective work. Captain B, their commander, chiefly prided himself on his outstanding capacities as a "wolf."

Nevertheless, I had no choice but to work with the material at hand, and in time I did get these men trained to the point where I was willing to show OSS officials what they could do. Whereupon, invitations were issued for an evening of surreptitious entry which took on the atmosphere of a spiritualistic seance.

The visiting officers sat in my office in complete darkness while I explained that the men were under instructions to enter the room without making any noise, set up their equipment, go through the motions of taking pictures with the photo-record camera, repack their equipment and leave without a sound or a trace that an entry had been made. This was not so easy as it sounds, for it meant transporting some 100 pounds of camera equipment, plus the field telephones that were the squad's means of communication with the street.

A security man entered first to make the necessary safety check. Then, one by one, the rest of the group, in their stocking feet, crawled silently through a window, bringing their heavy equipment

Ready to blow—a German safe with C-2 plastic explosive in place and tamped. Note position of charge, opposite dial.

with them. The group of observers sat tensely as the silent drama progressed.

Actually, my GI romantics didn't do badly. It was routine stuff, of course. But the OSS officials were greatly impressed. I asked and received permission to make practice entries outside our own offices. Meanwhile, our supply department back home was performing miracles; new equipment was arriving daily. Soon every man was completely equipped, and our stock of supplies was adequate. Willis George bought himself a drink.

Then, abruptly, we were ordered to the Continent.

On March 11th we loaded our stuff into a big motor truck and started for a field outside London, where a plane was waiting for us. Two hours later, when we put down at a field outside Paris, we found a two-and-a-half ton truck, a three-quarter-ton truck, and a one-ton trailer waiting for us. Six tons of equipment were a tight fit, but somehow we managed to stow it.

Next morning at 6:30, we were on our way. All day we motored through France in the direction of Namur, in southern Belgium, where we were to sleep that night. The following day, we started out again for the long trek through Belgium and on into Germany. At six o'clock that night, we pulled into a gasoline dump for fuel and something to eat.

That evening, we set out for Cologne, where the 12th Army Group Task Force was then stationed.

Finally we found an infantry company and its commander supplied us with a guide who led us to Task Force Headquarters.

No one could ask for a better group to work for than the 12th Army Group Task Force. Its junior commanding officer, Colonel Lyons, was affectionately known as "Big Red," because he was a small man with a lot of dynamic power. He had the respect and loyalty of every man in the outfit.

The next morning we were told that our squad was to be separated into two units: one to blow safes, and the other to microfilm documents. I gave Captain B the microfilming detail and took the safe-blowing one myself. I took only one man out of the squad we had brought from England, a sergeant who in civilian life had been a newspaper photographer in Kentucky. For the rest of my safe team I depended on the assurance that two men I had asked for were on their way to join me, one from Italy and the other from Southern France.

Colonel Lyons told me he was especially glad to have a safe-blowing team, because his bomb-disposal unit had ruined the contents of a number of safes in trying to open them with explosives.

"Only yesterday," he continued, "they tried to open a safe on the second floor of a building with TNT. They opened it all right, but the charge blew the safe right through a window and it made a direct hit on a jeep parked in front of the building. The papers were scattered to the breeze, and we lost practically all of them."

The author, right, with his safe-cracking team in Germany.

Since neither silence nor secrecy was any longer a requirement for our work, I was free to experiment with some theories of safe-blowing that I had evolved in the course of my earlier researches. German manufacturers do not put their entire trust in dial combination locks. Their safes are often built with key locks. These are much harder to open by manipulation but not, of course, by explosion. The trick is to find the kind of explosive that will open the safe and not destroy the contents. Fortunately, I had found it. Back at Schools and Training, I had had an opportunity to experiment, and had selected the new super-powered C2 Plastic as the explosive I would use in preference to TNT or dynamite.

The most wonderful thing about C2 Plastic from our standpoint was that direction of its explosive force can be regulated, so that a safe can be blown without risk that its contents will be damaged or even disturbed. Once we blew a safe which some Nazi had used as a wine closet, and not one bottle broke!

This was the procedure on our first safe-blowing job in Cologne. First, the building was cleared of GI's. Then German civilians hiding in the cellar or elsewhere were driven out. All doors were blocked open, and all window glass smashed to prevent passers-by from being cut by flying fragments. A small quantity of C2 Plastic was kneaded to the consistency of soft putty, and shaped into something that looked like a miniature beehive. A hole was punched from the top part way through the cone-shaped plastic, and into this cavity was inserted the upper end of a primer cord. This plastic charge was propped up on the front face of the safe door along the seam of the free swinging side, and securely taped in place as near as possible to the level of the bolting mechanism. The other end of the primer cord was taped to a blasting cap and a short length of ordinary fuse tightly crimped to the same cap. We were ready.

"Fire in the hole!" I yelled, as I ignited the fuse, and we all jumped back to safety-spots.

This first charge cut a clean three-inch hole through the outer steel plates of the safe. A second charge, prepared in the same way, was next seated firmly against the now accessible bolting mechanism, and was equipped with the same arrangement of primer cord, blasting cap and fuse. Once again, I yelled "Fire in the hole!" and again we hurried to our places of protection. The results of this second blasting were amazing. The bolting mechanism was completely destroyed and the door was blown wide open, with the contents of the safe, as I have said, neither damaged nor disturbed. This technique came to be known as the "Office of Strategic Services Safe-Blowing Method."

Our first job at Cologne was at the Seimans Electrical Gesellschaft, where there were five safes. After we had blown these, we packed the contents of each in containers, sealed them, and affixed tags, on which we wrote all the information we had about these safes, including location, presumed use, and date. These were sent back to Task Force Headquarters for examination by evaluators, all of whom were able specialists in their fields, some of them scientists of world-wide reputation.

We blew many other safes at Cologne, notably nine at Gestapo Headquarters. In one of these we found a number of live hand-grenades and a large package of unidentified explosive which the Nazis presumably had developed not long before. Thanks to C2, this package did not explode.

From Cologne, the 12th A. G. T. Force moved to Mors to wait for the collapse of the Ruhr. Using this city as a base, my safe squad covered every industrial target in the area, and opened a number of safes that contained munitions-production records and other war-industry information.

The safe squad next moved to Essen. There, from five nine-inch safes, at the Nazi War Production Board offices, we recovered among other things a map on which was marked every manufacturing plant in Germany that had been producing vital material.

After the fall of the Ruhr, there was little left for the 12th Army Group Task Force's safe team to do. In five weeks, we had opened seventy-nine safes and vaults. As with our work in America, we had only the haziest notion of what was being done with the information they contained.

But I like to think that a suitable epitaph for the devoted members of my little squad—and people in our line of business never know when we may need one!—might well be:

"Silent Witnesses at The Nuremberg Trials."—**THE END**

Gadget Guns Mean Murder

[*Continued from page* 35]

has never died. Even today military men insist that an infantry rifle must have a bayonet—a descendant of the pike with which men on foot once met charging cavalry.

Just after the Civil War an American named Reid patented a combination of seven-shooter and knuckle duster that he called "My Friend" (see photograph). The cartridges are in a cylinder, like the cylinder of a revolver except that there is no separate barrel, and the brass handle has a hole through it big enough to stick a thumb through. He sold so many of these guns that "My Friends" are still fairly common, even though most owners dropped theirs in the river long ago to avoid being jailed for carrying concealed weapons. The French made a wonderful combination which includes a cylinder full of cartridges, a folding handle that is also a set of brass knuckles, and a folding dagger. But the most absurd gadget gun I've ever seen is an American .22 pistol that looks as if it had three barrels, one above the other. The middle barrel doesn't take a cartridge. It houses a dagger the size of a small penknife blade. Designed for women to repel wolves (see photograph bottom of page 35).

One of the early attempts to get firepower was a pistol that is called a "duck foot" by collectors. This had, say, four barrels mounted side by side but fanning out at a slight angle to each other. The flintlock had a large box for priming powder with a hole in the bottom to each barrel. It took a man of nerve to fire one since all the barrels went off at once. I'd like to see a realistic drawing of a pirate captain on his quarter-deck firing a duck foot pistol with each hand at a boarding party. His back should be against something solid enough to hold him up; his wrists should be badly bent by the recoil; and there should be a great cloud of fire and smoke from the boxfuls of priming powder in his pistols.

Another scheme that bobs up over and over again in the history of firearms is that of putting two or more charges in one barrel and firing them in succession. Sometimes all the charges went off at once. If not, the back thrust in the first charge drove the bullet of the charge behind it against the powder for that bullet and so on, until the powder of the rearmost charge plugged the only space through which fire from the priming charge or the percussion cap could get down into the barrel. But the idea was tried out again in this country long after Colt put his revolver on the market. The gun was a percussion revolver with two hammers. The cylinder had five chambers and each chamber was loaded with two charges, one behind the other. The first pull of the trigger fired the front charge in one chamber with the right-hand hammer. The second pull of the trigger fired the rear charge in the same chamber with the left-hand hammer. If all went well you could fire ten separate shots. But most likely you didn't.

The harmonica pistols made in Europe probably worked better, though it is hard to imagine hitting anything with one at a range of more than a few feet. The harmonica had as many as ten barrels bored side by side in one wide, flat piece of steel. Every time you pulled the trigger, the bank of barrels moved over one notch, bringing another barrel with a fresh cartridge in line with the hammer.

Men tried again and again to make flintlock revolvers that were safe to fire. An American named Elisha Collier built some a few years before the percussion cap was perfected. They were beautifully made. But they weren't safe. No safe revolver could be made until the percussion cap did away with the necessity for loose priming powder. The traditional revolver is an arm with a revolving cylinder that contains the separate charges. This is not the true revolver of today. Many early inventors tried what had better be called a turret. This was a thick, round disc of steel with holes in its circumference for the charges of powder and ball. The turret was sometimes made to revolve in a horizontal plane and sometimes in a vertical plane. One obvious disadvantage of this system is that one of the chambers is always pointed at the man firing the gun. If this chamber is accidentally fired, as it is likely to be by the fire igniting the charge going into the barrel, the shooter is pretty certain to be hit. Some inventors used a special breech to protect the shooter but others seem to have thought nothing of his safety. The turret idea lasted a long time. The Chicago Palm pistol, made in the 80's and 90's, used the vertical turret design with rim-fire cartridges. The gun was circular, except for the projection of the barrel and the firing mechanism. It was designed to fit the palm of the hand with the barrel projecting between the first and second fingers. It fired every time you squeezed it—for seven shots. (See photograph.)

Samuel Colt's patent of 1836 on a percussion revolver might have discouraged other inventors. It sewed up the revolver until the patent ran out in 1857. But Colt was out of the market for six or seven years after the failure of his first company and the demand for hand guns was strong. Since they couldn't invent proper revolvers without infringing Colt's patent, men worked on single-shot pistols, repeating pistols, and pepper boxes. A pepper box is a pistol with many barrels. It isn't a true revolver since it doesn't have a single barrel with a revolving cylinder containing the charges of powder and lead. It does have a number of complete barrels revolving around an axis. In 1845 Ethan Allen patented a double-action pepper box that fired every time you pulled the trigger until you had used up all six charges. This was something no Colt revolver would do until many years later. The pepper box was heavy and you couldn't count on hitting anybody with it if he was much farther away than across the table.

It is said that a man who joined the gold rush to California in '49 carried a pepper box in one coat pocket and a derringer in the other. Henry Deringer, Sr., was a gunsmith who made flintlock rifles. His son, Henry Deringer, Jr., was born in 1786 and spent most, if not all his life, in Philadelphia. The percussion cap was invented by another Philadelphian, Joshua Shaw, when Henry Deringer, Jr. was still a young man. Young Deringer made neat little percussion single-shot pistols with barrels from two and a half to three and a half inches long of from .40 to .50 caliber. Even his baby model, with a barrel less than two inches long and an overall length of about four inches, was .41 caliber. You could carry one in your pocket and hardly know it was there and yet it packed a wallop. At least that big hole in the muzzle made it look as if it did. These pistols struck the fancy of men who thought they might need to defend themselves with a gun, and the number of men who felt that way in the 1840's and 1850's seems to have included the entire male population with an occasional female besides. Congressmen carried pistols in the tail pockets of their frock coats in order to defend themselves from their constituents when at home and from their fellow Congressmen when in Washington. Gamblers on the Mississippi steamboats carried pistols by Deringer in their sleeves or in their boot tops in order to protect themselves against customers who thought the dealer had given himself a full house to open. The customers carried pistols by Deringer in their pockets to protect themselves against the gamblers.

Henry Deringer's pistols were in such demand that the firm of F. H. Clarke & Company, of Memphis, asked for and got an agency. Deringers sold in Memphis were marked Deringer and "Made for F. H. Clarke & Company." Later the demand in San Francisco made an agent there desirable. Deringer marked the pistols for the California trade, "N. Curry & Brothers, San Franco, Cal. Agts." His success encouraged many imitators. When the metallic cartridge made breech loading workable, many well-known arms makers went in for what they usually called "derringers," although there were several other misspellings of the originator's name. Colt and Remington and Forehand & Wadsworth and Hopkins & Allen all made derringers. The Remington double-barreled derringer, one barrel over the other, was especially popular around the turn of the century and was made until about 1910. It used the .41 short rim-fire cartridge, as did so many of the other cartridge derringers. The first pull of the trigger fired the top barrel of the Remington and the second pull fired the lower barrel. The gun was simple, sturdy and light in weight. A New York dealer in old arms, Robert Abels, told me he sold all the Remington derringers of this model that he could dig up to American officers going overseas in the last war.

The buyers probably overestimated the power of the .41 caliber. The cartridge used only thirteen grains of black powder. This was enough to give a great flash when fired in such short

barrels and enough recoil in a gun so light to make it difficult to aim a quick second shot. But it could hardly be counted on to stop a man hit in the body. Henry Deringer's muzzle loading pistols were in the same class.

Many pistols with from four to six barrels look like pepper boxes but are essentially different. The four-barrel Sharps pistol is an example. The barrels do not move, except to slide forward for loading. Pulling the trigger moves the firing pin enough so that it strikes the rims of the cartridges in succession. Many four- and six-barreled pistols of this general type were formerly made in England, often in large calibers. They were clumsy guns but the British dug some of them up for use after the disaster at Dunkirk.

A variety of repeating pistols were designed in this country to get the fire-power of the Colt revolver without infringing the Colt patent and, later, to use cartridges without infringing the Rollin White patent on cylinders bored through that Smith & Wesson owned. One of these was made by Smith & Wesson while the Colt patent was in force and before they got the White patent. Their repeating pistol carried the cartridges in a tube under the barrel and was operated by a finger lever. It failed as a gun because the ammunition was bad and the action wasn't really suited to a pistol because it took both hands to work it. But when adapted to metallic cartridges and made in shoulder form it became the Henry rifle and, with a slight improvement, the first Winchester. Remington made a little repeating pistol with the ammunition in a tube under the barrel. This looked as if it had two hammers but one of the spurs is a lever that operates the mechanism. Pulling this lever back extracts the fired cartridge case and brings up a new cartridge from the magazine. It isn't too easily operated with one hand and the cartridge, a very short .32 rim fire, was weak.

Many men were waiting in 1857 for the Colt patent to run out, Smith & Wesson among them. Anybody could make a percussion revolver similar to Colt's after 1857 and many makers did, but no one except Smith & Wesson could make a cartridge revolver with the cylinder bored through. Some of the attempts to make a cartridge revolver without infringing the Rollin White patent that Smith & Wesson owned were wonderful. The Crispin revolver, patented in 1865, had a cylinder closed at the breech but hinged in the middle. Instead of a rim at the rear to hold the priming mixture, the Crispin cartridge had a rim around its middle. The cartridges were pushed into the rear half of the cylinder up to the middle rim. Then the gun was closed and the front half of the cylinder housed the front ends of the cartridges up to the middle rim. Colt adopted the Thuer alteration which made it possible to load a revolver with cap and ball or with a special cartridge that could be put in the front end of the cylinder. Several other special cartridges were designed for the same purpose. The Slocum sliding sleeve revolver used standard cartridges at the expense of an elaborately machined cylinder. Some makers ignored the Rollin White patent with the result that they were not only forced to quit but compelled to give all the revolvers they had in stock to Smith & Wesson. Herschel Logan illustrates one startling revolver in his book Hand Cannon to Automatic, the Christ. This had two barrels and two rows of chambers around the cylinder, the inner row consisting of six chambers and the outer row of twelve chambers—eighteen in all. The loads in the outer row of chambers fired through the top barrel and those in the inner row through the lower barrel. I have never seen a Christ revolver and I cannot tell from Mr. Logan's drawing why it didn't infringe on the White patent.

Guns for odd purposes go back to the earliest times and new ones have been invented within the last three or four years. Remington used to make a burglar alarm that could be fastened to a door jamb or a window. If the door was opened, the gun fired. (See photograph.)

Rain guns were made in this country by Remington for Swiss growers of wine grapes who wanted more rain and thought they could get it by firing big charges of black powder into the sky. They must have thought it worked because they presently made imitations of the Remington guns at home instead of buying more from Remington. Remington still makes the cement guns I mentioned in the beginning. It seems that, after a cement kiln has been fired, the opening is filled with stuff that is difficult to break. A cement gun fires an eight-gauge shotgun shell loaded with a solid lead slug. The workmen who have to open the kiln, fire these big slugs until they break through.

Guns shooting tear gas were made in this country between the two world wars and many police departments bought them. One type was hardly intended for police use since it was no bigger than a fountain pen and was made to look like one. During World War II the Germans made what they called *scheintot* pistols. The German word literally means "appearance of death." The appearance-of-death pistols used a gas that renders a man unconscious as quickly as holding an ether cone over his nose.

The recoilless rifles developed by our Army during the war are gadgets of the highest order. The general principle is not new but the thinking with which the principle was applied is new and the result was a triumph. The rifles fire heavy charges to great distances with fine accuracy and yet they are truly portable. They are made in two calibers, fifty-seven millimeter, which is a little more than two inches, and seventy-five millimeter, which is slightly less than three inches. The smaller weighs forty-four pounds, fires a high explosive or a chemical shell weighing three pounds, has a range of nearly two and a half miles, and can actually be fired by one man when the gun is on his shoulder. The larger gun weighs 166 pounds complete with its mount. It fires a fourteen-pound shell to a distance of more than four miles. It cannot be fired from the shoulder but it is fired from an ordinary machine-gun tripod with no recoil mechanism. How is it done?

The cartridge case is perforated. When the gun is fired some of the gas propels the shell, and some escapes through the holes in the cartridge case. A controlled amount of this escaping gas is allowed to flow out of the breech—just enough to take up all the recoil. Such a system means that the shell has rather less than half the velocity attained in a standard field gun of the same caliber. It also means that the rifle doesn't require the elaborate and immensely heavy recoil mechanism of the high velocity field gun. The recoilless rifle can be carried forward by infantry.

The German round-the-corner rifle must be called a gadget gun even though it is a murderous weapon. When I saw a brief description of it in a newspaper, I thought it was a gag. Since then Phil Sharpe, a writer on guns who was an ordnance officer during the war, has given a much fuller report of it in the American Rifleman. It is made in two forms, one with a barrel bent at a thirty-degree angle and one with the barrel bent to forty-five degrees. These bent barrels are rifled. They are added to the rifled barrel of a German carbine that can be fired either automatically or semi-automatically. The cartridge is lighter than the regular German service cartridge but more powerful than our carbine cartridge. It shoots a bullet of 126 grains at a velocity of more than 2,300 feet a second. The bullet is of unusual construction. The inner core is iron surrounded by lead, jacketed with steel.

The barrel bent to forty-five degrees was designed for tank use. Both the Russians and the Americans tossed grenades into German tank tracks from a point so close that the Germans in the tank couldn't shoot at them without opening a port and, if they opened a port, the soldier on the ground was ready for them with his rifle. The round-the-corner-gun made it possible for the Germans to shoot at men close to the tank without exposing themselves. The barrel bent to a thirty degree angle was developed for snipers and for grenade launching. The Germans fired it from cover without exposing their hands.

How did they sight such a gun? With mirrors, of course. Or, more accurately, with an optical prism sight. Why didn't the bullet go through the side of the barrel when it hit the sharp curve instead of following the bore? Because it met less resistance when it followed the bore. However, the bullet did frequently break up to emerge in more than one piece. It did rapidly ruin the rifling at the point where the curve began.

Maybe the time has come when a Chicago gangster can stand on the north side of Madison Street close against a building and shoot another gangster coming down Wabash Avenue while the other guy is still out of sight around the corner. If so, it should go big in the movies the first time it is shown. After that, of course, it will be old stuff.—THE END

In Peril of the Sea

[*Continued from page* 49]

complete destruction of any ordinary sized vessel, or the eating of all its crew seems hardly likely.

The existence of giant sea serpents seems fairly well authenticated, but none, so far as known, has ever attacked a ship. The possibility still remains, of course, that there are other forms of life able and willing to climb over the rail and hunt a crew down for a heavy lunch with all the gusto of a terrier after rats.

Murdock would sometimes dwell on subjects such as the above, when launched into his favorite subject of sea mysteries, and he would make a very strong point of the fact that many so-called mysteries which many people half hinted were due to imaginary monsters, were probably just straight wrecks from which no one came back to tell the tale.

"Take the Titantic," he would say. "All that was saved of her was due to the fact she carried a new-fangled thing called wireless. That and the sheerest luck her calls were picked up." He would blow his nose and stare owl-eyed. "You youngsters forget only a few ships carried sets back in nineteen hundred and twelve, and even when they did operators only opened up for signals two or three times a day."

He was right in his claim. But for having wireless and for the lucky chance other ships happened to hear her calls for aid, and be near enough to render some, the fate of the Titantic could easily have gone down on the list of unsolved disappearances, along with the Waratah and the Cyclops. Striking the ice in that bitter April sea and going down fast, even those who got away in the boats could very easily have perished from cold or hunger and thirst, or the boats been wrecked in sudden squalls. But for those wireless signals it would have been days before any real anxiety was felt about the great liner, and more days before real searching could have been organized.

But Murdock had an even better example of the near misses in mysteries, his favorite along that line, I think. This was the wreck of the full-rigged ship General Grant in 1866. She had sailed from Melbourne for England with passengers and crew totalling 83, many of the men being miners returning home from the gold diggings with their stakes. Intending to call at New Zealand she ran afoul of the barren islands in the Aukland Archipelago and beat herself to pieces in a giant cliff cavern, where the heavy swells had driven her and beaten her up and down and sideways against the rocky roof and walls. Fourteen men and one woman escaped in two small leaky boats, reached a small islet of lava rock, covered only by lichens and stunted shrubs, and here they lived for a year and a half on fish, seal and wild goat's meat.

They patched up and half-decked over one of the boats with the material of the other one, and four men volunteered to go in search of aid.

"That took guts," Murdock would point out earnestly. "They hadn't a chance. No compass, no sextant, no charts. Not that that mattered. There wasn't an officer among 'em and only one man had a little idea of navigation. They had fresh water in seal bladders; what canned stores they'd brought from the wreck when they first left her. They'd saved them for this try as canned grub'd keep. Some dried goat and seal meat. But they hadn't a chance." He blew his dew-drop nose as usual before he made his point. "That boat was never heard of again."

The story, even in it's starkest details, is really a classic. The final rescue of the castaways (there were only ten left then, as one had died) was due to the ingenuity of a man named John Teer, who had assumed leadership; one of those cases where in a great emergency the born commander takes charge almost automatically. This man inflated seal bladders first, tied pieces of wood to them bearing written pleas for aid, and set them adrift. But the gulls, taking them to be some sort of food, swooped down and pecked at them until they burst. Then Teer, who was apparently a handy man all around, carved small boats from pieces of driftwood, rigged them with masts and with square sails made of zinc from empty cans and such, with messages scratched on them. These were launched on the lee side of the islet at irregular intervals, a fantastic last hope if there ever was one. And by a sheer miracle, months later, the whaling brig Amherst picked up one of these boats in the open sea, the only one ever to be found. By that narrow margin, after a year and a half, did the General Grant's fate become known and her survivors rescued. Murdock would dwell on this fact at length and with awe.

"Never can tell when a little hobby will come in handy," he would point out. "Just imagine. Model boats. Couldn't have been a better idea. No one'd stop at sea to pick up a drifting bottle, maybe not even a seal bladder with wood tied on. But a square-rig model bobbing about! Make the devil himself curious! And if the Amherst hadn't picked up that model we'd still be listing the General Grant as lost without trace."

But Murdock's best story was really his own; his own personal experience with a mystery for which he frankly had no explanation at all, not even hydrophobic rats, and which made him not quite so confident and authoritative when he discussed sea monsters. I had no means of checking the yarn, nor have I seen it or heard it repeated since, but Murdock was a very earnest man and

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"That's fine, Fosdick—hold it."

pretty much of a stickler for facts, so I have no reason to doubt him.

"We were coming up from Cape Town to Bombay at the time," which was about the way Murdock would start. "And we'd been rolling around in light airs and calms for some days, and not making much headway. It was just after daylight and I was keeping watch with the first mate . . . I was senior apprentice then . . . when we lifted a fair-sized barkentine away to starboard, and after watching her a while we both decided she was acting queer.

"We were close enough in a couple of hours to get the glass on her, and there wasn't a sign of anyone around. I went below for the old man, and after a while he had a signal hoisted, but we had no reply, so it was decided to send the second mate over to see what was wrong. You get a funny feeling when you run across a derelict at sea, and I know we were all a bit excited thinking about salvage, though picking up derelicts can turn out to be more nuisance than they're worth."

Well, the second mate reported, it seemed, the vessel was deserted all right, and he'd had to jump for her rail when she rolled hard over, clamber aboard and throw a line to the boat, so after unloading a couple of men she could drop astern and wait, since it was impractical to lay alongside an aimlessly rolling ship. The boats he found (the Marie Celeste touch again) were in place, a longboat lashed upside down on top of the galley house, and a small gig secured in davits right aft. The ship was in good condition; plenty of stores in her lazarette and fresh water in several large casks; carrying a mixed cargo and with her papers all in order in the captain's desk, including the logbook which had been made up to a date about a week previously with no unusual occurrence being noted. Her name was the Santa Cristobal or Sante Cristobel, or some similar such outlandish name, and she was of Portuguese registry and had had a crew of fifteen hands, most of whom from the papers seemed to be of varying ancestries. In spinning the yarn Murdock didn't bother much with routine details.

"We all talked it over for a while," said Murdock, "and then the old man decided to let the second mate try and get the barkentine to the nearest port, which was Colombo. I was to go along as an acting officer, being nearly out of my time anyway, and four men volunteered to form our crew. That was all the old man felt he could spare, and he would be left pretty short-handed at that. But taking things easy, as we had to anyway, both ships could be managed with skeleton crews. So we transfered our dunnage across and got the derelict under control and made a complete inspection to see what we'd let ourselves in for."

Murdock would frown and shake his head and look puzzled when he got that far, and after a vigorous nose blow and some moments of looking into space would cough and go on. "That inspection was when a few other funny things cropped up. The deck had been holystoned not long before, and was clean and white, except here and there were big green stains, like as if a bag or keg of something had been set down for a while and leaked a bit. Then near the break of the poop we found the body of a cat, and it was flattened out, or squashed, as if something big and heavy had dropped on it, but we couldn't figure out what. Then in one of the scuppers we found a rusty revolver with all the cartridges fired. And finally we spotted the parrot, which the second hadn't noticed on his first quick inspection, as it was flopped on it's belly on the bottom of a big cage hung from the forepart of the galley house. Aside from the rats you could hear running around anytime you stuck your nose below hatches, and the swarms of cockroaches that ran around the fo'c's'le and cabins, that parrot was the only living thing on board, and it was nigh dead from thirst and hunger.

"It didn't seem particularly important beside the rest of the funny stuff, so we fixed it up with water and grub and forgot about it for then. The wind freshened soon after, as I recall, giving our own ship a fair slant, so she got back on her course for Bombay and left us, while we took a slant for Colombo and began to feel a bit jumpy at being left all alone with the mystery. One of the men had volunteered to act as cook, and the second and me were just sitting down to supper in the main cabin, leaving the helmsman to give a hail if anything turned up, when there was the most God-awful scream you ever heard. Made your stomach turn over and your hair stand on end. We both sat petrified for a minute, and then the second dove for his cabin and I thought he had lost his head. But he had only gone for his revolver and I only wished I had one too. We were that jumpy."

Then, according to Murdock, the two of them started to search the ship again, after finding out the frightened helmsman had not uttered the scream, nor any of the men in the fo'c's'le. The second was just succeeding in coaxing them up on deck to help in the search when there was another scream, at which the men not only dived below again but barred the scuttle doors, profanely declaring the ship was haunted.

Murdock said he was getting like ideas himself, and both he and the second felt like shutting themselves in their own cabins. It was growing dark and the prospect of searching for something unknown with flickering hurricane lamps wasn't so inviting. But as they were officers they had to make some sort of effort and so prowled around, looking everywhere they could think of, but still locating nothing until, passing the galley for the second or third time, carrying lamps now, they were stopped and shocked cold by another scream, right at their ear-drums as it were.

"The first thing I thought of," said Murdock, "was to drop my lamp and bolt, and I could hear the second swallowing hard and trying to steady himself. All that brought us to our senses was a flapping noise and the second lifted his lamp and stared and then started to laugh, sort of hysterical. 'Why, damn it,' he said. 'It's only the bloody parrot!' And sure enough there it was all revived and active, swinging on its perch and blinking at us and opening and closing its beak. It looked queer somehow, even then. Sort of dazed, or maybe crazy if a bird can go crazy. It let out another scream while we stood there and we went for'ard to reassure the men."

The real nightmare, apparently, started from then on. The parrot not only let out the blood-curdling screams at intervals, but presently began to talk, or rather scream out sentences. Many were unintelligible and seemed to be in some foreign language or languages, but once or twice during that first night it screamed clearly in English, "My God, shoot the damned thing!" And early next morning it said, "It's coming after me! It's coming after me!" Murdock would blow his nose here, and pause to make his point.

"The horrible thing was it had different voices. Even the snatches of foreign stuff were different, and the two English bits we could savvy were different. So were some of the screams. It made us all sweat, cold sweat. That parrot had picked up everything he was giving out from different men. It was an old bird and probably had had a lot of masters and seen a lot of things, and now and then it would talk sort of normally and even croak a plaintive, 'Pretty polly!' But when it let go of the screams and stuff it was mimicking something recent. You could tell it somehow. It was repeating what men, frightened men, had said, and somehow we knew too they were the men who had manned that damned ship and had disappeared.

"It got under the second's nerves pretty badly. He wasn't much older than myself, being just out of his time, and he was nervous enough as it was, having for the first time full responsibility for a ship without having a parrot making him jump. He used to spend hours just staring at the bird and chewing his lip and he couldn't sleep even when he did lay down dog tired. 'It talks some in Portuguese or Spanish,' he told me. 'And I think some in German too. It heard all that, Murdock. Right on this deck. It saw something. That damned bird knows what happened. If I only knew languages, we might get a clue.'

"I said that when we got to Colombo we could find translators and maybe at that there was something to his idea about the parrot holding the secret. But he ruined that chance himself, if it was a chance. Day and night that crazy parrot talked and screamed and the second went to pieces. He started drinking at first, and then he would stand in front of the cage and rave at the bird to shut up! And then one hot afternoon when all our nerves were frayed from the heat anyway, the parrot gave a particularly weird scream and the second jerked a fire ax from the rack and hit the main deck on the run, swung at the cage and smashed it and the parrot to a bloody mess of feathers and wire. He was so bad I had to put him in irons for a couple of days and . . . well . . . that's about all there is to it.

"No, I've no ideas about the business. I could think of something maybe, if it wasn't for that parrot. Now I don't know. I just don't know." And he would blow his nose again and brood for a long time.

He added once that they did not even get the barkentine to Colombo. About two days out she ran into a heavy gale that left her dismasted and sinking so they all had to take to the longboat hurriedly when she took a sudden plunge. They were picked up by a British India steamer soon after and taken into Colombo where no one would believe the story. The second mate was ill for weeks with some brain fever and the men soon drifted out on other ships. Murdock, I suppose, rejoined his own vessel in Bombay and the matter was simply forgotten.

But it remains vivid in my mind, not only from hearing Murdock tell the story a few times in his own earnest way, but because it seems to me to be the one case where only some sea monster can account for all the facts. It is fascinating anyway to speculate on just what might have been gleaned from the ravings of that crazy parrot if they could only have been translated and sifted. But possibly it's as well they weren't. What you don't know doesn't bother you too much. But I do know that for a long time, whenever I took over a watch on a particularly dark and sinister looking night, I'd stare a while at the slithering sea and my imagination would start working and I'd automatically keep away from the rail.

I didn't want anything leaving a green stain on the deck where I'd just been.—THE END

Lions That Hunt Men

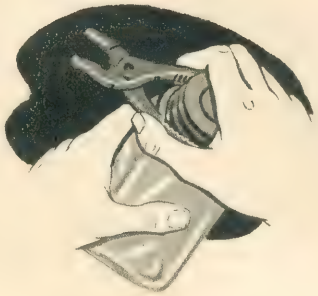
[*Continued from page* 53]

neck. The lion dragged him outside, where one shriek sounded among the purring growls. Then there was the scuffling noise of a body being dragged away, and silence.

When Patterson went to Ungan Singh's tent, he found an easy trail. Here and there were pools of blood, where, he wrote in his report, "the lion had doubtless indulged in the man-eaters' habit of licking the skin so as to get at the fresh blood. I have been led to believe that this is their custom from the appearance of two half-eaten bodies which I subsequently rescued: the skin was gone in places, and the flesh looked dry, as if it had been sucked."

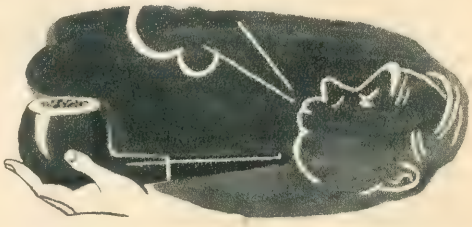
The place where the man had been eaten was horribly strewn with scraps of flesh and bones, the bloody-ground torn up. Two lions, apparently, had fought over the body. Ungan Singh's head stood aside from this scene, the open eyes staring with fixed horror.

This was the pattern of the man-eating that followed. The head was usually ignored, intact except when the lions' tusks had fastened through the face to drag the body. The eyes were open and shocked.



A FINE TOOL for removing large, stubborn jar caps can be improvised from a pair of cheap pliers. Simply file notches on the insides of the handles and use the pliers in reverse to grip the cap.

IF YOUR GARAGE DOORS are locked with a hasp and padlock you can prevent deterioration of the lock from exposure by putting it on the *inside* of the door. Move hasp and lock to the opposite side, then cut a small opening in the door below them, just big enough to get your hand through. Fasten a movable panel over the opening. To unlock the doors you need only raise the panel, stick your hand in and thrust the key upward into the lock.



PIPE SMOKERS can keep their racked pipes sweet and clean by the simple expedient of leaving a pipe cleaner stuck in the stem of each when it is not in use. When you take the pipe down to smoke it, leave the cleaner in place until the bowl has been filled and tamped. It'll keep the tobacco out of the channel and allow the pipe to draw easily.

INK from those new ball-point pens presents a real cleaning problem if it gets on your sleeve, because it's a special indelible type hitherto not used in pens. Your cleaner may be stumped, but don't be discouraged—he just doesn't know the trick yet. Make a solution of ammonia and denatured alcohol, 50-50, and soak the spotted place in it for about an hour, then rub gently with a clean cloth also saturated in the solution. If traces of the ink still persist, repeat the treatment.

A NICE LITTLE HOTPLATE for melting solder and general workshop use can be made from the bottom half of your wife's old electric iron (better buy her a new one before confiscating it). Remove the handle and top shell. You will find the heating element twining, exposed, in little grooves whose top edges reach above the wire, like an electric stove. Plug the iron in and place crucible directly on top, or first lay a piece of coarse screening over the element.

TRUE will pay $5 each for practical, novel TWISTS. Entries should be addressed to Twists, True, 1501 Broadway, New York 17, N. Y. Every effort will be made to pay promptly for acceptable items, but no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

With a vow to avenge his jemadar, Patterson sat up that night in a tree near the victim's tent. He had a .303 and a 12-gauge double-barreled shotgun, one barrel loaded with ball and the other with slug. He hoped that the lions, with a recollection of their luck, would return to the same tent. Soon the darkness resounded with roars as the beasts started their night's foray. The terrifying sounds came closer and closer. Then a complete silence fell for more than an hour. The lions did their actual stalking of their prey with no more noise than ghosts.

All at once the night was full of screams and shouts, but they came from a camp half a mile distant. The coolie camps were scattered along the right-of-way.

The tent doors had all been tied for some measure of safety, but a lion slashed his way in and carried off a man to eat. The trail led to another head and a scattering of human scraps.

Patterson sat in a tree the next night close to the scene of the newest carnage. He tied a goat to the tree. Rain fell. He was chilled and shivering, but it was too dangerous to leave the tree before daylight. About midnight screams broke out, again at a distance. The lions had another man.

At this early stage of Patterson's contest with the brutes, the man-eaters made some bungling mistakes that they did not repeat later. "Amusing incidents occurred," he reported, "to relieve the tension from which our nerves were beginning to suffer." As humor, the incidents seem grim. A lion leaped on an Indian trader who rode a donkey, and knocked both down, but as he turned to seize the man a paw was entangled in a rope sling holding two empty oil cans across the donkey's neck. The lion raced away with the cans clattering after him. Then a lion broke into a tent where a Greek contractor slept, but carried off the mattress instead of the man. Again, a lion jumped on a tent holding fourteen coolies, and breaking down through it, ran off with a large sack of rice which it dropped at a distance.

Meanwhile Patterson was trying to trail the lions by day as well as sitting on watch at night, but the trails led only to impenetrable and thorny undergrowth or were lost on rocky ground.

The camps of the workmen were now surrounded by thorn fences or bomas. A fire burned in each enclosure all night. A night watchman inside a tent pulled at intervals on a rope that clattered a string of oil cans on a tree. Having arranged these protections, Patterson and the camp doctor went on sleeping in their tent in the little clearing without fence or guard.

In the middle of one night the tent heaved. Something threshed about in its guy ropes. They lit a lantern and went outside with guns. The pug-marks of a lion were in the dust.

"I fancy one or the other of us had a narrow escape," Patterson recorded. A thorn fence was built, and their personal servants lived inside it with them.

The bomas, however, did not stop the lions very long. They leaped over, or broke through. They learned to ignore the fires, the clattering cans. Every few nights another man disappeared. And Patterson sat in a tree by the spot.

Then, one night, at the hospital camp, a medical officer heard a noise outside his tent and opened the door. A huge lion stared at him. The man fell back in panic, upsetting a box of medical supplies that crashed with a jangling of broken glass. The lion bounded away toward another tent and leaped upon it, breaking through.

Eight patients lay in the tent. The lion badly injured two and carried a third in his mouth through the fence.

The next day the hospital camp was moved closer to the main camp and strongly enclosed in a new boma. Patterson sat up that night in the vacated camp, thinking the lion would return. His lonely wait was broken by screams from the new hospital site.

There a man-eater had jumped the fence and thrust his head under the edge of a tent. He seized the foot of a sleeping water-carrier, who with a scream caught hold of a heavy box to avoid being dragged away. His hold broke when the tent wall stopped the box, and he grabbed a tent rope. But there the lion had him in the open, and with a pounce seized his throat and shook him to death.

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"I won't be quite as late as I thought, dear—it's only a flat tire."

The terrified tentmates saw the lion run around the boma with the victim in its mouth, like a cat with a mouse. Then it charged out through the fence, leaving the thorns tattered with shreds of cloth and flesh.

Again two lions devoured the kill. Nothing was left except the skull, a few large bones and one scrap of hand with two fingers. On a finger was a silver ring which, with the victim's teeth, was sent to his widow in India.

A period of peace followed. No nightly roars beat at the eardrums. Yet it was hardly a peaceful time for Patterson, who had been having trouble with the terrified coolies as well as with lions. The former wanted to go back to India, insisting that being eaten was not part of their contract. He discovered a plot to kill himself and some others, and arrested the ringleaders. The lions had left Tsavo, but reports came from a camp ten miles away that they had eaten five men.

In the lull Patterson built a great box trap of rails and ties. He planned to bait one end of it with coolies, protected by iron bars from the lions that would come in the open door. He put a tent over the trap to disguise it. He built a weak boma around it. He was quite pleased with the contraption. He baited it himself for several nights, but only hordes of mosquitoes entered, and left him puffed and swollen.

A few months went by. The lions had left Tsavo forever, it seemed. The coolies felt so secure that they slept on the ground outside the hot tents.

Then a night was shattered by screams. The old warnings were shouted again from camp to camp, "Brothers, beware! The devil is coming!" And what had gone before did not compare to the reign of terror that began that night.

A lion had been seen trying to force its way through a boma. The screaming coolies threw firebrands and stones, and milled about in panic. The lion leaped among them and dragged one away. A second lion waited outside the fence. There, without troubling to drag the body further, the lions began their feast. The men listened to the growling and the crunching of bones. The gang corporal fired some wild shots. The lions went calmly on with their meal.

Patterson went back to tree-sitting beside the spot of a kill. Every night for a week he sat up. "I was unlucky," he reported, "for they took man after man from different places without ever once giving me the chance of a shot. This constant night watching was most dreary and fatiguing work."

One night the lions, seizing a man from the railway station, brought him close enough to Patterson so that, while seeing nothing, he sat listening to their gratified purring and the snapping of bones in their fangs.

That day the Superintendent of Police arrived with twenty native soldiers to stop this nuisance of the lions. Guards were posted at all strategic spots, and two of the soldiers, with many cartridges, were posted inside the lion trap.

To Patterson's joy that night he heard the great door of the trap fall. A wild fusillade crashed out. Unfortunately the bait soldiers were too unnerved, penned up so close to the lion. They missed the man-eater completely but shot loose an edge of the door, and the beast escaped.

A few more futile days of hunting, and the Superintendent of Police admitted defeat and took his men back to the coast. The problem was all Patterson's again. A man might have cursed and taken a bottle to his bosom at that point, but Patterson reported no feelings on the subject.

In two days, however, the bad luck seemed to turn. A Swahili ran to him shouting, "Simba!" Lion! The lions had tried to take a man after daylight, but at his escape up a tree, they had killed a donkey and were now eating it.

Patterson hurried to the place, carrying a heavy rifle the police superintendent had left for him. A lion growled inside a dense patch of jungle. Quickly Patterson organized beaters with tom-toms and tins to march on the place. He knelt beside a bush on the opposite side. At the approaching din, a huge male lion

stepped out into Patterson's full view. The lion came toward him, pausing to look back. Not until it was fifteen yards away did Patterson, who wanted at last to make utterly sure of one man-eater, raise his rifle. At the motion, the lion saw him for the first time. It stopped and growled. Patterson aimed carefully at the beast's brain and pulled the trigger.

There was only the click of a misfire. Unnerved, he forgot the weapon had a left barrel. He lowered it to reload, knowing the case was hopeless if the brute charged. The lion, with another look toward the great din of the beaters, leaped aside into the jungle. Patterson remembered the left barrel and sent a shot that apparently hit, for there came a sudden snarl. But the beast slipped away between himself and the coolies, and he lost the trail among rocks.

In the unexploded cartridge the firing pin had made only the slightest dent. "I later returned the rifle to its owner with polite compliments," Patterson said. "Seriously, however, my continued ill-luck was most exasperating."

Yet the luck had begun to turn. From the donkey's haunch only a mouthful or two had been torn, and Patterson thought that one of the lions might return to it. Because there was no suitable tree, he had four poles thrust into the ground ten feet from the carcass and lashed together at the top. Up there, twelve feet from the ground, a plank was placed for a seat. Because the night would be pitch-black he had the donkey wired strongly to a near-by stump so that the lions could not take it before he had time for shots.

He took his seat alone before sundown. His gunbearer wanted to come, but the man had developed a cough. Long after dark a twig snapped, a body pushed through the brush. A growl told him that it was a lion, and also that the lion knew he was there. For two grim hours the lion prowled the place, unseen, perhaps puzzling over the man's high perch. Patterson's head turned with the rustling. He had expected a lion would go directly to the donkey, but the brute was interested in the man above. Patterson speculated whether a lion could leap twelve feet high. He realized that if it tried, it would probably dislodge the poles. Then something struck the back of his neck, and he almost fell from his seat.

"In a second or two I realized," he said, "that I had been hit by nothing more formidable than an owl, which had doubtless mistaken me for the branch of a tree."

Close at hand the lion had given a growl at his sudden start.

Soon the lion came closer. Then Patterson could distinguish its creeping form, black against the gray-dusted ground. Before it could spring, he aimed carefully. At his shot a roar split the night. The man-eater bounded and leaped crazily out of sight, while Patterson continued to send shots toward the sounds. The beast groaned at intervals. Then the night was silent. At dawn he found a huge lion dead. It was nine feet eight inches long, three feet nine high at the shoulders; the hide was scratched and scarred from its trips through thorn fences.

The coolies celebrated wildly, and telegrams congratulated Patterson.

The second lion, however, continued to be hungry. It prowled the veranda of a railway inspector's bungalow, seeking a way to the man inside. Failing, it killed and ate on the spot two of the inspector's goats.

Patterson sat up again, this time in an empty iron shed. He tied three goats to a 250-pound rail, and the lion came for them just before dawn, sprang on one and dragged it and the rail and the other goats away. The shots only hit one of the goats.

As two of the goats had not been eaten, Patterson built another scaffold. This time it was stronger. This time, too, his gunbearer sat with him, so that he could doze, as Patterson was groggy from his many sleepless nights. The gunbearer woke him with a touch of hand. A lion stole past almost under the scaffold.

Patterson fired both slug-filled barrels of his shotgun into the shoulder and the beast went down as though it had been clubbed. But before Patterson could seize his rifle, it was up again and gone.

For a mile at daybreak he followed a trail of blood. Then the blood spots disappeared and the footprints vanished in rocky terrain.

For ten days he thought the lion had died of its wounds, but he continued to be cautious. Fortunately so, or the man-eater would have claimed a final victim. Screams awoke Patterson. Men who slept in a tree near his camp cried that a lion was trying to come up after them. Patterson fired into the air and the beast slunk away.

Patterson posted himself in the tree next night, and this time he had a bright full moon for his watch. At 2 a. m. the lion stole from cover to cover, stalking the tree. "It was a most fascinating sight to watch," said Patterson. When the brute was twenty yards away, he shot his rifle at the chest. With the report he heard the slap of a striking bullet. He fired again and scored again as the lion raced away.

There was another trail of blood for the morning. A quarter of a mile away it ended at a thicket where a great, tawny head snarled out at him.

Patterson's shot was careful. The beast charged out at him. Again he fired, knocking it down. The lion was up in an instant, coming crippled but fast. A third shot hit it with no result. Patterson reached behind him for a carbine he had acquired, but gunbearer and gun were on their way to a tree.

"Under the circumstances there was nothing to do but follow suit," wrote Patterson. He was barely in time. He considered he would not have made it except that one of his shots had broken a hind leg. As he scrambled up into the tree, the lion turned away from the base, limping toward the thicket. Patterson recovered his carbine and fired once.

The beast fell over. It lay still. Elated, Patterson jumped down. He walked toward his foe of many months, the man-eater who had kept him up on so many vain and lonely watches.

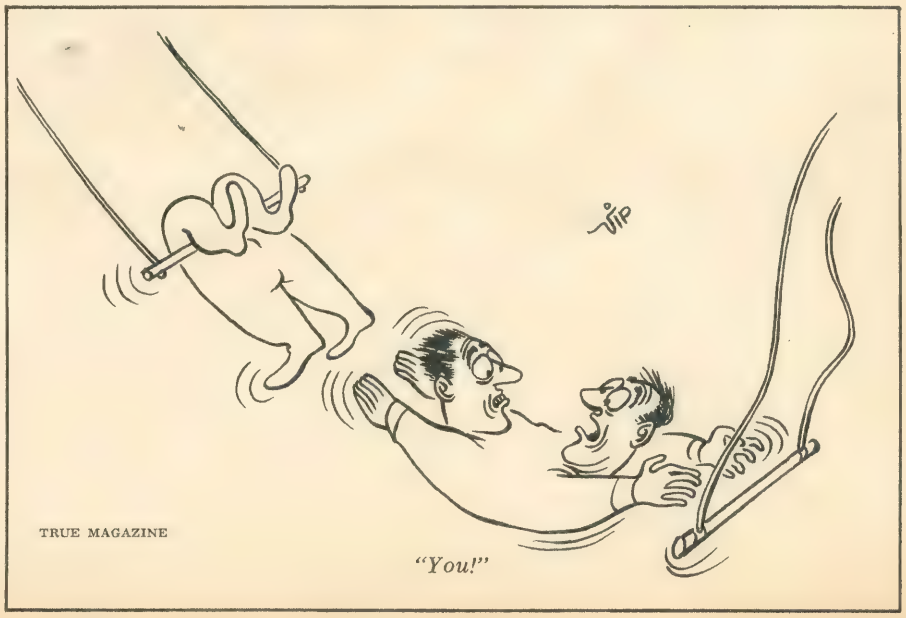
He was startled when the lion got up and tried another charge. He shot into its chest and into its head. Five yards away it dropped. "He died gamely," Patterson wrote, "biting at a branch which had fallen to the ground."

Six of Patterson's bullets were found in the beast, which stood almost three inches taller than the other. A slug from the scaffold lay under its thorn-scarred hide. Patterson rescued the body from the coolies who tried to tear it apart.

After that Her Majesty's railway proceeded without an interruption from lions.

The London Spectator of March 3, 1900, reported:

"If the whole body of lion anecdote, from the days of the Assyrian kings till the last year of the nineteenth century, were collated and brought together, it would not equal in tragedy or atrocity, in savageness or in sheer insolent contempt for man, armed or unarmed, the story of these two beasts."—THE END



"You!"

Bred for Fury

[*Continued from page* 39]

with a leather thong (follow all that?). The slim, curved needle is nearly universal in this country, but a myriad of single and double-edged blades and combinations of blades up to three inches long are used in the Orient and elsewhere, some forms of the game being more sadistic exhibitions than the honest contest held throughout the States.

Two points about game fowl are difficult to get across to the uninformed. The first is the antiquity and ubiquity of the sport. There is probably no place in this hemisphere and few places in the world where more than a handful of men congregate that is more than a few hours' travel from a chicken pit. In huge Alaskan barns, in basements of the chrome and marble mountains of Manhattan, in sweltering South American jungle clearings, the defiant crow of the gamecock calls men of every description to witness his exhibition of courage. National and international journals of the fraternity list names, addresses, dates, and money involved in literally thousands of fights every month. It seems strange that so many people, drawn from so many diverse environments, could devote their lives to an art so ancient, could pass the love of the sport from generation to generation, could discuss their activities so openly, and still have most of the rest of the world think that cocking is practiced only by a few heat-jarred Central American aborigines.

The most important and misunderstood point about the sport is the difference between game fowl and ordinary dunghill chickens, as they are called. Anyone who has ever seen race horses, draft horses and ponies, or beef steers, milk cows and ordinary farm cattle, knows what scientific selective breeding can do over a few dozen generations. The game chicken has been bred for nothing but fighting by every nation for thousands of years. Thus the real reason for a fight, especially of a main, is to prove that a certain type of cross breeding, or continuation of a pure strain, is superior to another. That is why a runaway pit cock is treated with such immediate disdain, almost before he has proved himself a coward. Real chicken men always blame a streak of cowardice on "throwing back to his dunghill ancestry," and no man likes to admit that there is a trace of anything but game fowl in his bird.

The breeds found in any game fancier's farm today may contain blood of Indian Madras Blues, Tuzo Japs, Cuban Doms, Irish Grays, Canadian Blacks, and the best fighting blood picked up around the world by sportsmen through the ages, and still traceable in many cases to these ancient and remote ancestors. The game chicken is such a natural fighter that he will break his bill and possibly a leg if he gets loose in a room with caged cocks, where he can peck and slash through cracks in the coops. If one gets loose, you'll never catch up with him in an open chase, but just let loose another cock and they will instantly be at each other. Separating them is then a simple matter.

This extreme emphasis on gameness seems to be dying out, at least on the surface, as actual tests of gameness alone are being replaced by the fight as a criterion of the best bird. This may seem a little abstruse at first, so we will amplify the point a bit. The English and Irish cockers of a century ago were not as able to meet all challengers as are the modern proponents of the sport, due, of course, to differences in transportation and communication. Breeding was looked on as a legitimate end in itself, and various tests were devised to prove that the resulting cocks were dead game as claimed. This attitude was carried into this country with the early settlers, and remained until about a generation ago, when it all but died out, due mostly to the fact that the fight was considered a sufficient test of gameness, and that the cruelty of the gameness tests began to grate on the sensibilities of modern chicken men.

A sketch of one of these tests is outlined by "1946," the nom-de-plume of an editorial writer for The Feathered Warrior in his February, 1946, issue:

"A common practice among those old fellows, especially around New York City, was to pick out two or three cocks that had really got a beating in a main or in battles of some sort. The next day, when these cocks were stiff and sore, each of them got a pounding from a fresh cock for about five minutes. They were then washed up and fed, if they could eat, and put away until the next day when they got another session, and the next day another. Some went as many as five days, others only two. Others only required that badly beaten cocks be willing to take their deaths from a fresh cock with heels the day after battle. Among old-timers this last was a "must." If they wouldn't take this, they were just plain dunghills. These tests . . . were made only as a "clincher" on the gameness of families after all those tested cocks and their brothers had shown themselves absolutely game in the pit . . . if they could keep a family so game that the average cock would, after a bad beating in a pit battle, take two days of pounding after . . . then it was practically certain that the customary variation in depth of gameness, while it might produce some individuals that would not take a five-day test, would produce none that would quit in a single pit battle. . .

"We are not advocating such testing of cocks today. There is no need for it. The generally accepted test today, if it can be called a test, is for all members of a family of fowl to act game in the pit. . ."

Evidence of the difficulty that owners of really fine fowl had in securing real competition a generation ago is demonstrated by the challenge published in the February, 1914, Grit & Steel:

"Although I don't believe in making public challenges, I have been unable to uncover any of the so-called champions. I am not looking for easy money. I want to fight for mine. All the champions I have asked for a main seem to be short of stamps or forgetful. I would like to fight the Flathead fame or any of Whithackle fame, if they have the chickens they spread ink about. I would like to meet George Wilson, W. G. Wilson, Phil Marsh, Charles Storrey, Thomas Rankin. I will make the purse satisfactory and meet any man half-way. I will fight for $500 up on the odd, $25 up on each battle. Now, boys, come let's fight our chickens. I mean business, no hard feelings. Just write me." It was signed by J. S. Kidwiler of Frederick, Maryland.

Probably the easiest way to get an overall picture of the background of the sport is to sketch an outline of preparing and pitting a cock in a formal derby. Most chicken men will have a cockhouse for fifty or 100 roosters, and brooding pens for a few dozen more. Stags (birds of less than a year or so) are allowed to wander free, and will seldom bother one another. At sundown the trees present a splotchy silhouette as scores of hens settle in branches as high as 100 feet off the ground to roost.

In this and many other respects game fowl are more like wild grouse or pheasant than domestic fowl. They will seldom lay their eggs in a prepared nest, but prefer to hide them in the woods. They will run like a race horse if chased, will fight anything that will fight back, and will fly high, far and fast if compelled to.

In addition to the schedules published in the journals, most pits issue colored cards listing the derbies, and the requirements for entrance. For example, the card, postcard size and printed only on one side, will be headed: "1945-46 Schedule of the ..... Game Club, Inc., Gametown, N. Y." Then the scheduled derbies for the season (November to June) will be listed somewhat as follows:

"Friday Night, Nov. 30 . . . 4 stag . . . Derby . . . 4. 12-6. 04 . . . $200," or "Friday-Saturday (Daytime), Apr. 5-6 (Ladies' Day) . . . 8 Cock . . . Derby . . . 4.04-6.04 . . . $300." The first means that an entry consists of four stags, that it is a derby, i.e. more than two owners will be entering roosters, that the birds must weigh between four pounds twelve ounces and six pounds four ounces, and that there is a $200 entry fee charged for each group of four stags.

There is usually some warning such as "Every member must abide by the Rules of the Club or forfeit his membership," or "This Club is operated that those who love game fowl might meet and enjoy together this noble bird. YOU LOVERS OF WINE . . . GO ELSEWHERE!" Then, "For further information write . . . ," and usually a note, "This pit is located two miles southeast of ....., just off highway ....."

There is often an earnestly expressed desire to "behave boys, no liquor or profanity, please," which might give an outsider the impression that a cockfight is a pretty rowdy affair. Actually, compared with an average prizefight or baseball crowd, the whole thing runs off as quietly as a Sunday School picnic. And because the chicken men do conduct their business quietly like the gentlemen most of them are, they have little trouble with the enforcers of the laws they are breaking, who are often seen at the pits. We

have sometimes seen the hat passed with fives and tens flying profusely, when someone announces that the nearby church is running low on funds, and that "they haven't caused us any fuss, boys."

Well, getting back to the schedule cards, you look them over and pick out a derby you'd like to enter. You select the required number of promising cocks plus a few extra and put them "out on walk." This is an expensive and often heartbreaking part of the preparation, but is something that can't be sidestepped. It consists of sending each cock to some farm where he can be cock of the walk, where there will be no other roosters around. He is allowed to roam free, to forage for his food and, in general, to feel like the tough, self-sufficient, supermale that he is. He finds himself undisputed master of a harem and he has room to run and fly.

This is often arranged by going to a keeper of dunghill chickens and paying him for the keep of your bird. Some farmers who advertise for cocks to walk know or care little about the birds and many are lost to foxes, automobiles and just plain neglect. But it has to be done.

After the cocks have been on walk for a few weeks, you gather them back into the fold. Then begins the real conditioning period. Each owner has his own, usually secret method of preparing his rooster for combat, including special foods, exercises, consulting the stars or whatever he pins his hopes on. Most trainers have a conditioning table two by five feet, average table height, covered with a material the bird can get his talons into—gunny sack for the poor man, white chamois for the rich sportsman.

The conditioner holds the bird firmly and moves him rapidly across the table, back and forth, to the right, to the left. The bird, attempting to keep his footing firm beneath him, is forced to run or sidestep swiftly, thus building up the all-important leg muscles. A well conditioned bird has muscles like steel bands, you can feel them, hard and taut like strung cables. I once saw a rooster strike out at a trainer's wrist, hitting a link in the stainless steel watch band with his sawed-off spur stump. The link was flattened as if by a ballpeen hammer, and that was from a very disadvantageous position.

Finally, after a lot of hocus-pocus and last minute preparations, the birds are brought to the pit for the big derby. It may be only a neighborly affair, with a score or so spectators, or it may be the four-day, 100-and-some-odd battle, international, $8,000 St. Augustine Tournament, annually viewed by thousands.

Before each fight the bettors and the just plain curious gather around the owner as he tapes the birds' legs preparatory to tying on the steel gaffs. There are whispered consultations and all the other nonsense like that which accompanies the pre-bet stable inspection at the racetracks. Then the birds are weighed in, the last bets are placed, and the fight begins.

There are two white lines in the pit, back of which the birds are held by the handlers. Handling is a very tricky art, and an owner usually hires skilled men for the job, although some handle their own birds. Just try reaching into that flying steel to separate the roosters when a gaff is hung (caught in the other bird). The handlers hold the bird in any one of a number of ways, some with the bird pawing the ground, straining to move ahead, others keep the cock's legs tucked under his body, releasing them on the word "PIT" from the referee. At the word, both men release their chickens, which fly at each other instantly. Their hackles (the shawl of feathers around the neck) stand out like irate king cobras. They fly at each other, contacting sometimes as high as three feet off the ground. The action is too fast for the eye to follow, and, although some chicken men claim to know exactly how a particular bird fights, it is nearly impossible to see anything clearly during a combat flurry.

The camera shows, however, that the birds are lying nearly on their backs, supported by vigorous flapping of the wings, and they can then either kick intermittently with one or the other leg, or can "shuffle"—move both legs very rapidly, making a sewing-machine action with the needle-sharp gaffs. Some fights are over in a few seconds, some last nearly three-quarters of an hour.

In no other sport is it so true that "the game isn't over until the last man is out." Just last week we saw a cock blinded in both eyes and with one leg broken, in the first few seconds of a fight. He couldn't see and he couldn't stand up. But a half hour later he killed his opponent. Gameness, of course, counted for most of it, but good handling was also very important. The handler will blow blood back down a rooster's throat or nostrils, or suck blood from a wound; will blow on a bird's feathers, will stroke him, smooth ruffled feathers, massage wounds, hold broken wings or legs in restful positions, and all with the shouted, pleading advice of heavy bettors, who feel that they have a stockholders' right to participate in the management of their property.

To the inevitable charge of cruelty, one cocker gave us what we consider a pretty good answer. He had been talking heatedly about some fellows who had shot a couple of birds out of a tree just to prove that they were good marksmen, and he thought that was a needlessly cruel act and was very unhappy about it. We had then gone to discussing his game fowl and he said, "Have you ever fought a tough fight of any kind and got messed up a little bit? It doesn't hurt at the time, and, if you loved to fight—were bred for it—you wouldn't mind. The next day is when it hurts. These birds are hurt in the heat of battle, but ten minutes later it's all over, one way or the other. The rest of the time they are conditioning, living the life of Reilly. I'll tell you what I do think is cruel—have you ever seen those dunghill chickens in crates at the market place? They're packed in there like sardines, they're shipped without sufficient food or water, and they're kept in that condition sometimes for months. Don't you think that is a lot more barbaric than letting a bird do what he was born to do, become a ten-minute ball of death-dealing fury?" —THE END

TRUE MAGAZINE

"Another thing that makes it such a remarkable coincidence—they both ordered mushroom soup with croutons."

Captain With the Book and Gun

[*Continued from page* 45]

and saw the waters break another way; and thus—the first white man to do so—he rode westward through that South Pass which was to become the spillway of one of history's great mass migrations twenty years later. Beyond lay the geographer's Terra Incognita, across which he was to lay trail upon trail.

Ashley's men, that summer, returned from their far-flung forays and met for rendezvous on the Sweetwater. Ruxton, who knew the mountains well, describes this meeting time which became from this year forward a fixed practice of the fur trade:

"The trappers proceed to the rendezvous, the locality of which has been previously agreed upon; and here the traders and agents of the fur companies await them, with such assortment of goods as their hardy customers may require, including generally a fair supply of alcohol. The trappers drop in singly and in small bands, bringing their packs of beaver to this mountain market. . . . The rendezvous is one continued scene of drunkenness, gambling, and brawling and fighting, as long as the money and credit of the trappers last. . . . Daring gamblers make the rounds of the camp, challenging one another to play for the trapper's highest stake—his horse, his squaw (if he has one) and, as once happened, his scalp. . . . These annual gatherings are often the scene of bloody duels, for over their cups and cards, no men are more quarrelsome than your mountaineers. Rifles at twenty paces settle all difference, and, as may be imagined, the fall of one or the other of the combatants is certain."

Major Henry, swinging down to the rendezvous after a spring of bitter luck with the northern Blackfeet, decided to quit the trade, and Jedediah Smith, now 25 years old, became General Ashley's active partner in the mountains. Again the parties fanned out through this wilderness. Smith trapped the Bear, the Weber, the Big Sandy—and traveled as he trapped, swinging north to winter at Flathead Lake, far up near the Canadian line swinging south for the summer rendezvous of 1825. Then he disappeared completely from the records until another summer when, at Salt Lake, the Ashley-Smith partnership dissolved and the new firm of Smith, Jackson & Sublette was formed. The general, having pioneered an era, was done with it; the three new owners stood at the flood of the era and the same logic of overtrapped streams which had pushed them through the South Pass now pushed them farther westward.

Jedediah Smith, green out of St. Louis in the spring of 1822, was "Old Jed" in the summer of 1826, the label, bestowed upon him by the mountain men, implying confidence. He was 27, he was still in a hurry; and if business pushed him westward, adventure pulled him with a greater force. The new partners divided up their work and to Smith was assigned the chore of exploring the land southwestward. With seventeen men chosen from the rendezvous, he set out from Salt Lake with the agreement to meet his partners there again within one year. Of the seventeen under him, only three were to see Salt Lake again.

The trail led south, across the Sevier and the Beaver, and swung west to the Virgin, touching a land of grotesque pinnacles whose colors were layer upon layer of barbaric pigment, traveling down canyons steep and sunless, passing over wild chocolate-colored waters. Privation, as it always did, came upon Smith in that unfertile waste—his diary recorded that "starved and thirsting horses sank exhausted and were despatched for their poor meat." They reached the Colorado and followed it to a Mojave village where they found food and horses; and, from Indians escaped from the semislavery of the California missions, they got information on the desert route westward. Thus, in November, 1826, they crossed the Mojave and knocked at the doors of the San Gabriel Mission, the forerunners of a wave which was to wipe out the pastoral ways of California, Mexico's unsuspectedly rich possession. Father Sanchez was friendly, and fed them and supplied them.

Smith, "that mild, Christian man," had discipline to enforce, and flogged one of his blacksmiths. He went on to San Diego to pay his respects to the Mexican governor, Don Jose Maria de Echeandia, a man of notable irresolution who could not make up his mind as to the disposition of these aliens whom he rightly feared; in the end it was decided that distress had forced Smith into the forbidden land and that therefore he might depart without punishment.

It was spring of 1827 and the rendezvous of the partners near Salt Lake was two months removed and 600 miles away. Smith, traveling north along the base of the Sierras, failed at his first crossing; then, leaving the main party snugly camped on the Stanislaus River, he chose three men and started again over the snowy passes. He was eight days in the crossing, and the first to cut this trail; and silence came down on him until a month later his diary records him as being near the Utah-Nevada line, out of food and again without water. In that blistering salt-and-alkali waste one of the men, Evans, lay down to die. "We could do no good by remaining to die with him and we were not able to help him along," Smith reports. But three miles onward they came to the base of a mountain and discovered water. They backtracked and saved Evans. Killing a deer brought them past the worst of their troubles.

On July 3, having made a swing of 1,500 miles, he arrived at the rendezvous. His partners fired a small brass cannon to celebrate the event; he had been given up as lost.

The hurry was still in him. Ten days later, with eighteen men, he started back by the same circular route to rescue his men on the Stanislaus. Again he crossed the Sevier and Beaver and followed the Virgin to the Colorado. He traded again with those Mojaves he had met the previous year; but there had been an unpredictable change in them and, while the party was rafting its supplies across the Colorado, the Mojaves set upon it and killed ten men; for Smith it was a second warning of eventual tragedy.

He estimated 500 Indians waiting for the kill, against which he now had eight men, in addition to himself, and five guns. A cottonwood thicket covered a near-by sand bar, and into this shelter he took his men, made an impromptu breastworks and affixed hunting knives to stakes for supplementary weapons. He shot two or three of the Indians and thus caused the others to draw back; and in the late afternoon the survivors waited for attack. "Some of the men asked me if I thought we could defend ourselves. I told them I thought we could. But that was not my opinion."

The pin-point accuracy of the trappers' marksmanship discouraged the Mojaves; these were not the intractable horse warriors of the eastern plains and mountains. Scattering his remaining goods along the sand—to divert the minds of the covetous Mojaves—Smith and his men escaped in the moonlight and struck out across the desert for California. They had fifteen pounds of meat for the journey and when this gave out they chewed the desert's cabbage pear. Sixty days from the Salt Lake, Smith reached the camp on the Stanislaus.

That party had lived well enough during Smith's absence and they had done well with their trapping. But the Spanish authorities had heard of their tarrying and of Smith's return. Seventy miles away at San Jose Mission, Father Duran was highly suspicious; troubles had come upon the pastoral kingdom which he and his brother missionaries had labored so long to build. These foreigners could only bring discontent; some of the Indians already were deserting the missions. Duran did not want these Yankees spying in the country, and when Smith rode down from the mountains to pay a call, Father Duran arrested him.

There began, for the second time, a long wrestling with the indecisive Don Jose Maria de Echeandia.

To the restless Smith, the waste of time was cruel. "This man," he exclaimed, "was put on earth to perplex me." Eventually the governor agreed to let Smith depart northward under bond and with restrictions. Smith, the businessman, now stripped for venture. He sold his accumulated furs to a Yankee ship captain for about $4,000 and bought 300 California horses at $10 each—they were worth $50 each when he got them back to the rendezvous. On the last days of December, 1827, he moved through the flooded lowlands of the San Joaquin toward the north. "Having been so long absent from the business of trapping and so much perplexed and harassed by the folly of men in power, I return again to the wood, the river, the prairie, the camp and the game with a feeling somewhat like that of a prisoner escaped from his dungeon and his chains."

He had eighteen men and forty-seven beaver traps. Two of the men soon de-

serted, one of them the blacksmith he had flogged at San Gabriel. Their loss was not important, but they took with them ten traps, which was a blow. Floundering through the bottomlands of the Sacramento, he had the white peaks of the Sierras to his right to remind him of his freezing ordeal in those mountains early that spring, and to him there came a strong Christian's doubt as to his worthiness.

"The rushing of the water brought fresh to my remembrance the cascades. . . the unpleasant times. . .the snow which continued falling. In times like those men return to reason. . .they throw by the gaudy baubles of ambition and embrace the solid comforts of domestic life. But a few days of rest makes the sailor forget the storm and embark again on the perilous ocean and I suppose that like him, I would soon become weary of rest."

Not long after, Smith had another encounter with a grizzly when he rode into a thicket to kill it. The grizzly rose up and caught Smith's horse by the tail. "The horse, being strong and much frightened, exerted himself so powerfully that he gave the bear no opportunity to close upon him and actually drew him forty or fifty yards before he relinquished his hold. . . . I was quite glad to get rid of his company on any terms."

He was now traveling into the northern roughness of California and from a high ridge he sighted forward and feared the Sacramento was taking him into an impassable land; therefore, near the site of modern Red Bluff, he began a long-slanted crossing to the ocean.

They traveled along the coast into Oregon; the news of their coming went before them, and natives faded away into the green-glistening brush, into the rank, dense forest crowding to the very edge of the ocean. They crossed the Umpqua and a river now named for Smith; and here they paused at an Indian camp while Smith took two men and an Indian for guide and went up the river for some distance in search of a better route northward to the Hudson's Bay post at Vancouver. Meanwhile there was trading and some quarreling. An ax had been stolen, and an Indian punished for it; another Indian, of some local importance, had his pride offended by being pulled off a trapper's horse. While Smith was gone, the Indians crowded into the camp with an air of friendliness, then abruptly pulled out knives and clubs and set upon the idling trappers. One man of the sixteen in camp survived this mad, shouting slaughter.

Smith, returning down the Umpqua with his two men and guide, had no knowledge of this until the guide suddenly upset the canoe. The three white men swam ashore and from a distance saw the massacred party. They turned back into the forest and set out toward Fort Vancouver, 200 miles away.

This was Hudson's Bay territory and Smith was an intruder in the eyes of the chief factor, John McLoughlin; yet there was a firm policy to maintain toward the Indians and there was a matter of helpfulness, McLoughlin being as upright a Christian as Smith. A party went out from the post, recovered part of Smith's furs and forty of his horses—the rest of the 300 being dead or lost. For this service McLoughlin made no charge, and gave Smith around $3,000 for his horses and water-spoiled furs.

Next summer, with a Hudson's Bay fur brigade, Smith traveled up the Columbia, northward to Fort Colville and Flathead House, and swung down from there to Pierre's Hole where the partners were waiting. Another rendezvous had been kept. To keep it Smith had traveled a great circle of 2,500 miles in two years, opening routes which other men in other days were to follow. The records of Lewis and Clark do not show a greater feat.

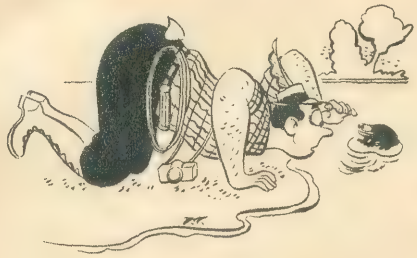
That winter, in his Wind River camp, Jedediah Smith cast up his accounts and found them balanced as well as they ever would be. He had money enough to support his parents and his brothers and sisters; and across Terra Incognita he had laid his trails. It was time to quit. He wrote to his brother:

"Providence has made me the steward of a small pittance and my prayer is that . . . I may use it without abuse. If any of our friends are in a distressed situation you'll please to let me know. . . . It is that I may be able to help those who stand in need that I face every danger." The partners returned to St. Louis.

Jedediah set about a new way of life. He put a brother in school, he gave another brother $1,500 with which to buy a farm in Ohio, he freed a colored servant who had served him in the mountains, he bought two more for his new establishment; he settled down with his notes to write a history of his travels and to prepare a map of the West.

He was settled, he was done with trapping and exploring. That fall two of his brothers came to St. Louis with the thought of making up a business venture over the Santa Fe Trail. Smith agreed to stake them; at the last moment he decided to accompany them. There is no reason given for his choice; but perhaps into the quietness of his room there came old sounds and old visions to haunt him.

In the spring of 1831 he led out the caravan of twenty-three wagons, one of which had a field piece mounted on a rear axle. His two brothers were with him. With him also were his two old partners, Jackson and William Sublette; along the way another mountain man, Tom Fitzpatrick, fell in, simply for the trip. These were men who knew every mood of the mountains and the plain; these were guarantors of any caravan's safe arrival.



What comes naturally?

Most of us have various notions and beliefs about the habits and doings of the animal world, some of them based on fact, others purely imaginary. Can you distinguish between the real thing and the misconception? Here's a chance to find out. Below are twenty statements about nature. Mark them true or false, according to your best knowledge; and if you can get fifteen or more right, you may consider yourself pretty hot stuff as a naturalist. Answers are on page 95.

		True	False
1.	The bite of a tarantula is fatal	☐	☐
2.	A rattlesnake will not crawl across a horsehair rope	☐	☐
3.	When an opossum is disturbed it feigns death	☐	☐
4.	The eyes of some animals glow in the dark	☐	☐
5.	Frogs drink through their skins	☐	☐
6.	Handling toads causes warts	☐	☐
7.	Milk snakes are fond of milk	☐	☐
8.	An ostrich sticks his head into the sand when frightened	☐	☐
9.	A rattlesnake must be coiled before it strikes	☐	☐
10.	Parrots are fond of crackers	☐	☐
11.	Goats eat tin cans	☐	☐
12.	Music soothes the savage beast	☐	☐
13.	The hummingbird can fly backward	☐	☐
14.	A dog turns around several times before lying down in order to find a comfortable spot	☐	☐
15.	The male mosquito does not bite	☐	☐
16.	Hippopotamuses sweat blood	☐	☐
17.	The groundhog looks for his shadow on February 2nd	☐	☐
18.	Horned toads squirt blood through their eyes	☐	☐
19.	The spider is not an insect	☐	☐
20.	Reindeer are native to Alaska	☐	☐

—Alan A. Brown

But none of them had been on the Santa Fe road, and the summer was dry and the water holes they expected to find were barren. For the final time the rough hand of circumstance came upon Jedediah Smith. Out on the sandy wastes between the Arkansas and the Cimarron, animals and men faltering from thirst, Smith decided to scout ahead. Fifteen miles onward he came upon a shallow pool in the Cimarron and dismounted to drink.

When he raised up, holding his horse's reins, he found a band of Comanches before him.

A writer of a more purple and less factual era described this final scene: "Their chief, a medicine man who believed that his great medicine rendered him invulnerable, tried to approach but was warned back. The Indians succeeded in frightening Captain Smith's horse, and as soon as it turned they shot at him with their arrows, one of which wounded him in the left arm. He instantly turned and shot the chief dead, and, drawing his pistols, killed an Indian with each. Then, grasping his ax, he dashed in among them, dealing death at every blow. Slashed with knife cuts and pierced with a lance thrust, he sank down from loss of blood. The Indians approached to scalp him, when he suddenly rose and stabbed three with his knife, and dropped dead. But he was not alone; there were thirteen of his enemies stretched dead on the ground. The Comanches concluded that he had been more than mortal, and that it would be better to propitiate his spirit; so they did not mutilate his body, but later gave it the same rites they gave their chief."

None of this is known for sure and his body was never found. It is probably nearer the truth to say simply that he rose from the water hole, faced his enemies and died to the sound of that gunfire and whooping with which he had become so familiar. He had earlier created his own epitaph: "A few days of rest makes the sailor forget the storm and . . . I suppose that like him, I would soon become weary of rest."—THE END

The Good Sun and Instant Death

[*Continued from page* 41]

threshing around. I think I saw it put its foot on the toad before its bill went into the soft white belly of the fish, now puffed for its final protection against death, but my vision was tiring from such concentration. The crane preened for a moment, looked around, raised slow wings and took off over the island. One more "aaaawk" sounded.

Crawford hadn't spoken. I'd never have believed it if I hadn't been able to see it.

There had been a narrow sparrow hawk (smallest of our falcons) around the house, swooping into the liveoaks, rushing unrecognized birds in the orange trees on the upland grove that rose in back of us. Its favorite perch was on our single telephone pole out by the garage. The hawk seemed to get a better view there of what it wanted to kill. I suppose, too, it had a better view of anything coming toward it. But once it didn't.

I tried to shoot out the window, through the Spanish moss that beards the liveoaks, and once I hid in the garage. A single movement of mine would send the hawk into its crazy, black-pencil flight against the sky over the sand ridge behind the house. I found three dead, half-grown mockingbirds one morning. Something had picked their skulls clean. Later, on a little walk that led toward the grove, I found a baby rabbit with a hole in its back and talon marks on its soft belly.

I decided I was a lousy shot not to be able to take that hawk down.

It must have been about 11 in the morning, when I was fumbling with some oranges out in the packing house, that I saw the hawk swoop up to his lonely perch on the telephone pole. Of course, my gun was in the house. The hawk, exquisitely speedlined, just sat there, confidently eyeing its hunting ground.

Then I thought I saw a tiny leaf floating down from the misty, molten Florida sky. The leaf in the sky seemed to fall, drop, spin. Before the hawk had turned its head, a small bird was on its back. There was a screech, and the hawk took off from its perch with an amazing propulsion. Its tiny pickaback rider had its head down on the hawk's head, like a jockey on a horse in the stretch.

Possibly it was the rise to our upland grove, or the slant of the sun that deceived me, but the hawk couldn't seem to gain altitude. From its perch atop the telephone pole it flew in a straight line and hit the sand under a big Valencia tree with a thud. I saw the tiny rider pull a moment with its beak and flutter upward, circle, look back, and flutter away into the scarfs of sun haze.

When I picked up the hawk, it had a neat hole drilled just in back of the nob of its head. There wasn't much blood coming out.

If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed that the bird that sends such deep-throated sounds of pure mystical feeling into the night air, sends it with such tenderness, could have done this. I never before that moment knew that a mockingbird has a beak like a fine steel drill, and that the mockingbird is a very resentful bird when someone does him wrong.

Jo-Jo, two parts Chesapeake retriever and two parts anybody's guess, was the finest dog I ever owned. He couldn't understand, the first year of my disability, why the guns stood untouched in the rack. Each morning that fall, while the pungent smell of sulphur that had risen from the land in the night still hung offensively in the air, he'd patter into the room and watch me dress. I could hear him pacing anxiously until I put on soft shoes. Then he'd go over to the closet, sniff my boots and leave the room. I was told he would sometimes circle the gun rack before going out to the porch, that there he would stretch out and moodily watch the bluebills brazenly going through their almost military maneuvers of feeding where the lawn met the river.

Crawford developed a great fondness for Jo-Jo, his first interest awakened when Jo-Jo refused to respond to careless people who called "Joe" to him.

"That dog wants his name proper, like anybody does," Crawford said. Of course Jo-Jo returned Crawford's affection, learning quickly that a shattering blast from his gun nearly always meant the corresponding plunk of a duck hitting the water.

I was therefore surprised when Crawford pulled up his Ford one morning and in a half apologetic, hesitant voice, told me I had better send Jo-Jo back to his native Carolina hills. "He ain't safe. He's hunting by himself."

"But, Crawford, he did that up at the lake, too. I told you he had developed his own system of swimming out around muskrats, driving them shoreward and forcing them out onto the bank where he could have a fair fight—that is, his idea of a fair fight, one in which he always won."

"Carolina mountains ain't Florida," Crawford said slowly. "He ain't safe here out by himself. I saw him yesterday make a diamondback strike. He worried that snake silly, kept edgin' up, divin' back, and when the flathead finally struck, didn't miss Jo-Jo by much hair. Then Jo-Jo tore around and grabbed the snake by the neck afore the snake could move."

"Jo-Jo won though," I said a little smugly.

"That time, he did. But Florida ain't safe mountains. Things grow too big an' nasty here in the prairies and marshes for anyone like Jo-Jo, who's got more guts than he has proper worry for his own hide."

In the fall, the first days I picked up a gun, Jo-Jo went wild. He ran, pranced, sniffed, pointed everything in the house from the piano to my pet chameleon, on which Jo-Jo was aware there was a permanently closed season. When Crawford drove up this particular morning, Jo-Jo was going through his tricks on the lawn. Both of us had trouble holding back laughter after we got our decoys out and were settled in the brush at the side of a brackish water sinkhole that had been luring big flights of teal, greenheads and pintails with its lush feed. Jo-Jo seemed almost on tiptoes, straining as if to be the first to sight ducks.

"Y'oughta get that dog a pair of field glasses," Crawford chuckled. "He's strainin' his eyes that-a-way."

Crawford was watching the river while I had turned to keep an eye to the east. At times flights would come straight up the ocean shore and wheel down to the ponds that dotted the island, before go-

ing out into the safety of the broad Indian River.

I felt Crawford throw his heavy body around, saw him rise with the agility that always amazed me in a man so heavy, and in an astonishingly deft movement he pulled his first barrel on a pair of teal power-diving in from the river to our decoys. To me they were only onracing shadows until Crawford shot. Then one of them became a reality, pasted, it seemed, dead and motionless for a moment against the bright sky. Crawford wheeled completely around and accomplished what I thought was a great double, pulling the second barrel on the second teal, which had been diving so fast it seemed to be now packing the air to regain safe altitude. When the shot punched its feathers into a colorful, powdery explosion, it must have been at extreme range across the pond.

"What are you trying to do, make me feel bad?" I grinned at him.

"Shouldn'a shot," Crawford grumbled. "Just luck I didn't waste that shell. Wife likes those little fellows though." Then, before I could make any further adulatory remarks about that piece of shooting, we saw Jo-Jo chugging away to pick up the duck that was now floating, one wing stuck skyward like a tiny sail, toward the far side of the pond.

A warm breeze was wrinkling the water, pushing the dead teal away about as fast as Jo-Jo could swim. He caught up with his quarry just a few feet from the far shore.

"Goddame!" Crawford bellowed. "Jo-Jo!"

I had trouble seeing what was happening but I realized Jo-Jo was circling instead of grabbing the duck. I heard an angry snarl that told me Jo-Jo was about to fight something.

"Git outen there, you damn fool!" Crawford was yelling excitedly. "Git, Jo-Jo, git fast!"

There was a big swirl as a mound of water rolled under Jo-Jo, the dead duck rocked foolishly in the waves, and then nothing was visible except the duck and circles widening on the surface. Crawford just stood and stared, tears starting up in his eyes. It all happened so fast I couldn't see it all— I was like someone who hadn't been there and was waiting to have it explained to me.

"I told you, I told you! Minute I saw Jo-Jo hesitate to pick up that duck I knew he was gonna try and fight a 'gator. Goddame, that's what I get for takin' a long fool shot like that . . . Jo-Jo shouldn' oughta tried to fight a 'gator lyin' in his hole at a pondside."

I was too stunned to speak for a moment. Crawford went on talking, his voice lowered now.

"I'll git that 'gator tonight, but that ain't bringin' Jo-Jo back." He turned and went out and picked up the decoys.

The house seemed mighty quiet when I put my gun back in the rack.

The sun hung bars of color, like that ice cream I loved as a child, across the pine-scalloped fill that reaches to the dark cypress waters of Lake Poinsett. We were riding in an old Ford, with no top, and we had three good twelve-gauges with us.

You see, swamp panthers go out to the edge of the lake in the evening during the duck season to scoop up the crippled coots and ducks from the shores where the wind has driven the wounded birds.

Now, Florida prairies are table flat. In some places government drainage has raised hummocks in narrow fills where, if you're quiet, you can hear the bronze gars slap the water and the bass snap breed-mullet. I wasn't thinking much about anything except the colors something was stirring in the great Florida sky, and the easy bump of the car swishing through the grass toward the lake, when Crawford rose up and cried, "Goddame!"

Riding by the fill, unknowingly we had been pacing a swamp panther which was loping in great strides with a tiny fawn in its mouth. Ten feet over its head a Cooper's hawk was careening in slow, confident flight.

Crawford picked up a Savage .22 I hadn't noticed in the car.

"Godawmighty," he said, as he stood up.

I didn't think he could hit the lake, in that jouncing car. The cat took long, loping strides, the hawk seemed to be just going home, but alertly interested in the cat carrying his evening meal.

There was a sharp snort from the .22 and the cat strained upward. It must have been carrying the fawn lightly, because the fawn hit the ground running. The hawk wheeled sharply and Chuck, who was driving the car, held the wheel with his knees and let the hawk have both barrels from his twelve. The hawk dove crazily into the dusk.

We never saw the hawk or the fawn. The cat had a hole right under its left ear. Even Crawford, the mighty, shook his head, saying nothing, over the rank luck of the shot. When we got to the lake it was dark, and only the bellow of a big bull 'gator told us we had really reached our destination.

In the tiny shack, from which we would start out before daybreak for a feed-marsh Crawford had said was bringing in some small flights of geese, I could hear the piping of the coots as they huddled somewhere in the switchgrass, grass that would be pasted white and flat from their droppings in the morning. The sibilance of the lake and a whimpering owl made counterpoint in the deep night sounds, while gars carved silver scimitars of phosphorescence on the black mirror of the lake. Sharp smells of sulphur rising from the rich muckland drifted like unseen smoke into the shack.

"I suppose," Crawford said sleepily from his bunk, "if you stay next summer like you're a-plannin', you'll want to go off Cocoa Beach and break your back haulin' in tarpon. Fellers from up north sure are funny. Come down here in January for two or three months to fish. That's just when the fish all go south for the winter. Now take it in July, you'll see big black slicks of menhaden streakin' the ocean for miles . . . and tarpon rollin' and featherin' and feedin' lazy through them not fifty yards out beyond the breakers. Hotter'n hell then, but the water's quiet. We can put Chuck's skiff right through the breakers. Ocean's like a pond then. Course, myself, I don't see much sense in catching them big herring, which is all they are anyway." There was a light chuckle. "No good to eat and they smell mighty bad. Wear a fellow out too, But I suppose you'll want to fool with 'em. They jump pretty, at that."

It didn't matter now that the flat summer seas were months away. I could already see the green-blue silken sea with the dark patches of schools of menhaden painted on its surface, and the rolling silver backs of tarpon. Of course, it couldn't have been possible out there in the shack on the shores of Lake Poinsett, but there seemed to mingle with the sulphur smells and the bright pictures of the coming summer, the exciting scent of sea and drifting weed that haunt the flowing trade winds.

To me it didn't matter, either, that it was dark.—THE END

What comes naturally?

Answers

[*Continued from page* 93]

1. False. The tarantula seldom bites and is only mildly poisonous.
2. False. Snakes will cross a rope.
3. True. It becomes limp and allows itself to be handled in any manner.
4. False. There is nothing in animals' eyes that can make them glow in complete absence of light.
5. True. They absorb water through the skin, not the mouth.
6. False. About the only basis for this idea is the superficial resemblance between warts and the tubercles on a toad's skin.
7. False. Even very thirsty milk snakes don't care for milk.
8. False. He looks around in alarm.
9. True.
10. False. There are many other foods, such as lettuce, they prefer.
11. False. They only gnaw off the labels to get at the glue underneath.
12. False. With rare exceptions, wild animals are indifferent to music.
13. True.
14. False. It is believed the dog wants to see which way the wind blows so it can face it to scent danger.
15. True. Only the female mosquito bites. The male is satisfied with plant juices.
16. False. They exude a red oil that "waterproofs" them. They spend a good deal of time in water.
17. False.
18. True. It is intended to terrify its enemies.
19. True. Insects have only six legs. The spider has eight.
20. False. They were imported from Siberia to provide food and clothing for the Eskimos.

So You Can't Ski?

[*Continued from page* 31]

relaxed alignment, or you won't be able to fall forward when you want to. Why? Because weight improperly distributed means less control.

Now at the risk of sounding off like a breakfast cereal advertisement, we'd suggest the following exercise to get muscles and movements co-ordinated. Adopting the stance described above, lean progressively forward to the verge of toppling over and each time regain your balance by bending your knees still further as illustrated in figure C. In each case try to keep the heels as close to the floor as possible. Gradually you'll discover you can add 15 to 18 degrees of inclination to your original stance which is not only handy for skiing but may also serve a practical purpose should household arguments arise. It's all in the balance, which means that the further forward you are able to incline, the safer you will be in movement.

Movement? Oh, yes—with movement we must have brakes—or else. So let's examine this business of braking, or how to stop. Here is where we'll need that slippery floor for a rink. A little powdered wax may help. But be careful it doesn't get sticky on the bottom of your shoes or it will give you a traction which will exaggerate your mistakes. Added gripping between the floor and the shoes will permit you to do things which won't be possible when snow is underfoot. For the paper rink devotees, you will have to heap up between your feet twenty or more inches of slack material to allow some play for proper movement. Ready? Let's go.

Take your stance with the feet ready to push outward, toes pointing in slightly, as illustrated on skis in figure E. The heels will be flat but the weight must be shifted toward the toes. Now push outward slowly with the heels, weight still forward until your feet are about eighteen inches apart. (See figure B.) This is known as the Stem or Snowplow and is very important to get right, for *all future turns or stops are based on some modification of the Stem.* In full braking stance, depending on your height *but not on your speed,* your heels may be any where from eighteen to twenty-five inches apart. To increase braking pressure you bend further forward and downward (as described above for stance) rising gently as the speed diminishes. This progressive lowering of the body position automatically increases the angle of bite of the ski edges into the snow as shown in figure E. Particular care should be taken in this operation to avoid what skiers call "edging" or trailing the inner edge of the inside ski when you turn slightly to one side or the other in executing the Stem. You correct this tendency—which is a turn in its infancy—by shifting your weight laterally onto the inside ski as shown in figure D, depicting the left and right Stem turn.

The movement from parallel skis to braking position should always be done gradually and rhythmically by increasing the pressure *outward* from the heels. Later when you execute this movement on snow, you will find that a couple of bounces from the crouch to erect position and back to crouch will help immensely. This bounce is merely a slight jump which briefly sends the body upright, followed immediately by a crouch. Duplicating bounces without snow is a little difficult, but one complete cycle in less than two seconds should give you the idea and will certainly facilitate your movement on the floor.

Remember that slight tendency to turn above? Here is where we can capitalize upon it. Keep in mind that any object rotated rapidly in a circle has a tendency to fly away from that circle. So we use that outward pull in turning to increase the weight on the *outside* ski, barely keeping the inside ski flat on the snow. (figure D)

Take a good stance. Now as you bounce into the snowplow position, lean outward to the right with the weight on the right foot, and sink the right shoulder slowly down and rotate it forward and up, just like you are shoving your

shoulder forward under a wheel. Performed in one sweeping movement, you will turn 30 or 40 degrees to the left *even on an unpolished floor.* It is the same to the right. Lean left, weight left, rotate the left shoulder down and forward and up. Presto, a right turn. No mirrors, no hooey; just technique. Confusing at first? Its exactly the same turn you would make on roller skates, except that you accent an off-balance effect of the body *outward,* because the skis will correct it later. You'll be able to make turns readily after thoroughly grasping this fundamental.

This off-balance effect incidentally, is highly important when traversing a slope, that is, running the hill horizontally. You must always lean *away* from the hill, for should you lean into it—a natural tendency with beginners—you will turn yourself downhill. Parenthetically, here we might remind you once again of the dangers of edging—that is keeping your skis flat across their width. In hill traversing, edging as such, is not only bad skiing, but since it forces the skis to pull apart, is responsible for a large percentage of broken ankles recorded by careless skiers every year.

Which is why skiers attempt as soon as possible to graduate to the Stem Christiania turn, one step more involved than the Stem turn but a darn sight more efficient, and exactly midway in technique from the beginners turn to the pure Christiania or parallel turn. In the Stem Christiania, you proceed as for the stem turn or snow-plow turn described above. But as the rotating movement begins, slide the heel of the light foot (inner, or pivot foot) inward toward the outside foot so as to shift the weight equally onto both feet. You continue rotating forward until the turn is completed. The result is a considerably quicker turn executed with far less effort. Accentuated even further, with a bounce midway to stop the turn brings you to a right angle braking position in the direction you are traveling. But remember, if you brake from a Stem Christie, always bend your knees way down—it leaves the fillings in your teeth. If you don't bend, the jar is terrific.

To recapitulate operation Stem Christie. Take your stance, weight well forward. Slide the feet apart at the heels, lean the body outward, rotating the shoulder forward on the outside, bend the knees for a crouch bounce, slide the inner foot back to parallel and then return to an erect position. You've made the turn. To perfect this turn takes a considerable amount of practice, and it is not advisable to try it the first time out. Certainly not before you have perfected the Stem turn. The risk of edging with an improperly performed Stem Christie, is quite considerable until you have perfected the flat-foot technique.

Closing with a word about the pure Christiania turn. This turn is executed exactly as above without first going into the Stem position, but merely advancing the outside foot an inch or so beyond normal stance position. Then rotate the upper body forward with emphasis on the shoulder as you bend into a crouch and rise again rhythmically. You have the Christiania, which paradoxically enough is easier on a floor than the other two simple turns which must be mastered first. The simplicity with which the Christie can be mastered—on our practice floor—is not your key to immediate success. It is a whale of a turn but the unexpected results on snow are explosive.

All skiing is safe only in proportion to the speed of your practiced reflexes. In the Christie, action can be unexpectedly fast and the accomplishment must be approached with caution. So be careful about being flamboyant and you have a lot of skiing fun ahead of you right now—beginning with that space on your own polished floor.

One word of warning. Watch yourself all the way through these self-taught lessons for a tendency to do everything on your toes. Keep your weight on the toes but your heels flat as possible. Later when you get on skis, the harness will help in keeping the heels back. But even then your effort should be to press the heel and not merely rest the weight on the harness. Happy skiing. —THE END

Man to Man Answers

[*Continued from page 62*]

curve, or is that an optical illusion? Curtis E. Harvey, Lake Hamilton, Fla.

A. Long hitters like a fast ball. And a baseball really curves. This has been proved in several ways. Did you ever get a nice slice on a golf ball and see it start straight and then pull out of the fairway? A spinning ball sets up a low-pressure area on one side and the ball is drawn in that direction.

Q. What is the percentage of Greek words in the English language? J. Mitchel, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. Few of our words are straight Greek, but many spring from Greek roots. The classical language department of New York University tells us that of the 20,000 most common English words about ten per cent are derived from the Greek. This percentage increases with the less common words.

Q. What is a "vaquero," mentioned in your September issue? V. W. Murray Wright, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. A Spanish word, derived from "vaca," a cow, and meaning cowherd. It is used in the southwest and in Spanish-American countries for "cowboy." Also, in the southwest it is sometimes used with a capital "V" for Querecho, probably because of similarity in sound. The Querecho Indians are the eastern or buffalo-hunting Apaches, who once roamed as far east as central Texas.

Q. A friend bets a man on horseback cannot kill a deer with a .22 rifle. I say a .22 will kill a deer and a man can get closer if he is on a horse. Henry F. Kielek, Baltimore, Md.

A. I knew of two moose killed with a .22 rifle and another killed with the old .25, which was only a slightly overgrown .22. In all cases the range was short and the hunter placed his shot perfectly. A man on horseback would find that almost impossible to do. High-power rifles kill big game because they can crash through to a vital spot. A .22 bullet will kill only if bone does not stop or turn it before it reaches brain or heart.

Q. A friend and I killed a snake and when we cut it open, six little snakes squirmed out. We believed the mother swallowed her young for protection but a book we consulted denies that snakes ever do this. Mrs. J. C. Windle, Idaho City, Idaho.

A. Many similar experiences undoubtedly have given rise to the belief that snakes swallow their young. Some snakes are viviparous, producing their young as do animals. What you did was perform a Caesarean. Your six little snakes had never been born.

Q. Which is faster, the P-47 or P-38? Allan Demunbrun, Houston, Texas.

A. Army Air Corps information names the P-47 as faster.

Build It Yourself

If, like some other married males, you have to get up on the morning after a party and clean up the debris, you will appreciate the merits of the Silent Butler, otherwise known as First Assistant for the Morning After. With his help, you can make short work of those littered ash trays, piled to the ceiling, it seems, with ashes, butts, and other assorted relics of gaiety. The S.B. is also useful to have around for the general run of normal, day-to-day ash tray emptying; instead of walking out to dump each ash tray separately, you just put the contents of all of them into the Butler, and then empty him when you get around to it.

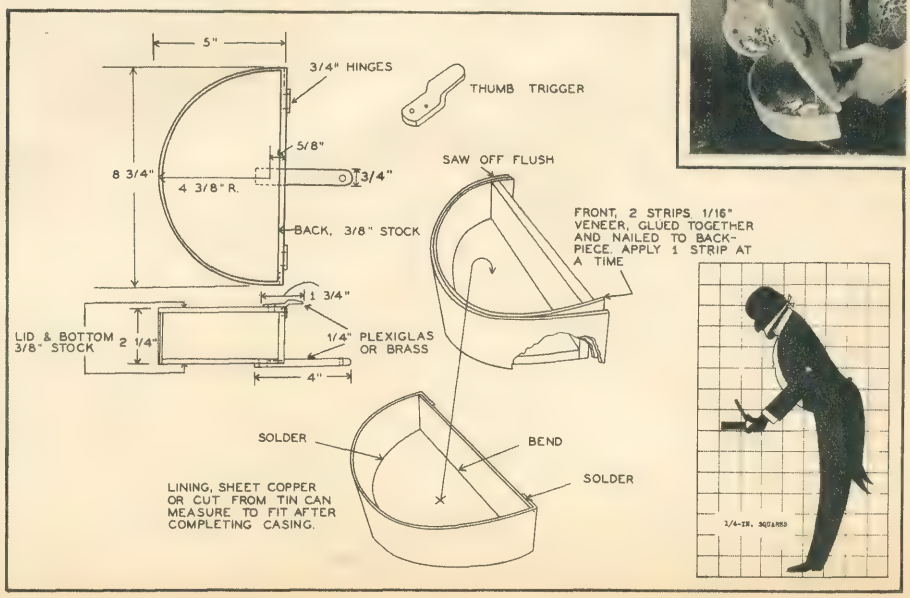
To make the Butler you will need some ⅜-in. or ¼-in. pine or mahogany, two strips of 1/16-in. veneer, a piece of plastic or brass for the handle and thumb trip, two small hinges, and some sheet copper or an old half-gallon tin can for the lining.

Cut the back and bottom pieces as shown, and fasten them together with glue and brads. Next, bend a strip of the veneer around the front, gluing it along the curve of the bottom and gluing and nailing it to the ends of the back piece. The second veneer strip can be applied immediately, and is glued to the outer surface of the first strip. Do not use brads on this second strip, but clamp it at the ends until dry. Be sure it makes contact with the first strip all around the arc before clamping. When dry, remove from the clamps, saw off excess veneer and sand the whole box smoothly. The lid is simply a flat piece, attached at the back with the two hinges and sanded flush with the box around the edge.

Next, attach the thumb trigger and handle at the center of the back edges, top and bottom, respectively. Use small screws for this purpose, filing off the ends if they go through the wood. The Butler is now complete except for metal lining and finishing. The lining is very simple to make. Simply cut two pieces of thin copper or tin, with a scissors, to the shape shown in the sketch. The lining follows the contour of the inside of the Butler, and should fit snugly but easily. Clamp the two pieces together in correct relationship and solder along the curved seam, on the underside. Then bend about a half-inch of the metal around the back at each end and solder there, too. File off any rough spots and insert the lining in the case.

Give the outside a couple of coats of enamel of any desired color. When dry, copy the silhouetted figure of the Silent Butler on a piece of paper (use quarter-inch squares as a guide) and transfer him to the lid with carbon paper. Paint him in black and white, using a small, fine-pointed brush.—**Roland Cueva**

SILENT BUTLER



Double Life of Mr. Hobby

SEE PICTURE ▶

The man whose hobby is model railroading has a natural eye for small details. He knows their value in producing a pleasing general effect. You'd expect such a smart fellow's discerning taste to show itself in his clothes, too, and you'd be right. TRUE, The Man's Magazine, gives you this month Bill Hobby, model railroader, who gets a double kick out of life by making his everyday appearance yield as much satisfaction as his hobby.

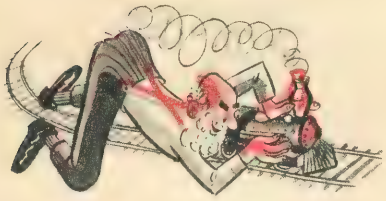
A good appearance bucks you up and gives you a sense of well-being, and it won't hurt you in your career, either. With a model railroad man's appreciation of detail, Bill dresses well and even manages to achieve a personal individuality without being outlandish—no easy accomplishment.

Take a look, for example, at his broadcloth shirt in the pictures on front and back of the color page opposite. It's different from the shirts worn by most men, but not *too* different. The collar is an English type known as a tab collar. It is usually worn with a collar pin to hold it firmly around the tie, which is knotted a trifle tighter than the large-knotted tie of Bill's friend behind the track layout. Also, the shirt is more colorful than most men wear. It has a close-spaced maroon and gray stripe on a white ground—not loud or garish, merely a little different. You'll remember this Bill Hobby when you meet him again. Making a hobby of his appearance has done that for him, and it pays big dividends.

Bill's foulard print tie has a varicolored paisley classic palm-leaf pattern on a reddish background which harmonizes with the maroon in his shirt. Because the blending colors are soft and the pattern diffused in outline, the result is an additional touch of color without harshness or bad taste.

That's a slightly different belt, too. The redwood shade harmonizes with shirt and tie; the calfskin leather is embossed in a plain line design. The buckle is brass.

The trousers of Bill's worsted suit are solid blue, a few tones lighter than the usual navy. It is not, however, that bright, busy blue that makes a man stand out like a platinum blonde in a white-satin bathing suit found [*Continued on page* 101]



Model Railroading

BY JOHN DURANT

Model railroad men have reproduced in exact scale about everything real railroads have done except span the United States. The driving in of a tiny golden spike by Woolworth figurines marking the union of the east and west coasts is not, of course, a serious goal, but if it ever should take place, it will at last answer the complaint of the 200,000 model railroad men in this country. Their complaint is that there is never enough room.

No matter how extensive a man's railroad layout is, he is never quite done with it. There is always something he wants to add—track, cars, bridges, terminals—if there were only more room.

One way the hobbyist combats this problem is by reducing the size of his equipment, by going into a smaller gauge, which creates more relative space without extending the walls of his home. For instance, a man using O gauge (the largest of the three standard gauges) can install, let's say, 1,500 feet or about 15 scale miles of track in his attic. If, however, he substitutes HO gauge (the smallest one and half the size of O) he can have 30 scale miles instead of 15 and use twice the amount of rolling stock on it. Even so, if he follows the normal course of all model railroaders he will, in time, begin to look longingly at warehouses and armories as his tracks crowd his attic walls.

The hobby began in England where the steam locomotive and railway were born. Some hobbyists claim that when James Watt and William Murdock built the first model locomotive in 1786, they founded the hobby—some thirty-nine years before George Stephenson produced the first real steam engine to run on rails.

The two Scots were undoubtedly testing an experimental model, for keeps and not for fun, nevertheless it is true that model railroading is older than the real thing. Anyway, England was producing models for hobbyists in the 1830s.

It wasn't until 1871 that the first American small-scale locomotives were put on sale. They started no craze, mainly because of their prohibitive cost, nor did subsequent pint-sized efforts during a good many years. It took the Big Depression of the early 1930s really to popularize the hobby. Before that, the few model railroad addicts were, with some justification, thought to be composed mainly of skilled mechanics and slightly eccentric millionaires. When bad times forced people to stay home evenings and entertain each other, model railroading came into its own. The depression-born boom kept soaring and today it's at an all-time high, a 30-million-dollar-a-year business to the country's 8,500 retail sources of models and supplies. There are about 400 model railroad clubs in existence whose membership, almost totally male, includes such names as Eddie Anderson (Jack Benny's "Rochester") and Vincent Astor; and the National Model Railroad Association, a countrywide organization, holds an annual convention and draws fans from every state.

The two extremes in the model world are the "tin-platers," who use the ready-made, out-of-a-department-store-window toy train equipment, and the micrometer men, who build everything from scratch in exact scale with painstaking fidelity to the prototype or to a free-lance design incorporating mixed features. The craftsmen modelers often don't care much whether the thing runs or not.

Between these two poles are the remaining 95 per cent of the fans who assemble scale models from commercial kits, adding some of their own hand-wrought parts and perhaps a bit of tin-plate equipment when nobody is looking.

According to a recent national survey, the average fan is 34 years old, married, a high-school graduate, and makes $3,400 a year. His hobby costs him about $10 a month and chances are that he is a skilled mechanic, an executive or a professional man. The odds are 100 to 1 against [*Continued on page* 101]

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF MR. HOBBY—
Model Engineer
true

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF MR. HOBBY—
Model Father

Double Life of Mr. Hobby

◀ **SEE PICTURE**

[*Continued from page* 98] sitting in your coal bin. The coat for this suit—see Bill as a Model Father—is double-breasted and conservatively cut. No overpadded shoulders, no fancy-pantsy too-wide lapels.

Note the lack of pattern in the suit. Wearing a patterned tie and shirt, Bill, a clothes hobbyist, would not wear any more patterns in his turnout. The overcoat, you'll observe, is also solid-color.

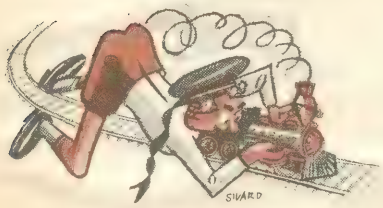
His railroading friend in the first picture, though conservatively dressed, shows a few noteworthy features. The collar on his white shirt has points long enough to go under his vest. The large tie opening requires a bigger-than-usual knot in his slate-blue rep tie . . . a mild Hollywood touch. The suit, which looks solid gray, on closer inspection would turn out to be wool sharkskin, a hard-finished, long-wearing, press-holding material. Sharkskin is woven in neat small patterns and at a distance gives the effect of a solid color. This suit has a tiny dot-and-square pattern.

At home, Bill, Jr., hasn't given Papa a chance to take off his hat and coat. That's a snap-brim brown felt, a trifle different because it's finished in slightly furry nap, which gives a soft color and feel. The band is black, also a distinctive touch.

The overcoat is camel's hair in natural tan shade. These coats are very light, soft and warm, but their delicate nap makes them perishable. The light color means many trips to the cleaners. They're in good taste and distinctive, though, and to a man like Bill Hobby, worth the expense and trouble.

In the pocket, there's a new American idea in gloves. The pigskin glove in natural shade has a tan knitted wool lining that can be slipped out and worn as a wool glove. The leather cover is good for driving, or for extra-cold weather, and keeps the wool from wearing. The wool lining can be washed or renewed. The combination is good-looking and practical; Bill Hobby goes for something like that.

(For the names and addresses of stores near you that feature the items described, or similar merchandise, see page 132.)



Model Railroading

[*Continued from page* 98] his being a farmer. He owns his own home, where he devotes 290 square feet of space to his hobby (about equal to the floor space of one average-size room), and he runs his trains on an elevated wooden roadbed.

One thing all model railroaders insist on is fidelity to scale wherever it is possible. The usual child's doll house may have a miniature footstool larger than the bed next to it, or a lamp the size of a stove. Model railroaders will have none of this. They are forced to make a few allowances, such as larger-flanged wheels to keep their trains on the track as they whizz along at impossible scale speeds, but except in some mechanical concessions, mostly unseen, scale size is rigorously adhered to. Scale weight, however, is out of the question, for if it were maintained, a 20-inch locomotive would be too heavy to lift. Scale speed is usually disregarded, too, because if a train traveled at a speed in proportion to its size, it would crawl along at turtle pace.

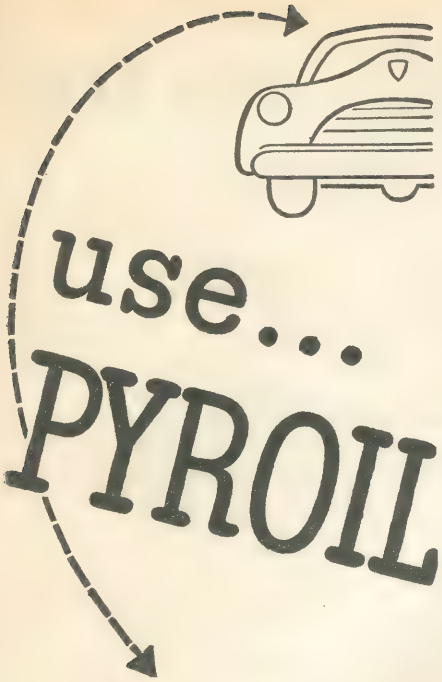
The basis for scale is the gauge, the distance between rails. There are several gauges, but 97 per cent of all tin-plate and scale-model equipment is confined to three of them—O, OO, and HO, with the last-named the smallest and most popular. O gauge, the largest, is scaled at ¼-inch to the foot, a ratio of 1 to 48. Thus, an 80-foot Pullman car shrinks to 20 inches in O gauge and everything else on the line keeps to the same scale—tunnels, trackside buildings, trees and animals. HO is half the size of O (the Pullman would be 10 inches long here). Between those two is OO, but not halfway between; it is an odd size, nearer to HO than to O, and is the least-used gauge. The gauges don't mix any more than they would on real railroads and it would be unthinkable for a model railroader to put, say, an O cow in an HO barnyard or vice versa.

The pursuit of accuracy in scale has inspired many a model railroader to exhibit a brand of patience that probably hasn't been seen since the heyday of the medieval monk. An example is H. S. Williams of Falconer, New York, who has spent thirty-three years working on his miniature circus train, a detailed replica that transports a complete three-ring prototype circus.

But these men, the meticulous and skilled craftsmen, are examples of only one side of the many-sided hobby. For the amateur artist, the man who has a flair for scenery painting and constructing diminutive villages and farms along the line, there are unlimited possibilities. So are there for the man who likes to operate and co-ordinate a complicated system of time-tables and work out knotty problems in car-switching operations. In such miniature railroading, all the operations of a real railway system are performed in scale time, with a clock ticking off an hour every five minutes. Many model railroaders consider the running of a man-size railroad a cinch compared to the split-second decisions they have to make on the Lilliputian lines.

Rail hobbyists are banded together in a strong camaraderie. Correspondence between them is brisk; they swap ideas and equipment and exchange model railroad passes. Printed to look like real passes, these are invitations to visit one another's layouts. No model railroader is long a stranger in any city.

The hobby is not as costly as it looks. Most of the elaborate layouts are operated by clubs, with expenses shared. If a man prefers his own layout, he can start, as most fans do, by putting together a single car, the parts of which cost only a dollar or two. A section of track comes next as a rule, then a locomotive, followed by more cars, their number depending upon how large a layout a man wants. He can pay as he goes along, and if he's handy with tools, he can reduce expenses to almost nothing by making much equipment himself. Some men are satisfied with a layout small enough to fit over a dining-room table. They stow it in sections in a closet and bring it out on railroad night. This satisfies some men—until they can get more room.—**THE END**



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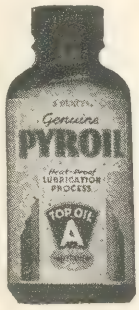

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A Dog on Trial

[*Continued from page* 55]

object. This talk about Kentucky has no bearing on the case and tends to prejudice my witness in favor of the defense."

"Objection sustained," Judge Reed said. "Please confine your questioning to the facts of the case, Mr. Fink."

Albert Fink was all apology. "I beg the court's pardon, but I just thought it an interesting coincidence. You see, I was born in Crescent Hill myself!"

Judge Reed's face reddened and he reached for his gavel. "Mr. Fink, I warned you to confine—"

"I beg your pardon, Your Honor," Fink interposed humbly. He turned quickly back to the witness, who was now beaming down at him. "Now, Piney, you told us you were afraid of hitting some of the sheep. By that you mean that dog and sheep were all mixed up together, don't you?"

"Yes, suh, they sure was," Piney said.

"Half the time you couldn't even see the dog, could you?"

"No, suh, Mistuh Fink. That's right, suh."

"Then tell me this: *How could you be sure which was doing the attacking, sheep or dog?*"

Piney's mouth dropped open and he stared abashed. Finally he stammered: "Well, I never heard tell of no sheep attackin' a dog."

"But you admit that you couldn't even see the dog half the time. During that time the sheep might have been attacking the dog, isn't that right, Piney?"

"Well, I suppose they *might,* suh, but—"

"At least you wouldn't *swear* that the sheep did not attack the dog."

"Well, no, suh—"

Orton started to rise to object again, but Fink suddenly shifted his line of questioning and he sat down.

"Piney, you saw Dick after his battle with the sheep, didn't you?"

"Yes, suh."

"Wasn't he limping and bleeding after fighting those big rams in the herd, covered all over with blood?"

"Well, I didn't see him limpin', Mr. Fink, suh," Piney said. "But he was sure covered with blood."

"He must have bled bad, eh, Piney?"

"Yes, suh, I reckon he bled consider'ble."

"Thank you, Piney. That's all."

Albert Fink glanced toward the jury and permitted himself a faint smile as Orton rose to his feet, visibly ruffled. "Jackson, you know perfectly well it wasn't dog's blood you saw. That was sheep's blood on the bloodthirsty brute. Wasn't it?"

Fink rose to object to the leading question, then apparently thought better of the idea and sat down.

Piney hesitated. He gazed helplessly from Orton to Fink, then addressed his answer to Fink.

"Well, suh, I guess I don't rightly know the difference between the looks of sheep's blood and dog's blood, but it shore looked like that dawg had bled some."

Orton called the next witness quickly. "Charles LaFarge."

LaFarge took the stand and was sworn in. He merely stated facts. Twenty-eight sheep had been killed, an outright loss of $420 to his company at the market rate of $15 each. They were no good for meat since they had not been properly slaughtered. The pelts were in poor condition and of little if any value.

Albert Fink listened complacently and said he had no questions to ask LaFarge.

As his first witness, Fink called a young man named Tillman Price to the stand. Price was at this time superintendent of the Pilgrim mine, which adjoined the Pacific Cold Storage Company's grazing range. Fink, whose legal business kept him in Nome most of the time, had been boarding his string of dogs, including his star wheeler, Dick, with Till Price.

"Till, tell the jury exactly what happened on that morning of August tenth," Fink said.

Price's voice was like velvet, soft and innocent of all guile.

"You mean about Dick and the sheep, don't you, Mr. Fink?" he asked.

"Yes, that's right."

Price crossed his legs comfortably on the witness stand and faced the jury. "Well, gentlemen, of course I keep the rest of Mr. Fink's dogs tied up. But Dick and I—we've always been good friends. Every morning he used to trail along with me when I made the trip along the ditch line to see how the work was going. Now there are plenty of loose dogs around those parts, and they get to scrapping with each other once in a while. But I tell you this—as those of you who know Dick will know for yourselves—though he's never been licked when he was attacked, Dick never in his life jumped another dog first. He always fought on the defensive, never the offensive."

Price spat casually into the cuspidor, which had been conveniently provided beside the witness chair, and continued in a completely assured manner. "On the morning that the sheep attacked Dick, the two of us were going along minding our business when all of a sudden Dick stopped, stuck his nose in the air and began to sniff. The hair along the ridge of his back was standing right straight up. Me, I couldn't smell a thing. But I stopped anyhow and got down from my horse. Dick came up close to me, whimpering as though he was scared to death. His tail drooped and he was crying like he thought he was going to be murdered.

"Well, I petted him a little, but I didn't see anything to be scared about. So I tethered my horse and went on down to see how the boys were getting along.

"About ten minutes later I heard this terrible commotion up above. I ran to see what it was all about. I got to the top of a little hogback and there I saw a great big bunch of sheep baa-baa-ing their heads off, and right in the middle of 'em was Dick—poor fellow, they'd simply run right over him, a whole avalanche of them. The herder was trying to get

in and separate the sheep that were trying to annihilate Dick. But he wasn't having much luck. They were giving Dick a terrible beating and, like the herder said, he was bleeding bad and trying to fight his way out.

"At last he made it to the edge of the pack somehow. Well, his right ear was hanging down, bitten right through and there were other marks on his head too. And blood! I never saw the like of it. He was bleeding in a dozen places, and there was blood dripping from his mouth, where a ram's horn had cruelly lacerated him."

Lawyer Fink sat looking very sad.

"In short, gentlemen," Till Price went on, "he showed every sign of being attacked in overwhelming numbers. Now I know Dick never started a fight in his life and I know he didn't start this one. He defended himself against that stampede as well as he could, until he could finally escape."

Till Price sat down.

At last Ira Orton got a grip on himself and leaped to his feet. "Your Honor, I wish to cross-examine."

"Take the witness, Mr. Orton," Judge Reed told him in a dry tone.

"Mr. Price." Orton was trying to keep control of himself. "Do you expect these twelve intelligent men on the jury to believe that a herd of sheep attacked a wolf-dog?"

"I admit it don't happen that way so often," Till Price said suavely. "But with my own eyes I seen them savage rams trying to gore the life out of him. And they pretty near did it, too."

Orton's face grew a shade redder. "Price, if you knew as much about the sheep business as I do, you'd know that ever since Pacific Cold Storage started up here in the North their herds have been preyed upon by these vicious wolf-dogs whose owners, with complete disregard for the property rights of others, have allowed them to stray from their kennels and literally massacre thousands of defenseless sheep. The idea that that big brute of Fink's was attacked by a pack of innocent sheep is sheer idiocy.

Price recrossed his legs and spat once more. "All I know, sir, is that when my peaceful companion, Dick, had forced his way through that stampede of murderous rams, he was darn near a total wreck. As far as I could see, those rams

TRUE MAGAZINE

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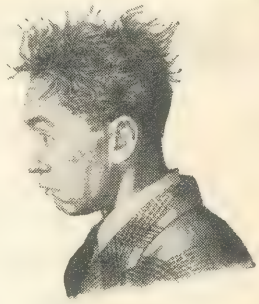

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were goring each other to death trying to get at him, and it's no wonder so many of them got killed!"

Orton let out a gasp and sat down. He just couldn't think of anything else to say at that moment. A titter of laughter went around the courtroom. Judge Reed rapped for order, then called for a brief adjournment.

When the court reconvened, Orton got a grip on himself and in his address to the jury reiterated the more obvious points of the case in a well-organized manner. He pointed out that neither his client nor his client's sheep were at present on trial, so that even in the remote event that they did do the dog some injury, it would have no bearing on the case.

At the end of his speech, Albert Fink rose and began to talk in a quiet voice.

"Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, you have heard again and again the claim of the plaintiff that he suffered the loss of twenty-eight head of sheep. It is true that the defense does not deny this. The twenty-eight sheep which lost their lives during their attack on my dog have presumably been counted, and we accept the plaintiff's reckoning.

"But gentlemen, please consider another side of the story. Think for a moment of the loss to me and to the whole North. Until those cowardly sheep attacked him, Dick was unblemished—not a scratch or a mar on him—one of the champion wheelers of Alaska. And what do I get back into my kennels? A poor broken-down wreck of a dog with an ear half torn off and a look in his eye like he's about to go mad any minute from the suffering he has endured. You heard Mr. Price's story of the unwarranted attack, which the plaintiff's witness, Piney Jackson, does not dare deny. Why should I be made to suffer monetary loss, gentlemen, because my great dog repelled the attack of these bloodthirsty sheep, which disfigured him forever and nearly killed him. *I* should be bringing suit against the plaintiff!

"But money is really only incidental, gentlemen. What I want is vindication for the good name of Dick. I want his name to stand clear in the records of Alaska. Therefore I am going to produce him in court. Judge for yourselves, gentlemen. See the effects of the mental and physical torture he went through at the hands of these murderous mutton—and see too, when you look at him, whether you want to brand him for posterity as a marauding killer of sheep. If you do, I'll gladly pay the amount demanded in this action!"

Fink stepped to the door of an adjoining room and threw it open.

A huge white Malemute with black streaks along his back came padding into the courtroom, head and tail held erect.

The battle scars on his head were evident, particularly the torn ear which drooped like the comb of a sick rooster while its mate was cocked straight up. But aside from this, Dick did not look quite like a candidate for a sanitarium. He nuzzled his master affectionately, then trotted confidently around the cleared space of the courtroom, stopped for a moment before the jury, waving his tail briskly as he recognized someone he knew—Bill Bunger, the foreman.

"Gentlemen of the jury, just look at Dick," Fink said sadly. "That mangled ear, that glazed stare in his eyes. Is Alaska a dog country or a sheep country? What are we coming to when our dogs, who share with us pioneers the credit for building this great land from a barren waste, can no longer go about their peaceful business without fear of being overrun by thundering herds of mutton? Is there a man among you who actually believes that this great trail Malemute would stoop to attack mere sheep?"

Fink paused dramatically, his eyes meeting those of each juror in turn. Then abruptly he said: "I've finished, gentlemen. The choice is yours. All Alaska awaits your verdict."

Fink sat down and a flutter of excitement spread over the courtroom.

Judge Reed rapped his gavel to indicate that all testimony had been heard and that the case was now closed and had passed into the hands of the jury. He cleared his throat and delivered his charge to them, instructing them that they were to determine, solely on the basis of the evidence presented, the amount of the damages, if any, which were justly due the plaintiff.

The jury listened with solemn faces, and when he had finished they rose and started toward the door leading into the little lean-to attached to the court building, which served as the jury room.

Then something happened.

Through the open windows of the courtroom, faintly at first, drifted what was fast becoming an all-too-familiar sound in Nome—the baa-baa-ing of sheep being herded through the streets to the Pacific Cold Storage Company's slaughter house on Snake River sandspit. As the flock drew closer, to pass directly beneath the window, the dub-dub-dub of hundreds of hoofed feet sounded through the courtroom.

The spectators at the trial, accustomed to the sound, paid scant attention. LaFarge glanced up from the table, and his face registered satisfaction. These would be some of his own sheep, coming in from the Sawtooth rangeland.

The jury had already started through the door of their jury room, when suddenly the Malemute Dick, who had been drowsing by Fink's chair, leaped to his feet. He sniffed the air and let out a

TRUE MAGAZINE

blood-curdling yelp. The passion of all his wolf ancestors, his sheep-hating, sheep-killing ancestors, rang in that cry.

In three great bounds he cleared the courtroom. He stood poised an instant, his tongue lolling out and literally watering, before jumping to the window sill.

Albert Fink's gasp was audible all over the room.

"Dick!" he called sharply. His face had gone a little pale. As the dog hesitated, he lunged across the room himself and grasped him around the neck.

"Poor old Dick," Fink comforted him in a loud clear voice. "Don't be afraid. I won't let those wild sheep hurt you!"

The spectators who so far had behaved well through the trial could hold back no longer. A roar of hilarious laughter swept the courtroom, followed by frank applause for Fink. The jury, who had come back to see what the excitement was about, laughed too.

Ira Orton jumped to his feet in sputtering rage. He shouted:

"Your Honor, this trial has been a farce, a travesty on justice! *'Does any man believe that this great trail Malemute would stoop to attack mere sheep?'* Those were Fink's very words. Well, just look at that dog now! I defy Fink to let go of him. There'd be dead sheep all over the streets of Nome and he knows it!"

Fink turned half around.

"I should like to point out, Your Honor," he said, "that the counsellor is out of order. The case is now closed and in the hands of the jury, and any such attempt as he is making to influence a jury officially in session is a criminal offense subject to severe penalties."

Orton got so mad he came over and waved his fist right under Fink's nose. "This is a frame-up to defeat justice! I'll take this to a higher court, to Washington, if necessary, and expose this outrageous swindle—"

"Mr. Orton!" Judge Reed's gavel banged down so hard that it dented his table. The laughter in the courtroom subsided. The judge himself had to pause a moment to regain a thoroughly serious and severe manner.

"Any more such remarks on your part, Mr. Orton, and I shall be forced to hold you in contempt of court. Now be seated. You too, Mr. Fink. The sergeant-at-arms will remove any person among the spectators who creates any further disturbance. I order the dog removed from the courtroom immediately."

Fink carried Dick to an attendant. Judge Reed waited until the courtroom had become entirely quiet once more.

He began in grave, measured words: "I am aware of certain irregularities in presentation of the evidence in this case. I have already instructed the jury to give serious consideration to the credibility of the witnesses and of the testimony they have given. I admonish them again to do this in reaching a verdict. However, it is my legal duty to direct them explicitly to disregard any behavior they may have observed in the dog in question *after* the closing of the case and its submission to the jury. According to law, such behavior can have no bearing on the case. The jury must also disregard the recent remarks of both Mr. Fink and Mr. Orton, which were wholly uncalled for. Now retire to the jury room, gentlemen, and consider your verdict."

In a little less than ten minutes the jury came filing back again and took their places in the box. The courtroom was instantly silent. Judge Reed, who had stepped out for a moment, was summoned and took his place once more.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?" he asked.

Bill Bunger stood up. "We have, Your Honor."

"And how do you find?"

Bunger's florid face was somber as he read from the verdict form, duly filled out: "We, the jury impaneled in the case of the Pacific Cold Storage Company versus Albert Fink of the City of Nome, Alaska, find Albert Fink blameless of any responsibility in the death of twenty-eight sheep, the value of which the plaintiff seeks to recover, since in the light of the evidence, upon being attacked—the dog acted purely in self-defense. We direct the payment of no damages and recommend that all charges against the defendent Albert Fink be dismissed."

Bunger hesitated, and those of us in the front row caught the sly glance he exchanged with the rest of the jury as he continued:

"We further recommend that—this aims to be a dog country." —THE END

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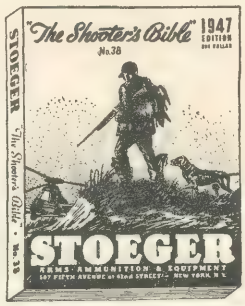

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The North American Navion

[*Continued from page* 57]

Both front seats slide fore and aft. When they are forward, rear-seat passengers can step in easily, then the seats are slid back for pilot and front-passenger access. It is not necessary to step on the upholstery at any time. The front seats have enough space between so that, if desired, a rear-seat passenger can come up and relieve the pilot or copilot. Front-seat cushions are removable, and the rear seat has "no-sag" spring and Airfoam upholstery, with arm rests.

The tour demonstrator was finished with two-tone cloth for seats and cabin lining—a sort of chocolate brown, with a deep tan for contrast. A dark brown carpet covered the floor, except for a rubber matting under the rudder pedals. The dual control wheels were of plastic, in brown and cream, with the right-hand wheel detachable. The cabin, which looked better than I may have made it sound, was spick-and-span—the feminine influence, no doubt.

With the mixture control at idle cutoff, Betty primed the engine two strokes, turned on the ignition, and stepped on the starter button. As the engine caught, she set the mixture control on full rich, then called the tower while the engine was warming up. It was a busy period on the field, but Betty got an okay in a couple of minutes over the phones.

"Go ahead and taxi out," she said. "Use Runway Thirty-six."

With the steerable nose wheel, you simply sit back and guide the ship by the rudder pedals. Gentle turns, sharp turns—it makes no difference, even if you're taxiing fairly fast. As we rolled along the taxistrip, I suddenly remembered there weren't any brake pedals. We were at the moment catching up on an Eastern Air Lines DC-3.

Betty pointed at the brake lever between us, which has a thumb trigger for parking. I tried it out, and the brakes are definitely quick-acting. (It was about this time when Bill Shippen decided to fasten his belt.)

The Navion has unusually good visibility, especially in taxiing, as you can look down over the nose at a 12-degree angle. Lucite windshield and cabin windows give an all-around view, the frames between them being so narrow that you have practically 360-degree visibility. The only place where this does not hold is at the rear, where the tear-drop canopy is wider for stiffening. But a rear-view mirror gives you a clear picture of the runway behind. I did not have any trouble seeing a couple of C-47s pushing close behind us.

Two DC-4 air liners, TWA and AA, were waiting to turn into the runway. The Eastern DC-3 ahead of us stopped and we pulled up, too, waiting for clearance. Betty took over while I made some notes on the instruments. The panel is well arranged, with indirect lighting on

TRUE MAGAZINE
"If you must know, Alfred gave it to me. When he was turning over in bed."

nine standard dials: altimeter (nonsensitive), air-speed indicator, tachometer, oil-pressure indicator, oil-temperature indicator, fuel gauge, fuel-pressure indicator, ammeter, and magnetic compass. The panel is rubber-mounted to absorb vibration. At one side is a glove compartment with a button release, and there is also a separate map case. The cabin is equipped with an automatic cigaret lighter and four built-in ash trays.

The DC-3 pilot had been looking back at Betty from his perch, (we were slightly to the left and about fifty feet behind) and I saw him grin as he started a half circle into the runway. Quite obviously he thought we were going to take a blast from his slip stream. Betty grabbed the throttle and whisked the Navion to one side, leaving the gent in the Eastern ship visibly disappointed.

Betty locked the canopy while we were waiting for an incoming plane, then ran the engine up to 1,950 r.p.m. to check revs and pressures.

"We run this engine at full throttle, from take-off to landing," she told me. "That's the manufacturer's recommendation. You control your speed with the prop."

It was an unusually warm fall day, and with the canopy closed the cabin was getting a bit stuffy. (The air circulating system does not deliver real pressure until after the take-off.) But in a few moments the tower cleared us into the runway.

"Take off with flaps up," suggested Betty. "I want you to see how quickly the ship gets off."

With the steerable nose wheel linked to the rudder pedals, holding a course down the runway was as simple as guiding a kiddie car. When the air speed hit 50, Betty motioned for me to lift the nose wheel. We had a moderate wind and the ship got off in about 500 feet, at an indicated speed of 60.

(With full flaps, according to manufacturer's figures, it would have made it in about 400 feet, air speed 56. With no wind, the ground run is 695 feet, flaps half lowered, and the Navion will clear a 50-foot obstacle with a 1,536-foot run. At full load, the take-off speed is around 65.)

Flipping a small knob retracts the landing gear. I felt the main wheels come up into the wells; the red light came on in about ten seconds. With the prop in low pitch, we got up to 100 m.p.h. (best climbing speed) before the altimeter showed 400 feet. The ship had no rate-of-climb indicator, but the altimeter showed a plus-800-feet one minute after the gear came up, so the official 800-feet-per-minute climb, at sea level, would seem to be correct.

By the time we turned out of the traffic pattern, the ventilating system was circulating fresh cool air through the cabin. I soon discovered that the minus 12-degree angle on the nose tends to fool you in a climb. We were at 3,100 feet before I realized it, and still climbing fast. I trimmed the elevators with the knurled wheel on the instrument board, and we cruised along, parallel with the Potomac River.

For a few minutes, we held a speed of

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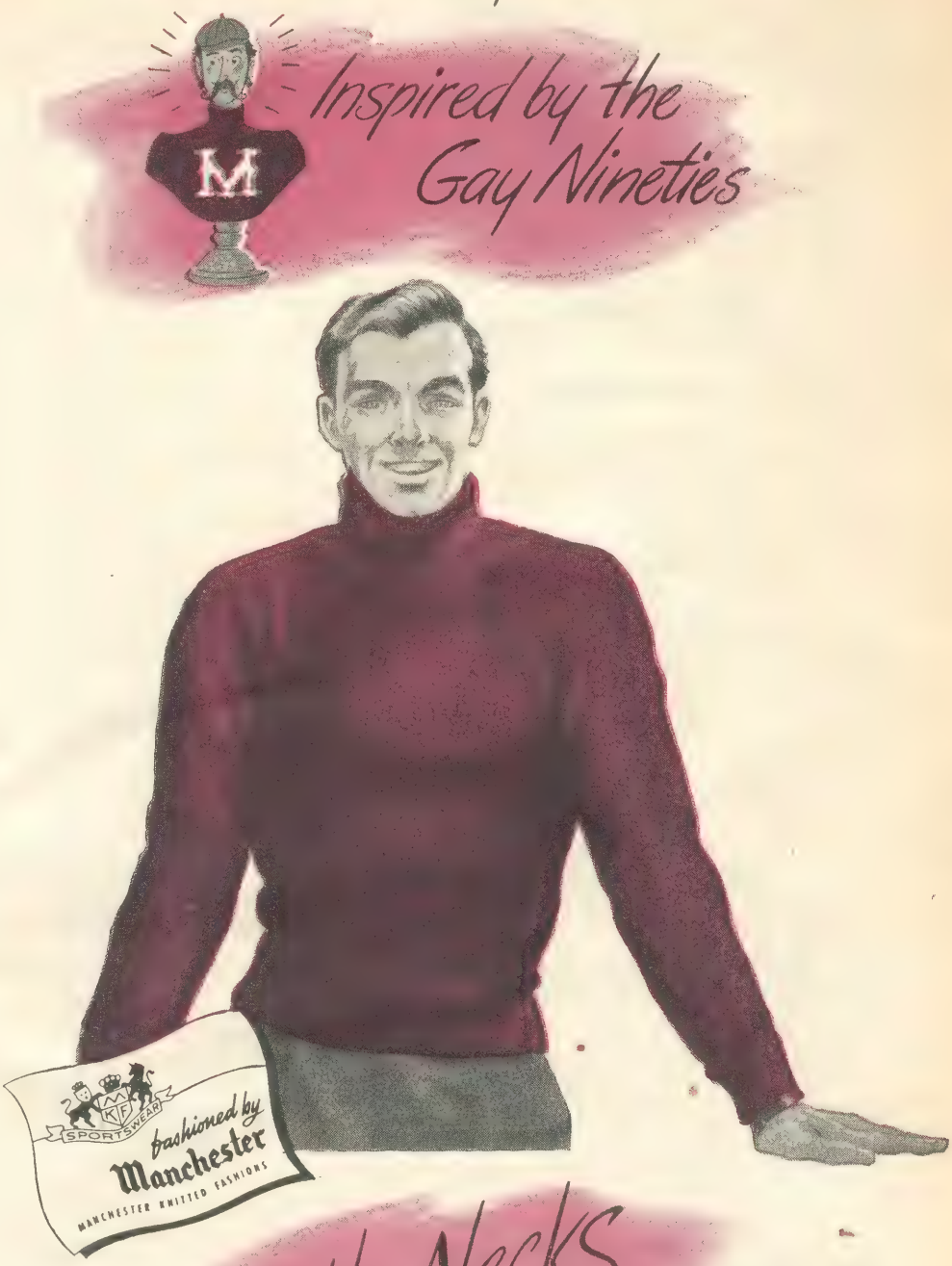

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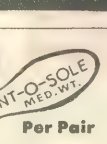

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115, the most economical cruising rate. At this speed, the Navion has a range of 700 miles. At its maximum cruising speed, 150, the range is reduced to 550 miles.

Not concerned too much with North American's fuel bill, I eased the prop up to a higher cruising pitch. The speed went quickly to 138, took a few moments longer to hit 150. Top speed in level flight is right on the nose at 160. Since the engine was already at full throttle, we got this speed by changing the prop to its highest pitch.

The Navion's air-speed indicator is red-lined at 200 m.p.h. so that pilots will not exceed this rate in a dive. I nosed down a trifle and the air speed went up to 175, without any appreciable tightening up of controls. Easing the wheel back, I used up the excess speed in a climb to 4,000 feet.

"What's the service ceiling?" I asked Betty.

"Fourteen thousand." She looked dubiously at the clock. "But I don't think we have time right now. Maybe tomorrow, after the other demonstrations—"

"Don't worry," I said, "I don't want to check it. I was just asking."

"Oh. Well, I'll be glad to show you later, if you wish. We've already proved it's a good mountain ship. A number of pilots in the western states have ordered Navions for utility work, carrying cargoes over the mountains. Incidentally, that rear seat can be removed by taking out four bolts and two clips, and it gives you forty-six cubic feet of cargo space."

"How much extra weight would you figure?"

"The engineers recommend a four-hundred - and - thirty - five - pound maximum, with the rear seat out, or six-hundred-ten pounds if you also take out the right-hand front seat. That gives you an additional nine cubic feet."

The Navion carries a total useful load of 1,070 pounds (this isn't figuring the 200 pounds overload Ed Ryan mentioned.) You can divide it in several ways. Here's the setup for a passenger ship:

Pilot and three passengers, 680 pounds (a pretty hefty 170-pound average, by the way). Luggage, 81. Oil (10 quarts) 19 pounds. Fuel (40 gallons) 237 pounds. Complete navigation instruments, night-flying equipment, two-way radio, heater, etc., approximately 73 pounds. Total useful load, 1,090. (Gross weight, 2,750, empty weight, 1,660.)

One medium-lightweight pilot could carry quite a cargo load, and even a 200-pounder would do all right.

Cutting the speed back to 140, I tried out the Navion in hands-off flight. With the elevators properly trimmed, it is an easy plane to fly by the rudder. I also found that it holds steep banks well. In a fairly steep bank, climbing or level, you can bring on a stall with up-elevator and the Navion will recover by itself, rolling to the outside of the turn.

In the straight stalls, there was plenty of warning. In the first pull-up, with gear and flaps up, buffeting began at 62 or 63 m.p.h., and the full stall came at an indicated 57. The ship mushed down with no tendency toward a spin. In a simulated landing, with gear and flaps down, throttle closed, the indicated stall speed was 52. Since this is two miles under the official flap-down landing speed, I checked it two or three times, with a pull-up at 45 degrees to initiate the stall. The indicator still showed 52, but more precise instruments for measuring stalling speeds would probably show 54 as the correct figure.

By the time we had finished the stall tests, we were almost above the Marine Corps base at Quantico, Virginia. I swung back toward Washington, but as we came in approach range the tower told us to hold until three or four air liners were cleared in and out. I asked Betty about a practice landing at Hybla Valley, a field which would approximate landing conditions at a small-town airport.

"Go ahead," she agreed. Circling across to Hybla, I reduced speed to 90 and Betty tripped the gear knob. This lets the gear go down from its own weight. In case it fails to go down, there is a bungee overcontrol which will pull the gear down and lock it. The green light flashed on in three seconds after Betty flipped the knob.

We came in with flaps full down, 40 degrees. It is possible to use intermediate settings, but full flaps make landings easier. The best gliding speed is 75. After the flare-out, the main gear touched ground at 56. By shoving the nose down immediately, I put the nose wheel on and secured full directional control in spite of a slight cross wind.

The ground run, against a moderate quartering wind, was a trifle under 500 feet. (I could be off 50 feet either way.) Landing run with no wind is listed as 605 feet; over a 50-foot obstacle, 1,129 feet.

Taking off again, we got an okay from the Washington tower and Betty took over for the airport landing. As we were taxiing in, I made a final inspection of the cabin to be sure I hadn't missed anything. That's when I noticed a red handle, forward on the raised floor section between the front seats.

"Emergency release handle for the canopy," Betty explained. "It doesn't jettison the canopy, just flips it back, wide open."

Though this might never be used, it would be handy to know that you could whip the canopy open in case of a forced landing in rough terrain. You wouldn't have to worry about being caught in the cabin with a jammed "greenhouse."

On the way into the private-plane apron I got a few more facts. Optional equipment includes (1) a night-flying kit, with flares and landing lights (running lights are standard). (2) A two-way radio kit, transmitter, receiver, antenna, earphones. (3) A cabin heater, consisting of a 20,000-B. T. U.-per-hour combustion heater. (4) Navigation instrument kit, with turn-and-bank indicator, sensitive altimeter, and clock.

Every standard model is equipped with internal wiring and fittings for quick installation of these optional devices. North American will be able

to turn out thirty Navions a day by the time this appears in print.

Lucky owners who can afford it will get a de luxe plane with comfortable accommodations for four, superior performance, and wide usefulness for the price: $6,100, plus delivery costs—about $200 in the East. If you live in California, you pay an added sales tax. The company gives a warranty covering six months, or 100 hours' flight time.

After Betty cut off the engine, the four of us climbed out. Ed Ryan was waiting with some newspapermen and CAA officials scheduled for demonstration flights.

"Well, how was the photographer's model?" he asked me, with a wink at Betty. "Add anything to your story?"

"The model was fine," I said. "Sorry I can't say the same for your ship. Couldn't get over a hundred-thirty, even with the nose down. And we almost spun out of a stall."

The news lads' eyebrows went up, and Ed's face, I am gratified to report, turned a nice shade of pink. But I hadn't reckoned on the two Wasps.

"Don't you believe it, Ed," exclaimed Betty. "Even with all his kicking it around, the ship didn't come near a spin."

"That's right," put in Jane Howard. "And I was watching the air speed. The performance figures clicked perfectly."

"Okay," I told Ed. "I withdraw the charges. I am old enough to know you can't argue with a woman. Certainly not two."

Ed checked two reporters and a CAA chap off his list and they followed Betty over to the Navion. I glanced at Ed's flight schedule.

"Quite a crowd you've got lined up there," I said.

"Well, it's a good plane," said Ed.

"Sure, but there have been other good ships here. They didn't draw—" I stopped. Betty was stepping up onto the wing, and the three males were watching appreciatively.

"Yep," I said, "it's a darned good plane."

Those North American guys are no fools.

NORTH AMERICAN NAVION

Engine: 185-hp. Continental

Specifications

Wing span	33 ft. 4½ in.
Length	27 ft. 8 in.
Height	8 ft. 7⅝ in.
Weight empty	1,660 lbs.
Useful load	1,090 lbs.
Gross weight	2,750 lbs.
Maximum speed, sea level	157 m.p.h.
Cruising speed, @ 3,500 ft., 70% power	150 m.p.h.
Economical cruising speed, @ 3,500 ft., 50% power	115 m.p.h.
Stalling speed	57 m.p.h.
Landing speed (flaps 40°)	54 m.p.h.
Rate of climb, @ sea level	800 ft./min.
Service ceiling	14,000 ft.
Economical cruising range	700 mi.

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How Red Spies Operate in America

[*Continued from page 27*]

Comintern exists and continues to work, because the Soviet leaders have never relinquished the idea of establishing a communist dictatorship throughout the world. . .

"Taking into account least of all that this adventurous idea will cost millions of Russian lives, the communists are engendering hatred in the Russian people toward everything foreign.

"To many Soviet people here abroad, it is clear that the Communist Party in democratic countries has changed long ago from a political party into an agency net of the Soviet Government, into a fifth column in these countries to meet a war, into an instrument in the hands of the Soviet Government for creating artificial unrest, provocation, etc. etc.

"Through numerous party agitators the Soviet Government stirs up the Russian people in every possible way against the peoples of the democratic countries, preparing the ground for the third world war.

". . . I have seen how the Canadian people and their government . . . wishing to help the Soviet people, sent supplies to the Soviet Union, collected money for the welfare of the Russian people, sacrificing the lives of their sons in the delivery of these supplies across the ocean—and, instead of gratitude for the help rendered, *the Soviet Government is developing espionage activity in Canada, preparing to deliver a stab in the back of Canada*—all this without knowledge of the Russian people.

"Convinced that such double-faced politics of the Soviet Government toward the democratic countries does not conform with the interests of the Russian people and endangers the security of civilization, I decided to break away from the Soviet regime and to announce my decision openly. . .

"I am glad that I found the strength within myself to take this step and to warn Canada, *and the other democratic countries, of the danger which hangs over them.*"

That night, behind the locked doors of their small apartment, Gouzenko told his young wife, who had come with him from Russia, of his decision to unmask the Soviet espionage ring. As he finished talking, Gouzenko nodded toward the room in which their 3-year-old son was sleeping.

"But," said Gouzenko, "I am afraid for him—and for you. We must be very careful."

All of the next day Gouzenko mapped his strategy. He decided to go to a newspaper office and put the truth before an editor. In a free country, he reasoned, a free press will be able to warn the people of their danger. But in the newspaper offices they regarded him curiously, grinned at his strange accent.

It was nearly dark when he returned to his apartment. Across the street, half hidden in the shadows, two men were standing. They moved toward Gouzenko as he slipped through the door, barred it behind him and motioned to his wife to remain silent.

There was a knock on the door. Someone called:

"Gouzenko!"

He recognized the voice as that of Under Lieutenant Lavrentiev, a driver for the Soviet Military Attache.

Gouzenko and his wife remained silent but their small boy began crying.

Gouzenko's next move is described in the testimony of a non-commissioned officer of the Royal Canadian Air Force:

"My family and I were out on the balcony . . . when Mr. Gouzenko came over from his balcony and asked if he could speak with me. I told him he could speak with me, if he had something to say. He asked me if the wife and I would look after their little boy if anything should happen to him and his wife.

"So about this time I figured maybe we should go inside, so we went into our apartment, and, while in there, he said he figured that the Russians were going to try to kill him and his wife, and that he wanted to be sure that somebody would look after his little boy if anything should happen to them.

"So, after a bit of a conference, my wife and I decided we would look after him, because we didn't want to see him stuck with nobody to look after him should anything happen to them."

The action that followed is described in the terse, highly factual words of the Royal Commission Report:

> "On coming out the back door of the R.C.A.F. non-commissioned officer's apartment, which opens onto a balcony, both men saw a man walking along a lane at the back of the apartment house. . . . Gouzenko became so apprehensive that he asked the N.C.O. if he . . . could be taken in by them. . . . The R.C.A.F. man thereupon, on his own initiative, set off on his bicycle for police assistance. . .
>
> "Two constables, Walsh and McCulloch, in a prowler car, were sent to the apartment and arrived there sometime after 7 p.m. They interviewed Gouzenko in Apartment 6 and he told them he was a member of the Russian Embassy and had information of value to Canada. He told the police officers he thought he was being trailed and he wanted protection. . . . Arrangements were accordingly made that the police officers would keep the apartment building under surveillance and that, if their help was needed, the light in the bathroom of Apartment 6 was to be turned out. In the meantime it was to be kept on.
>
> "Between 11:30 and midnight, four men arrived in the building and proceeded to Gouzenko's apartment,

Number 4. They knocked. . . . The NCO, occupying the adjoining apartment, thinking it was the police returning, opened his door. The men in the hall asked if he knew where Gouzenko was, but he said he did not.

"Then they continued knocking, but, not getting any answer, went downstairs, as though to leave. Instead . . . they returned quietly, knocked again and then broke in the door and entered. The NCO . . . could hear this operation. . .

"The police . . . arrived. The door was not closed tight and the two constables entered and found the lights on and the four men evidently ransacking the apartment. One who turned out to be Vitali Pavlov, the second Secretary and Consul of the Embassy proper, and head of the N.K.V.D. in Canada, was in a clothes closet. One, in uniform, identified as Lieutenant-Colonel Rogov, the Assistant Military Attache, Air, was in a closet just off the room into which the constables entered, which, in the opinion of the constables, he was engaged in ransacking.

"Walsh asked what the men were doing there. Pavlov, who did practically all the talking, said they were Russians and they were looking for papers which belonged to the Russian Embassy; that the owner of the apartment had left town and was in Toronto and they had his permission to go into the apartment and get what they wanted.

"Walsh remarked that it was funny, if they had permission, that they had broken the lock to get in, and he picked up from the floor the keeper of the lock and said:

"'This does not look as if it has been done with a key. You must have used a bit of pressure to get in and from the marks on the door you did not put them there with your fingers.'

"Pavlov then said the premises were Russian property and they could do as they liked. Rogov said the constables had insulted them and Pavlov ordered them out, but the policemen refused to go. . .

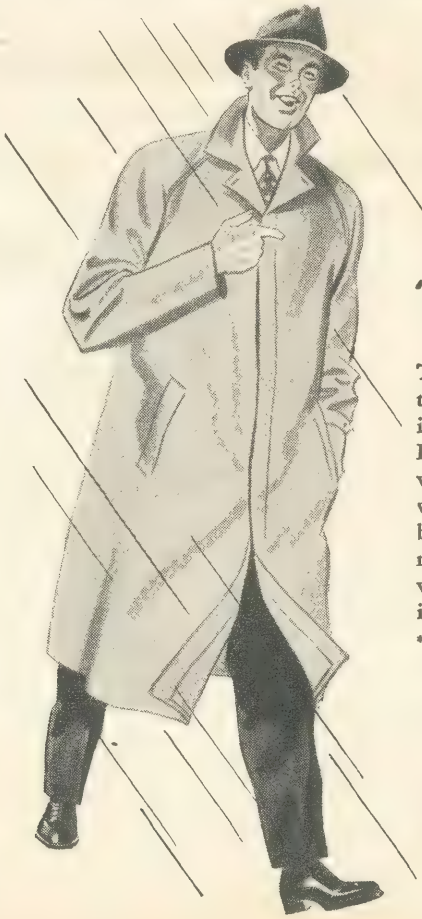
"The Inspector ultimately arrived and sized up the situation. He asked the members of the Embassy to remain while he went out to make some inquiries, but while he was gone they left. . .

"On the morning of the 7th of September, Gouzenko was taken to the office of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police where he turned over his documents, told his story and asked to be kept in protective custody, as he feared for his safety and that of his wife and child. . .

Gouzenko's action had explosive effect. His documents named names, stated hard, cold facts.

The espionage ring was not confined to the members of the Soviet Embassy. It spiraled to high places, followed a labyrinthine course into the very vitals of the Canadian Government itself.

Royal Canadian Mounted Police ar-



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rested Fred Rose, Member of Parliament, on charges of violating the Official Secrets Act of 1939. Rose had been born in Lublin, Poland, of Russian parentage on September 7, 1907. He came to Canada in 1920, attained Canadian citizenship, was elected to Parliament in 1943 and re-elected in 1945.

One piece of documentary evidence converning Rose, taken from the Soviet Embassy by Gouzenko, was pure dynamite:

> "Previously worked at The Neighbors (N.K.V.D.) up to 1924. In May-June, 1942, came to Davie (Russian agent) with a proposal to help. Davie checked up on Fred through New York. The Neighbors proposed to make use of Fred. . ."
>
> There was other damning evidence in that brief case of Gouzenko's.

According to the list of cover names for Soviet agents, Rose's aliases were Fred and Debouz. In a cable to The Director in Moscow, Zabotin said: "Debouz received the data from a conversation with officers who had taken part on the Western Front. . ."

Zabotin's mailing list to Red Army Intelligence Headquarters in Moscow for January 5, 1945, also indicated that Rose had reported specific information obtained in a secret session of Parliament on November 25, 1944.

From Rose the trail led in a bewildering number of directions. The Royal Commission soberly reported:

> "Perhaps the most startling single aspect of the entire Fifth Column network is the uncanny success with which the Soviet agents were able to find Canadians who were willing to betray their country and to supply to agents of a foreign power secret information to which they had access in the course of their work, despite oaths of allegiance, of offices, and of secrecy which they had taken.
>
> "Many of the Canadian public servants implicated in this espionage network were persons with an unusually high degree of education, and many were well regarded by those who worked with them in agencies and departments of the public service, as persons of marked ability and intelligence."
>
> Brought into the investigation were men of this caliber: (In parentheses are the cover names given them by Colonel Zabotin.)

Raymond Boyer, Ph.D., a member of the staff of McGill University and a valued senior worker with the National Research Council, a highly respected scientist with an international reputation in chemistry. He was a man of very substantial independent means. (The Professor)

Israel Halperin, Professor of Mathematics at Queens University, Kingston, Ontario, and a major in the Directorate of Artillery engaged in important phases of research. (Bacon)

Durnford Smith and Edward Wilfred Mazerall, graduates of McGill and the University of Brunswick. Both were top men in the National Research Council of Canada. (Badeau and Bagley)

David Gordon Lunan, loaned by the Army to the Wartime Information Board and later to the Canadian Information Services, Editor of Canadian Affairs, responsible official of the Information to Armed Forces section of the Canadian Information Services. (Back)

David Shugar, who held a Ph.D. degree in physics from McGill University, had been employed by Research Enterprises Ltd., Toronto, a Crown Company engaged in producing radar and other scientific equipment, later officer in the Canadian Navy in the Directorate of Electrical Supply. (Prometheus)

J. S. Benning, who held responsible administrative positions in the Department of Munitions and Supply. (Foster)

Harold Gerson, administrative official in Allied War Supplies, Ltd., in the Department of Munitions and Supply; and the War Assets Corporation. (Gray)

F. W. Poland, officer in the Directorate of Intelligence of the R.C.A.F. and later Executive Secretary of the Interdepartmental Committee on Psychological Warfare. (No cover name)

Kathleen Mary Willsher, graduate of the London School of Economics of London, England, who for many years held a position of confidence in the Office of the High Commissioner of the United Kingdom of Ottawa. (Ellie) (Elli)

The insidious way in which the Soviet Agents preyed on the widely varied susceptibilities of potential espionage dupes is strikingly illustrated in their approach to Captain David Lunan.

One morning on arrival at his office, Captain Lunan found an anonymous note inviting him to meet an unidentified person at a corner of Rideau Street in Ottawa. The person proved to be Lieutenant Colonel Rogov of the Russian Embassy, one of Colonel Zabotin's assistants. He did not give his name to Lunan but handed him a typewritten document in English. It read, in part:

> "You only will know me (as Jan) but nobody else."

The sheet of instructions then listed a number of cover names and definite instructions for information to be procured by each. It ended with these phrases:

> "If your group has the documents, which you will not be able to give us irrevocably, we shall photograph them and return. . .
>
> "I beg you to instruct every man separately about conspiracy in our work.
>
> "In order not to keep their materials (documents) at your place, it is advisable that you receive all their materials (documents) the same day you have the meeting with me. . .
>
> J.
>
> "P.S. After studying burn it."

The investigation of the Soviet Agents into Lunan's background had been a thorough one. Among the records taken from the Soviet Embassy by Gouzenko was a dossier which showed Lunan had been carefully studied from every angle.

This read, in part:

"Length of Time in Net—from March, 1945.

"Financial Conditions: Receives around $200 a month. Needs material help occasionally.

"Biographical Data: Born in Scotland in 1912, is married. By education he is a journalist. Came to Canada in 1938. . .

"He is a member of the Labor Progressive Party. He shows great interest in the political life of Canada. He is well disposed to us. His job is not stable, he may be demobilized. He does not want to remain in the Army. After the war he plans to work as a journalist on one or other of the periodicals published in Montreal or Toronto."

On each of the Registration Cards or dossiers concerning Canadians, in the Soviet Embassy files, was printed the specific phrase: LENGTH OF TIME IN NET. The date which followed usually marked establishment of definite contact with anyone who might be used as a spy. The choice of this single word net was descriptive of the cunning methods used to ensnare men and women in the upper I.Q. brackets.

According to the findings of the Royal Commission, money had nothing to do with the original motivation of those who became involved.

The first approach was invariably made on a basis of political ideology. Once the first contact had been made, the Soviet agents, with Machiavellian technique, began to gnaw at the self-respect of their often befuddled victim.

The case of Dr. Allan Nunn May, Canadian scientist who furnished the espionage ring with information on atomic research, was typical of the Soviet approach.

In his written statement to the Royal Commission, Dr. May vividly described the process:

> "About a year ago whilst in Canada, I was contacted by an individual whose identity I decline to divulge. He called on me at my private apartment in Swail Avenue, Montreal. He apparently knew I was employed by the Montreal laboratory and he sought information from me concerning atomic research. . ."

Now, to leave Dr. May's confession and flashback to one of the Soviet records taken by Gouzenko, we find this revealing report by an agent on his early contact with the nuclear scientist:

> "It has become very difficult to work with him, especially after my request for Ur 235. He said that as far as he knows, it is absolutely impossible to get it. . . He refuses to put down in writing anything and does not want to give a photograph or information on himself. . . I think that at present he has a fuller understanding of the essence of my requests and he has a particular dislike for them. . . With such a trend of thoughts as he has . . . it is impossible to get anything from him

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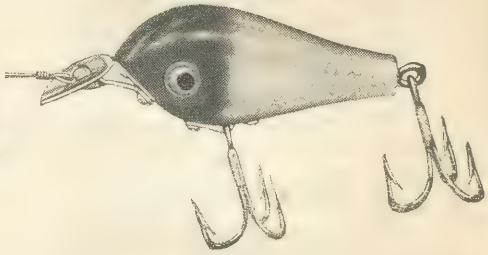

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with the exception of verbal descriptions. . ."

But Moscow is not going to let Dr. May escape so easily. From The Director in Russia, this cable is received in Ottawa:

"To Grant: . . . Try to get from him before departure detailed information on the progress of the work on uranium. Discuss with him —does he think it expedient for our undertaking to stay on the spot; will he be able to do that or is it more useful for him and necessary to depart for London?

(Signed) Director"

Returning to Dr. May's statement, we find indication at this point of painful befuddlement:

"I gave and had given," he said, "very careful consideration to correctness of making sure that development of atomic energy was not confined to U.S.A. I took the very painful decision that it was necessary to convey general information on atomic energy and make sure it was taken seriously. . . For this reason I decided to entertain proposition made to me by the individual who called on me."

Now, from Colonel Zabotin's secret cipher room in Ottawa, is flashed this cable to The Director in Moscow:

". . . Alek (cover name for Dr. May) handed over to us a platinum with 162 micrograms of uranium 233 in the form of oxide in a thin lamina. . .

(Signed) Grant"

Finally, in Dr. May's confession, we find the Moscow clincher:

"The man (Ed. Note—) the Soviet agent was later identified by Gouzenko as Lieutenant Angelov, one of the secretaries of the Military Attache, gave me some dollars—I forget how many—in a bottle of whisky and I accepted these against my will. . ."

There was, too, in Dr. May's statement, this revealing, almost pathetic conclusion:

"The whole affair was extremely painful to me and I only embarked on it because I felt this was a contribution I could make to the safety of mankind. I certainly did not do it for gain."

England's Mr. Justice Oliver, however, took an extremely dim view of Dr. May's inner conflict.

"How a man in your position," he said in part, after listening to a plea for leniency, "could have had the crass conceit, let alone the wickedness, to arrogate to himself the decision of a matter of this sort, when you yourself had given your written undertaking not to do it, and knew it was one of the country's most precious secrets, when you yourself had drawn and were drawing pay for years to keep your own bargain with your country—that you could have done this is a dreadful thing. I think you acted not as an honourable but a dishonourable man. I think you acted with degradation. Whether money was the object of what you did, in fact you did get money for what you did. It is a very bad case indeed. The sentence upon you is one of ten years' penal servitude."

According to Gouzenko's documents, Dr. May's net return on the deal was $700 (Canadian) and two bottles of whisky. Plus, of course, ten years.

In the Royal Commission Report there is this statement:

"The evidence before us shows that in the great majority of cases the motivation was inextricably linked with courses of psychological development carried on under the guise of activities of a secret section of what is ostensibly a Canadian political movement, the Labour-Progressive Party (Communist Party of Canada); that these secret 'development' courses are very much more widespread than the espionage network itself; and that the Canadian members of the espionage network themselves took an active part in directing and furthering such courses for other Canadians, which were calculated to allow them to draw suitably 'developed' persons later into active participation and thus to expand the network itself."

Another passage, worthy of deep study is this:

". . . By these means the technique of secret membership is calculated to facilitate essentially dishonest but not ineffective methods of propaganda in the interests of a foreign state. . .

". . . there would appear to be a further basic object . . . to accustom the young Canadian adherent gradually to an atmosphere . . . of conspiracy. The general effect on the young man or woman over a period of time of *secret* meetings, *secret* acquaintances, and *secret* objectives, plans and policies, can easily be imagined. . .

"An inevitable result of this emphasis on a conspiratorial atmosphere and behaviour even in political discussions, correspondence and meetings which are in themselves perfectly legal and indeed are the cherished right of everyone in a democratic society, would seem to be the gradual disintegration of normal moral principles such as frankness, honesty, integrity, and a respect for the sanctity of oaths."

Across the border in Canada, the investigation and trials which resulted from Gouzenko's fateful decision on that night of September 5, 1945, have shaken the very foundations of the country.

The significance, the repercussions of The Report of the Royal Commission may, in the final analysis, be the powerful weapon with which Democracy will defeat the insidious threat of Communism and communistic totalitarianism. —THE END

Baseball's Czar Speaks Out

[*Continued from page* 61]

Kentucky, he himself had attended the annual Derby, bestowing the cup on the winning owner.

"It'll surprise you," he laughed, "but I know what's going on behind the scenes in every club. Why, we've had right in this office this year a manager who thought he was getting away with card playing and attending races. His boss didn't tell me. I knew, and called him in. I warned him: 'You represent baseball. You have an obligation to the youth of America to conduct yourself as an example of the honorable, respected American citizen. We want no stigma placed against our country and its favorite game.' " His eyes flashed— "And that statement goes beyond gambling. A player must live a moral life, he must pay his bills. He must avoid entanglements with the law.

"And the same thing goes for owners. Yes, I have reinterpreted the rule against owners associating with horse racing. Judge Landis barred everyone. I bar race track operators only, but not breeders of horses. Why, dogs run don't they? And other animals can run, too, can't they? We'd wind up with barring everyone but the owners of pigs."

John W. Galbreath, one of the new owners of the Pittsburgh Pirates, was forced by Commissioner Chandler to dispose of his race track holdings before he could enter organized baseball. Bing Crosby also sold shares in his Del Mar track with the exception of a small block which he holds jointly with a brother. "Bing called me up and explained that his brother wouldn't sell. He said he's taken the matter into court. If he loses, he will continue to be mildly interested in a track, but in the spirit of my interpretation he has done all he could do. And I'm sure that no one doubts Bing Crosby's high place in the hearts of his countrymen."

Even before the '46 season began, a bombshell struck baseball. Mexican interests succeeded in inducing a score of major league players to jump their contracts. "Happy" pointed to the suggested outline of baseball principles. "I believe baseball is an instrument of peace which should be played in every part of the world for better understanding between nations. And organized baseball is prepared to go along with any other organization with decent rules and regulations subject to the laws of its own country. But if another nation makes our players jump their contracts and disregard our reserve clause, we'll fight them.

"The Mexicans did that. And I set up a five-year suspension against jumpers because that was the only way of rewarding our loyal players. Take Mickey Owen, for example. I made it possible for him and the others to return to the States by the time our season began. He turned the offer down. Later, he even tried to induce other players to break their contracts. Then when he discovered how bad conditions in Mexico really are, he came back.

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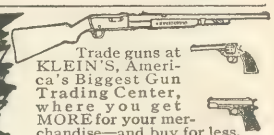

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"He begged me to reinstate him. His mother pleaded with me over the phone the other day. In my heart, I'd like to help her for she is a good woman, and Mickey's defection hurt her. But if I lift the bars for him, what will other players think? They'll believe that they, too, can take a chance, stay away for a time and expect us to greet them with open arms, when they learn the truth. Mickey made his own choice and must be penalized.

"As for the Pasquel brothers—did they come to me and talk things over? No. They secretly tried to influence our players. They openly attacked organized baseball as a monopoly. I had no other choice but to fight them."

The Mexicans succeeded in luring three leading St. Louis Cardinal players over the Rio Grande. In midsummer, Sam Breadon, Cardinal president, visited Mexico City. From that vantage point, he issued a statement praising the Pasquel brothers' efforts to popularize baseball in Mexico. During the All-Star Game in Boston last July, the major league owners met. Commisioner Chandler was in the chair. He fined Breadon $5,000.

No announcement of the fine was made to the press. The Commissioner impounded all moneys passing through his office to the Cardinal treasury. Breadon was unable to sell or trade players, or even to negotiate contracts, which, according to the rule, must be filed with the Commissioner.

Breadon permitted news of the fine and suspension to become public. Comment in the press varied from approval of Chandler's action to ridicule. "Breadon had no moral right to dicker with the Pasquels," the Commissioner told me. "He had lost three players to them, including Max Lanier, his star pitcher. He succeeded in inducing the Pasquels to agree not to make further raids on his club.

"But what about the other fifteen major league owners? Did he try to protect them? No!

"I didn't fine him because he went to Mexico to find out what was happening there. He had every right to do that—and I had no right to interfere.

"I fined him because he refused to answer my summons to him. A refusal to obey a summons from the Commissioner is conduct detrimental to the game. Suppose a player tossed a summons out of the window? Would he be permitted to get away with it? Suppose a player refused to obey the dictum of baseball law? He'd be suspended, wouldn't he?

"That is why I punished Breadon. Later, his representatives pleaded that the fine be remitted. I felt that exposure of his actions—the publicity was of his own making—was punishment enough. I remitted the fine."

"Happy" is proud of the manner in which baseball overcame its most difficult problem, that of labor-management relations. The American Baseball Guild organized the majority of the Pittsburgh Pirates into a trade union in June. A strike was barely averted. "We've made good headway in convincing players that their pay and contract demands have been satisfied and their position improved. It was my idea to permit players to name their own representatives to joint meetings with owners. Both sides approached these discussions with a fine attitude. The results speak for themselves.

"I also suggested the naming of a player representative to the executive council, giving the boys a chance to present their views at all times.

"If, in the future, players decide they want their own organization, I shall place no obstacles in their way. If they can speak for themselves without outside representation, such as Robert Murphy of the Guild, why get someone else? I speak sincerely when I say that I am here to see that players' interests are impartially protected.

"I told players and owners: 'Let's approach these problems one at a time. Let's not make every skirmish a war. Let's adopt the policy of give and take.'

"The conclusions reached prove that both sides understand the problems of the other. We've revised contracts. We've agreed on a salary floor. We've obtained concessions for pay during training. The player who is slipping but still in considerable demand can no longer be cut loose with a drastic salary reduction—he must be paid at least fifty per cent of his former salary.

"And we've protected the players' future by a sensible, generous pension plan. No longer will a man who has given the best years of his life to baseball be permitted to sink into poverty after his day of diamond glory is done. No longer will he receive charity hand-outs. Like any other faithful public servant his years of decline will be made happier by a guaranteed income and security.

"There'll be other progressive advances next year and the year after that. We've made a wonderful start.

"I've read attacks on the reserve clause, which enables owners to hold players between seasons. The player representatives agreed that it's the life of the game. Without it, the structure of baseball would collapse. It's the only guarantee of free competition as we know it and as the fans want it."

Touching on other points, the Commissioner described how his office investigates conditions in ball parks for the protection, comfort and convenience of fans. "The bad spots are being improved," he commented. "Soon every park will have the finest modern services." He was proud, too, of the manner in which ex-GIs have been protected against loss of contract rights due to their service in the armed forces. "One of the first things I did after becoming Commissoner was to study, expand and defend the fine pledges made by baseball to its GIs," he said. "Considering the thousands who went into the Army or Navy, we've had few cases of injustice."

He leaned forward. "And there's another matter I want to talk about." The former Governor of Kentucky, a state in which Jim Crow customs are generally observed, was emphatic:

"Baseball is played by every American boy. Regardless of his race, color or creed, its opportunities should be open to him. That's the democratic way—equality of opportunity."—**THE END**

Dark Guardian

[*Continued from page* 51]

"You can't use a women, heh? How about Playa de Caracoles? You almost got fed to the sharks, didn't you?"

"Hold it, Motley!" I said. "What do you know about Playa de Caracoles?"

She spoke of something we hoped was a dark secret.

"I tell you I know everything!" she retorted. "That man Garcia of yours hear men talk in cantina four days ago. Three days ago you an' him go to Las Charcas and Estebania, both dressed in cibilian clothes. You go as German doctor, Garcia go as your guide, and get away with it. You get caught, but they people there believe in him, an' he stay and get all the dope. He also get himself a woman who get him in hospital. . . ."

"All right! All right! So you know what happened to us down near Azua. So what? We got the information, didn't we?"

"Yes, an' next time you go out you get killed. *Teniente,* you bin here two years, an' don't know a white man stick out in *montes* an' *sabanas* like a big sore thumb? In two years ever'body know who you are? If I be with you you don't get caught, an' get more an' better information."

She didn't speak English as well as I seem to have made her speak it. She spoke a mixture of English and Spanish, both profane. There are Spanish words for many of the things Luisa mentioned, obscenely expressive. Luisa always used the expressive terms which can't be printed.

While I listened in amazement, Luisa told me what Garcia and I had just done. How we had got to Las Charcas, Province of Azua, driven at night by Motley, who had left us afoot several miles out of town; and we had walked on into the town. There I had posed as a German doctor, able to understand German and English. Garcia was simply my native guide. The idea was that people would talk Spanish freely in my presence and I would get a line on what was going on.

Luisa knew almost to the minute how long it had taken us to work our way, apparently without attracting attention, down to the Playa de Caracoles, on Ocoa Bay, where five native schooners were riding at anchor.

I was ostensibly studying the mosquito which carried malignant malaria, with which this area actually was deadly. I was scared. I carried two automatics in my belt under my coat, just in case. I'd get a general court-martial if I even touched a native, but if I got in a jam I'd take the general court rather than get killed.

Playa de Caracoles was just around Punta Martin Garcia from Barahona, where I had been in command of a prison for almost eleven months— and the inevitable happened. One of the members of the five schooner crews on the beach recognized me, and passed the word. I spent the afternoon and evening of a hideous day in the hands of blacks from

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Haiti. Saint Croix and Saint Kitts, during which they spoke freely of the arms they had aboard the schooner, how they were going to get them up through the Cordillera Centrales into the Cibao region—and what they were going to do with me to make sure I did not interfere! Their plan was simple, and they started swilling rum, and using the upended end of a gasoline drum as a tom-tom, to work themselves up to it. They were going to cut me into small bits with fish knives they carried in their belts, and feed me to the sharks.

For two hours about fifteen of us sat in a circle and discussed what was to happen to me. I had no voice in it. Garcia sat across from me with his back against a privy. I sat with my back against a tree. The filibusters formed the circle. I meant to fire all of my fourteen shots I could before the cutting started.

The getaway was actually simple. When dusk came, and I figured they were all drunk enough to start carving, I got up and started to walk. Garcia got up, too, and said to me in Spanish:

"Hey, how about the money you owe me for bringing you here?"

As we walked I argued with him. The blacks let us get about fifty feet away before they rose and followed. I cut into the brush and thorn trees, Garcia started running down the beach, yelling for me to stop, and firing his revolver. They followed Garcia instead of me. I made the main road in record time, flagged a car going the wrong way, rode it to Azua, rented another car and came back through Las Charcas at top speed. I reported to General Harry Lee next morning, and that started it. Garcia stayed with the contrabandists two days, then gave them the slip and came in with the rest of the information. The arms went into the Cibao by donkey train, where they were picked up. The legal end was handled by civil Dominican authorities.

Garcia had not returned when Luisa braced me, yet she had all the information. Even if Garcia had returned he would have told her nothing, for from the beginning those two hated each other's guts. If either ever lied to me, it was about the other. Garcia insisted that Luisa would trick me into a court-martial, Luisa insisted that Garcia would invent "intelligence reports" to keep himself in the limelight at headquarters.

"How did you get all this information, Luisa?" I asked her.

"That my business," she said. "I can always get more. You like, or no?"

"What do you want?"

"Job. Intelligence agent. Thirty dollars a month for me and house."

I hesitated. Money for this work had been alloted me. Luisa's reputation as I recalled it, seemed to make her a natural. I decided to talk with her, anyway.

On the point of telling her to ride with me to Fort Ozama, I considered. Motley had stiffened and I knew he didn't want her in the front seat with him. If I put her there she'd be insulted, too. She solved it herself by getting into the back seat with me, on the right side. In military circles the senior officer sits on the right, stands or walks on the right. Luisa knew this, as she knew everything.

"This make me big shot, *el jefe*," she said.

"Only," I replied, "I'll return salutes, if you don't mind!"

I rented a house for Luisa and her husband, Enrique Hernandez, at Number Five, Palo Hincado Street. To that house, in the six months that followed, came politicos, murderers, prostitutes, panderers, candidates' sons, ex-revolutionists, anybody and everybody in Santo Domingo I wished to see or hear. Luisa was as good as her boast. I wished to see someone? Fine. She sent for him or went and fetched him. I saw him face to face if he agreed to a meeting, listened from behind Luisa's locked bedroom door while she grilled him, if he refused to see me. She could make anyone talk, except Motley! She had a way with her, no doubt about it. I never doubted that she played square with me.

Luisa appointed herself my guardian. Because of her color it amused her to be referred to as my shadow.

Santo Domingo had had a stormy history, from the time of Columbus' governors, early sixteenth century, through the twenty-one years of Haitian occupation right after the Napoleonic wars, to the assassination of Ramon Caceres, the murder that resulted in our occupying the country to keep some European country from doing it to collect debts long payable. We had occupied the country, when I began my intelligence duties, just under seven years. Luisa had been a privileged character for all those seven years.

Now, Uncle Sam wished to withdraw his forces from Santo Domingo. Most Dominicans were just as anxious. But some were not. A revolution or even a riot would make it impossible. A free election was to be held, a president installed, a peoples' government established. A provisional president, J. B. Vicini Burgos, held office under American supervision temporarily. There were three important presidential candidates. Francisco J. (Don Pancho) Peynado, was the choice of the United States, a fact that was much bruited about. Horacio Vasquez and Federico Velasquez headed the Vasquistas and Velasquistas. People insisted on naming parties for their candidates, though they had official names.

Part of my job was to make sure that nobody assassinated any of the candidates. No representative of Vasquez or Velasquez worked with me, because they didn't wish any contact with Americans. Julito Peynado, son of Don Pancho, visited me often, sometimes at the Palo Hincado house where, in spite of his importance—his father had been Minister to Washington, his grandfathers and great-grandfathers had been presidents or candidates—Luisa razzed him unmercifully, and he enjoyed it.

Each candidate had his cabinet. Luisa claimed to know the members of these cabinets. If I challenged her, she produced whatever member I named. He might be angry and frightened, but he was there! Luisa's laughter often scared him, it never amused him.

During the turmoil of giving birth to

an election, Santo Domingo was a madhouse. Rifles and pistols were trickling into the country from German ships at sea, from South America and from the United States. Individuals lined their pockets with fancy prices for any small arms that would shoot. These were smuggled in, oiled, packed in rags and buried under floors, in caves, in the woods and in the mountains. Whenever I got word of a landing or a cache, I went to look or to dig. I took Luisa if I could not avoid it. If I sneaked away she showed up before I could get into any jams. She drove me crazy with her nursing, but I could never prevent it.

Hundreds of rifles and pistols were found and confiscated. My staff, besides Garcia and Luisa, consisted of a Turk who spoke seven languages and didn't know the truth in any of them, a gunnery sergeant named Daniel E. Shimel who chewed tobacco even in his sleep and tried to boss me, a bank president and male and female Dominicans whose pay ranged from eight to twelve dollars a month.

One night I went to the house on Palo Hincada when Luisa had been drinking. She almost never drank more than one jigger of rum. But sometimes she wondered what was to become of Fanie, her 6-year-old illegitimate daughter, and drank some extras. They gave her conniption fits. I'd never witnessed one of them. Her husband was trying to make her stop yelling. I heard the sound as I approached Number Five, and thought Luisa was being murdered. I hurried, went in without knocking. A big argument was going on. Enrique must do something about Fanie.

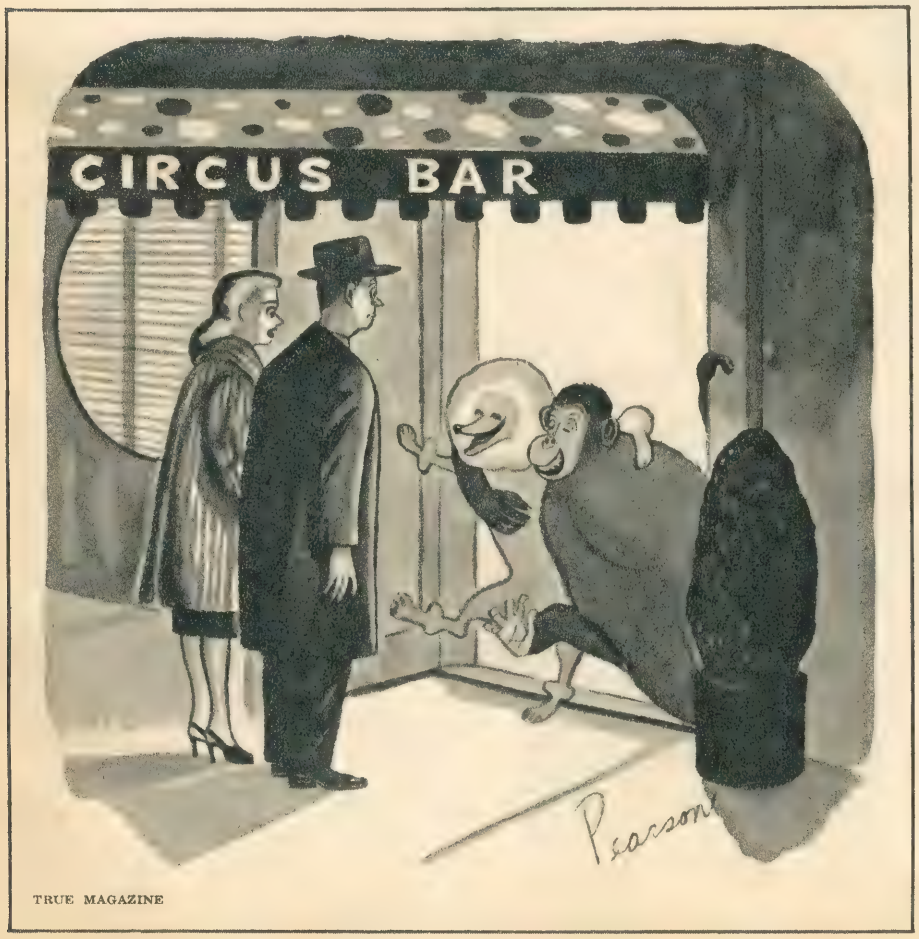
"You're her boss," said Enrique to me. "Do something."

I tried to divert her attention from the subject of Fanie. She didn't have a weeping jag, but a yelling one. She yelled louder. I yelled a question at her: was there any truth in the yarn I'd heard about her killing John Baptist, some years ago? John had reputedly put a bullet in her belly before she had killed him.

Juan Bautista (John Baptist) was a bandit who had never surrendered or been caught. Every Friday when people promenaded in Plaza Colon, he came out of the woods east of Villa Duarte and fired volleys into the city. He couldn't hit anybody in the Plaza. The Palace of Seven Presidents was in the way. But he had fun, expressed his independent spirit, and didn't disturb the promenaders.

There was a new Marine officer of the day at the sallyport of Fort Ozama, on the Santo Domingo side of the river, directly opposite Villa Duarte. Villa Duarte is the oldest suburb of Santo Domingo City, settled by Columbus before the Tower of Homage, inside Fort Ozama, was built. The officer of the day, a captain, grabbed his automatic, yelled at the sergeant of the guard and some members of the guard to follow him. They ran down the street to the bridge across Ozama River. John Baptist must be taught a lesson.

Luisa was approaching the sallyport with her usual armful of red roses. She asked the sentry at the gate what was



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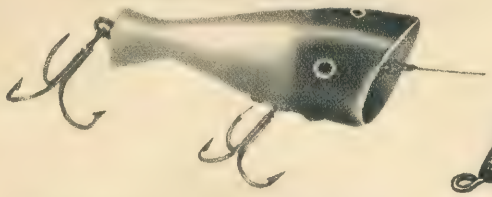

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happening. He told her. She grabbed the nearest automatic, dropped her roses and started running.

"Come back, you . . ." and she called the running marines many things they were not. "Juan's got a hundred men. He keel you all!"

Battle had been joined when she overtook the marines. The officer and the sergeant had been killed. She screamed at Bautista to cease firing, that the marines didn't know he was a kind of tradition. But Juan was irritated. He shot Luisa in the abdomen, knocking her flat in the road. She turned on her numb belly, held the automatic in both hands, and killed Juan Bautista with one shot.

That was the legend.

Luisa had never mentioned it herself, nor had I. Now her honor was being questioned.

"You think it not true?" she screamed.

She lifted her dress to her breasts and showed me a wound left of her navel. It could have been a bullet wound. Enrique nodded and grinned with pride. Luisa stood, holding her skirts. Lifting them had given her an idea. She disrobed entirely, except for her shoes. Before either Enrique or I could guess what she was up to, she had poured kerosene over herself. She said she was going to set herself afire. She didn't say how this would help Fanie. Enrique and I protested. She said she was either going to set herself afire or run into the street nude. So we sat back and told her to go ahead and light up.

She began to laugh. The crisis was past. She washed, dressed, and sat down with us.

She told me of a woman in San Carlos who had heard some men talking who had heard some other men talking. Arms had been hidden in the Caves of Santana, a mile west of Gazcue where I lived with my family.

The Caves of Santana were supposed to be haunted by the ghosts of men who had been killed in past revolutions. Next morning I went to the caves to look around, intending to bring some marines out after dark to dig in suspicious looking places. Returning through the jungles I changed my mind. I'd come back that night, sit tight and see whether the place was really haunted or whether it had other nocturnal visitors.

The night was so black I could see nothing. I returned to the caves by memory, feeling for the path with my feet. My hand was on my automatic. I realized that the tip *could* have been straight. I could be walking into trouble.

The caves were in the walls of a deep crater in the coral rock. It was an eerie place. Lianas hung from trees, masking some of the cave mouths. Bats flitted in and out. The floor was level and grassy and could have been where the spooks reveled. I didn't for one moment believe that natives came here at night. Not if the caves were haunted. They were too superstitious. Santo Domingo was Catholic, but in many sections of the country *brujeria,* witchcraft, was common, and *brujas* did a profitable business in spells, love potions and hexes.

I found a shelf in the crater wall where nobody could get at my back, sat down to discover what I could see, and feel. The place gave me the creeps. Imagination peopled it with all sorts of wraiths. Mist rose from the damp grass, assumed ghostly shapes. The shapes soared up and out of the crater. Misty forms flowed through thickets growing in dark crannies of the place. No, no native would ever visit *this* place at night, and *I* wasn't going to stay much longer. I'd dig for contraband by daylight, risk a governmental protest.

Something that was different showed suddenly near one of the cave mouths. It was shapeless. It could, I decided, be either a man or a woman, carrying something. I watched it while my body went cold and my throat closed in. It moved slowly, silently, directly toward me. I had been seen. I realized how far I was from home, from any marines. Even a Colt .45 would not be heard so far. The black figure came on.

It stopped directly under me and began to swear. Luisa again, with little Enrique on her hip. She must have had personal spies of her own to maintain such a close watch on me.

"You get killed," she said, "and I lose my thirty dollars! I gotta look after you!"

That was her sole explanation for shadowing me as I had never been shadowed before or since. She kept it up until orders came for me.

My orders were to report at San Diego, via the Panama Canal. A chapter of my life was closing.

"When people go to States," said Luisa when I told her, "it's the same here as if they dead."

She made no mention now of the thirty dollars.

My wife and three children sat outside our empty house, that last day, in the General's Cadillac. I was locking up before starting. We were driving to Santiago, Monte Cristi, Dajabon, then across the Massacre River into Haiti, first leg of the long journey home.

I was phoning the quartermaster to have the field telephone removed. I looked up as someone touched me. It was Luisa, all dressed in white, weeping huge tears in silence. I'd never seen her weep. She always said only babies wept. She didn't say anything now. She leaned quickly across the telephone and kissed me on the cheek. Then she went out the front way, fast.

As we drove off I saw her at a distance, in a *coche*. She held her hand high. We waved back. I never saw her again, but heard that she died within a year.

Three months after I left, the forces of occupation evacuated the Dominican Republic. Peynado was snowed under. In a compromise Vasquez became president, his lifelong enemy Velasquez vice president. The set-up soon produced a famous man, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina. He was a captain or major in the Guardia Nacional Dominicana. Other titles, like Generalissimo, Doctor, Benefactor and Presidente, came shortly after, as he made his moves, careful that none of them called for the return of the Marines.—THE END

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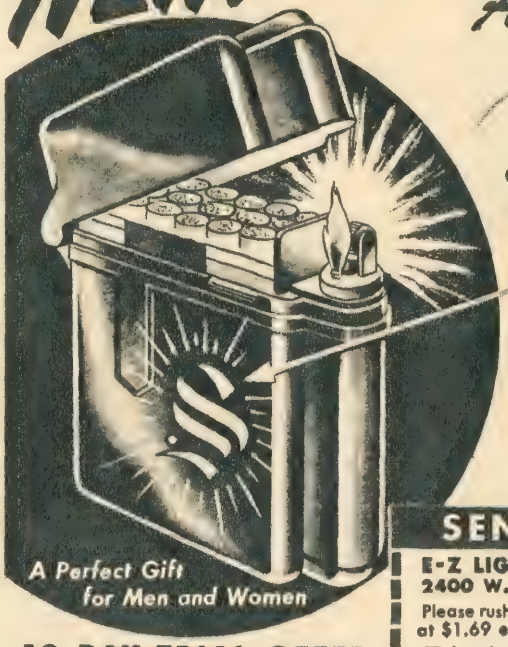

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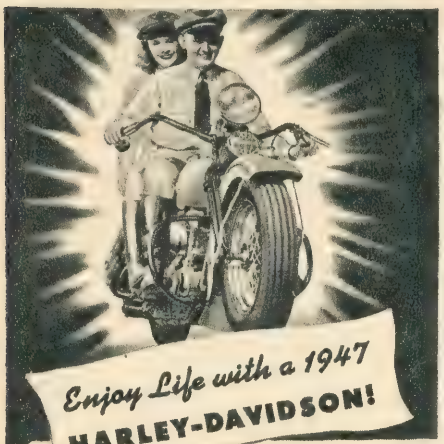

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Explorers Wanted!

[*Continued from page* 29]

Bill Halligan is happy to offer to members of the great brotherhood of amateur radio operators.

Today according to the latest Amateur Call Book, there are thirty-nine hams listed in Belgian Congo (whose internationally recognized prefix is OQ5), only two in Kenya (VQ4), and none at all in Uganda (VQ5), in Tanganyika (VQ3), or in Zanzibar (VQ1). Early in autumn this year, our expedition will change this situation. By September, the base camp of the expedition will come into being, a village of solidly constructed huts which I will build in advance, some thirty miles southwest of the little post of Fort Portal and about 6,500 feet up the slopes of 16,798-foot Mt. Stanley, highest of the Ruwenzori range, the Mountains of the Moon.

Made of wood and dried mud, with thick thatched roofs, good hard floors, and all inside walls covered with native mats, some of these huts will be the comfortable, well-appointed personal quarters of the members of the expedition. There will be enough of them to give full privacy and relaxation between safaris to the three members to be selected from among the readers of TRUE, to the other photographers, pilots and mechanics, to the short-wave radio operators, to a scientist or two, as well as to my wife and myself.

Other huts will contain a mess hall, an office and a photographic laboratory as completely equipped as any in a big city. The central building will be the shack of our VQ5 station. Outside its walls will rise four towers holding beam antennas, so that our signals can cover practically the entire world. Inside, there will be an array of the most up-to-date and powerful radio equipment: a H.T.4E Hallicrafters transmitter, various Hallicrafters receivers and loud-speakers, and everything else needed for efficient radio work twenty-four hours a day. In addition there will be Hallicrafters sound recorders, antenna tuning units, meters, modulators, speech amplifiers.

A battery of testing instruments will be provided for the scientific experiments we shall conduct to determine the amount of selective fading and multipath transmission of signals; to make regular noon and midnight radio noise measurements throughout the entire spectrum; to check daily the ground conductivity and dielectric constant at site of camp, and to conduct other researches too complicated to be enumerated in a non-technical article.

To widen these experiments and to extend reception for the hams of the world, an elaborate "Shack-on-Wheels"—a sort of supplement to the main station—will move about on a six-wheel truck and operate for several weeks at a time from the other countries visited. In turn, it will be a VQ4 station in Kenya, a VQ3 station in Tanganyika, an OQ5 in Belgian Congo and VQ1 in the "Magic Island" of Zanzibar. In each of these countries, it will be at the disposal of all hams, contact as many of them as possible, and acknowledge all QSL cards, which we are organized to answer promptly as fast as they come.

This mobile unit is similar to the ones which Hallicrafters built in great numbers during the war and which on most fronts became the backbone of the Signal Corps. All the equipment it contains has been stepped up, tropicalized, fungicized and in every way adapted to its specialized function.

I can speak with such familiarity of the smallest details of some of our equipment and our base layout because most of it already has been tested and experimentally erected in this country under conditions paralleling as closely as possible those we will encounter in Africa.

This rehearsal was made particularly necessary by the fact that most of the researches the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition is going to undertake have been, until now, impossible. No one has attempted them before, for the good reason that there were no means of doing the things we shall do.

We have figured out ways of adapting equipment which had not been developed before the war. In addition, we have devised completely new methods of attaining some novel goals.

Our modern techniques will not be wholly out of place in the lands we shall visit. The countries of central and eastern Africa are made up of an amazing mixture of wilderness and advanced culture; of primitive human life and high sophistication; of zones still mostly unexplored and of cities as progressive as the most up-to-date American town.

A striking example is Nairobi, chief city of Kenya. Until the beginning of this century just an unknown spot in the African wilds, today Nairobi is a first-class capital, with beautiful avenues, excellent shops, golf courses, polo grounds, magnificent public buildings and hotels. You dine at the New Stanley, and you regret having left your tuxedo at home, or never having bothered to get one. You enter a bedroom, and you are startled by the chrome and glass and polished woods of the modern furniture. You ask if there is a bathroom on that floor, and a native boy in starched uniform shows you that your room has one with luxurious plumbing, gleaming tiles and glittering metal.

Yet, as the night grows silent, you hear a gentle hammering of hooves, and from your window you see that the same avenue which had been crammed during the day with shining cars is now filled by a herd of some hundred zebras peacefully trotting across the city.

You go to the airport to welcome a friend who is arriving in a four-engine luxury air liner—and you find that the field had to be fenced in to keep off the big game which was continuously endangering the landing of planes.

You take a drive, and in about fifteen minutes you are at Lone Tree. You sit in your car, quietly smoking a cigaret, and watch families of giraffes, some jackals, antelopes and gazelles of a dozen different species. True, it's a game re-

serve, and the animals know it. But they are as free there as they ever were. And if you have any luck, before returning to the hotel to dress up for a "sundowner" and dinner, you'll have watched also some buffaloes, half a dozen elephants and maybe a couple of lions.

And so it goes. The Africa we shall see has complete contrasts of climate, from equatorial, humid heat to arctic cold . . . commonplace plantation-farms and lonely lakes whose shores are pink with millions of flamingoes . . . unending plains, like the Serengeti, and gigantic craters, such as the mile-high, ten-mile-wide Ngorongor, teeming with thousands of big-game animals—buffalo, elephant, rhino, giraffe, greater and lesser kudu, roan, sable, topi, hartebeest, wildebeest, zebra, eland, oryx, ostrich, lion, leopard and cheetah.

Out of this world of contrast and variety, the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition is going to seek the rare or still unknown gems of scientific and general interest—so many of them that there won't be sufficient space, here, to list them, except in the briefest manner.

There are natives in regions far from civilization, whose customs, ceremonies and witchcrafts have been only partially observed, never satisfactorily recorded. There are animals and great birds whose life is still a mystery, because they are too shy for approach.

We are going to study those natives and animals. We are going to record their voices, to take still and motion pictures of their life, in black and white and in color.

To do this work, we have the last word in equipment of every kind. We have robot cameras. We have a long-distance photographic "machine gun" which takes still pictures as fast as you can pull its trigger or grinds out regular 35-millimeter movies while the trigger is pressed down. When possible, we shall "freeze" the fastest actions at 1/5,000 of a second with stroboscopic speed lights, whose flashes have a peak light output of 12,000,000 lumens, or about 100 times the intensity of sunlight.

Human and animal sounds which cannot be recorded by ourselves will be got by remote control. They will be captured and preserved for us by the Magic Ear—a Hallicrafters recorder entirely silent and insulated against weather, which we can leave behind and start and stop at will, from a distance, by radio signals.

The same goes for pictures. Whenever our presence, tactful and cautious though we make it, prohibits us from photographing a phase of native or animal life, we can plant at proper angles two or three of our Magic Eye cameras and retreat in good order. These amazing gadgets will do our job for us. Whenever a living creature appears between one of these cameras and its electronic "mirror," the camera will start taking one picture after another, at an interval of as many seconds as we set in advance—and at night it will also take care of producing a powerful, synchronized flash of light for each picture.

On lakes and rivers, on this expedition, we will be able to observe, photograph and sound-record scenes of animal life that I have never even glimpsed before. Not that I haven't tried, in all the years I have spent in Africa. But every time it was the same. If I approached on the water, the noise of paddle or oars revealed my presence long before I could see anything. If I attempted to approach on the land, it was worse. The crackling of branches or the swish-swish of the high grass gave the alarm minutes too early.

Now, the animals and birds we seek will only see another of the many large rafts of vegetation which the current is always chunking away from the shores. This one chunk will float just as lazily

TRUE MAGAZINE

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MANY persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell "calendar" "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking the essential points of English.

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and silently as the others. Only, it may just happen to move upwind toward the unsuspecting creatures.

Three or four of us, plus a lot of equipment, will be inside that chunk of vegetation. Yet, smart as wild creatures are, they won't learn that there is anything amiss until we have made as many close-up observations and pictures as we wish. Should we want action then, we will push a button. A powerful electric horn will let out a shriek and start a general rout. After more pictures, we can throw off the camouflage of fresh branches.

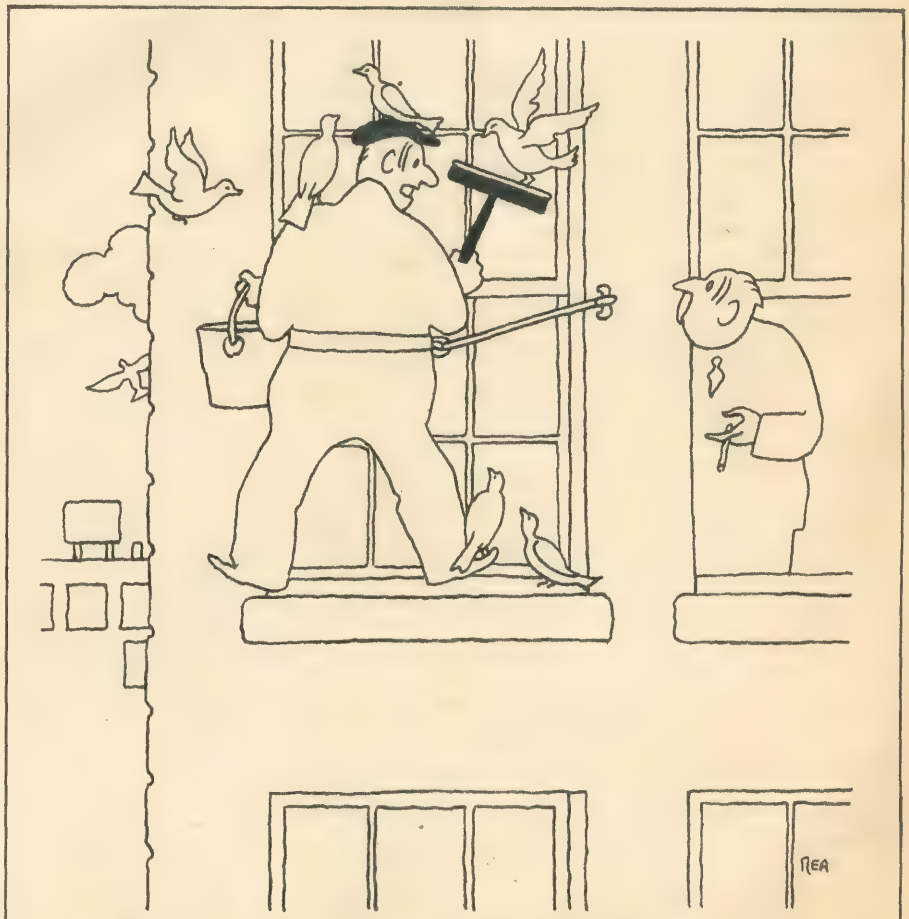
Then our Floating Island will be revealed for what it is—a platform on two floats, moved by an underwater propeller with the power supplied by two natives' legs, or, at a safe distance, by a soundless electric outboard motor. The vegetation is held in place by camouflage netting reaching down to the water. The cameras make no noise because they are protected by thick "blimps." The upright stick in the middle is an antenna for the Hallicrafters Seaphone which has kept us in constant radio communication with the shack at our Base Camp.

We shall explore, for the first time, the underwater life of tropical lakes and rivers. Our Diving Eye, now being built in its final form, will allow two of us at a time to descend thirty feet under the surface. From there we will comfortably watch and photograph the activities of crocodiles, hippos, the few known great fishes and the many still unknown species which populate the uncharted *aqua incognita*.

All the time, wherever we are, we will be within easy reach of our Rolling Laboratory, another six-wheel truck which can overcome practically every terrain and give us the facilities of a photographic laboratory as professionally perfect as the one at the Base Camp.

Heat- and moistureproof storage cabinets in the Rolling Laboratory protect unexposed films and papers and keep chemicals for processing both black-and-white and color pictures. Outside there is an electric pump that can suck up any water we need. How impure the water is matters little, because every drop passes through a pressure filter before going to the storage tank. A thermostat takes good care that no water reaches a tub without first being cooled by refrigerator coils or warmed by an electric heater until it's exactly what the photographer wants.

Three antennae point toward the sky from the laboratory roof, one for the transmitter, two for the receiver. Hallicrafters radio equipment is installed in every truck of the expedition, including those which carry the stores, camp material, personal baggage, collections and so on. The same goes for the expedition's car and even the motorbike with side car, so that each mobile unit may keep in touch at regular intervals with the others, and all of them with the base



TRUE MAGAZINE

"Where I made my big mistake was in feeding them."

camp—and, through it, with the rest of the world.

A large trailer behind the Rolling Laboratory contains a 10,000-watt, 112-volt fully automatic power generating plant. Similar plants supply the juice for the Base Camp and for the Shack-on-Wheels, bringing the total power at our disposal to 30,000 watts, which isn't bad for Africa, or anywhere else.

Is your head really spinning now?

Hold on another moment, for that isn't all. I've briefly sketched what we are going to do in the ether, on land, on water, and under water. What about the air?

Here is where another wonder comes in, for the very first time, in central Africa. We are going to fly in a special way—and for several good reasons. Since 1906, when the Duke of the Abruzzi first climbed and named the highest peaks of the Ruwenzori, a couple of elaborate mountain-climbing expeditions have unveiled some of the secrets of the Mountains of the Moon. But they have barely scratched the surface, so to speak. There are thousands of square miles still unexplored, hundreds of crater lakes so inaccessible that no human being, native or white, has ever reached them.

And there is something else. Who has ever watched a herd of hundreds of elephants or buffalo from above, except for a passing glimpse from a fast plane?

Hunters have approached them, on foot, yes, and have either been killed by the beasts, or have killed some and run to safety. Airplane observations have been too brief to be of value. Nobody has been in position closely to watch and study what the animals habitually do.

Well, we are going to be in that position. We shall observe the intimate life of great herds of wild animals and of what life there is in the crater lakes of the Mountains of the Moon. By dropping mikes from cords, we are even going to record all the sounds we can.

A helicopter is the answer, and the new Bell 47-B is the perfect solution. What that ship can do is incredible. Of course, it hovers. It climbs up and down vertically, it takes off and lands practically anywhere. It also goes toward the right, the left, and backward. It turns around on the spot like an aerial swivel chair. Instead of moving your camera, you just follow an animal through the view finder and let the pilot do the twisting.

For Africa, as for most areas of the earth, this Humming Bird of ours is the explorer's ideal tool. And from up in the air we will keep in phone contact with our companions at the Base Camp, in the Rolling Lab, in the Shack-on-Wheels, in the Floating Island or underwater in the Diving Eye, for the Humming Bird, too, is equipped with a Hellicrafters two-way radio, the Skyphone.

Well, now would you like to win one of the three places still open in the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition to the Mountains of the Moon? They are reserved to readers of TRUE only. Next month, in the March issue, TRUE will explain the rules of the contest through which the lucky three will be appointed.—**THE END**

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It's All In How You Lose It

[*Continued from page* 62]

bald. They have luxuriant hair on the head but, in the feminine pattern, very little on the body. The same is generally true of lads of ambiguous sexual standing. Imagine, if you can, someone of the Oscar Wilde genre with a billiard-ball top. Women, children, eunuchs, and equivocal males have other worries than baldness.

One of the most profound among students of the evolution of sex is Dr. Gregorio Maranon, professor of endocrinology at the University of Madrid, who has pointed out significant differences in the hair distribution of the sexes that are well known to doctors. Here are some of the typical marks of masculinity against which you can check yourself:

The brow is high, the hairline tending to recede with maturity, crawling back at the sides of the forehead above the temples. Growth of eyebrows, beard and body hair is usually heavy, especially if baldness begins early. Eyebrows are frequently bushy and may tend to grow together over the bridge of the nose. Hair is spread pretty well over the nape of the neck. Around the temples it continues without a gap into the sideburn area.

Feminity, on the other hand, is marked by these patterns: The hair remains relatively low on the forehead and does not tend to recede. Eyebrows are thin, non-bushy, with a broad gap above the nose. The nape hair tends to grow into a V-point in the center. The hairline ends abruptly under the temples where sideburns would begin in a male.

You may remark that in children and adolescents the head hair commonly follows the female pattern. Maranon agrees with you. Boys have to grow through a period of juvenility, feminine in many aspects, and hair distribution is not fully established until sexual maturity, which in the opinion of many authorities is closer to 35 years than the commonly accepted 21. The young Greek God at the beach, with his heavy head of hair but scanty fur on the rest of him, has not yet grown completely out of adolescence. Give him a few more years and he'll become a man too, if it's in him.

Some early retreat of the hairline is, therefore, a plausible indication that you are growing into maleness. The trouble is that often the hair doesn't know when to stand and fight. Probably the most distressing type of baldness is that which begins in the early twenties; around the time when personal beauty as an allurement to the opposite sex is of profound importance. The hair does not come out in handfuls but gradually becomes thinner on top and you notice your brow getting uncomfortably high at the sides of the forehead. If you go to a dermatologist he finds no grave pathology of your scalp and in his heart of hearts he sets you down as a victim of premature alopecia. He will help you to grasp time by what is left of your forelock but he will not promise a cure. Science leaves little doubt that this common type of baldness is hereditary.

You may question whether heredity can be at fault if your father has a thick mop of hair, or if baldness does not occur in childhood. However, look back over your family line to uncles or grandfathers and see if you can't put the finger on the miserable gene of hereditary baldness. Remember, too, that genes are full of delayed-action fuses that can sizzle along for years before exploding.

Simple measures of hygiene can perhaps delay the depilation and are vital to hair care in any case. It is astonishing how often they have to buck up against popular fallacies. The notion that frequent washing of the hair is harmful leads to scalps with rather dismaying cover-crops. There is the idea that soap destroys hair and that detritus at the hair roots had best be left as a mulch, like grass clippings.

However, shampoos twice or even three times a week are none too often for simple cleanliness. Nor does the shampoo have to be something fancy that makes nice-smelling bubbles. Such products are okay, but in any nonpathological case any good toilet soap will serve as well. The two points to remember are that soap should be removed by several rinsings and that hair should be well dried, but not under a powerful heat lamp.

Shampooing alone will often keep the itching and flaking of dandruff under control. And that brings us smack into the middle of an arena where we're likely to get belted around by opposing schools of dermatologists. One group of hide doctors maintains that dandruff is caused by a specific infecting agent, a certain oval-shaped micro-organism. Another school insists that while you can culture all sorts of organisms from the human integument, cause and effect in the case of dandruff remains to be proved. It is not even certain that dandruff is a disease.

When you rub your skin with a rough towel after a bath you scrape off flakes of dead cells you have no further use for. A similar casting-off of old cells occurs in the scalp and the flakes get tangled in the hair. This is "simple dandruff," which may be regarded as a normal process of the body. Your favorite dandruff remedy will undoubtedly assist in dissolving and removing the debris.

Unless its maker is heading for a tangle with the Food and Drug Administration, however, the label on the product will merely state that it is an agent for the control, not the cure of dandruff. Perhaps it will "retard" falling hair; nothing that can claim to be scientific evidence, however, indicates that its use can prevent baldness, for there is no proof whatever that baldness is caused by ordinary dandruff. The kindliest dandruff remedies usually have an oily base. Alcohol, used in some, cuts the flakes all right but may dry the scalp and hair severely.

When dandruff advances to an inflammatory stage it's not so simple. Then is the time for a good dermatologist to come to the aid of the parting. Whether or not infection is an original cause, constant digging and scratching of itchy patches will induce it. Recommendations

of the skin specialist will depend upon whether you have the dry or oily type of seborrheic dandruff. If your scalp is greasy, he'll probably recommend frequent shampoos, maybe as often as once a day. In dry inflammation, only, a twice-monthly shampoo with a superfatted soap may be in order.

Ointments and lotions are of infinite variety, but those prescribed by a dandruff expert rely mainly upon sulphur or salicylic acid as active agents. Sulphur is the first-line choice, incorporated in some sort of cream base, and the idea is to part the hair and rub small amounts of the ointment into isolated areas of the scalp. The average patient figures that if a little ointment is good a lot must be better, so he overdoes it by anointing the entire scalp instead of small scattered patches on alternate days. Good sulphur creams are available at any drug store and, used with restraint and followed up with shampoos so that the hair does not become a sticky dust trap, they usually help to keep the average dandruffed scalp under reasonable control.

One of the benefits of ointment-rubbing is that the scalp gets a certain amount of massage. In some cases, however, massage is directly contrary to what the doctor orders and you'd better find out about that.

Tight hats, hats of any kind, too much sun or not enough, hair cut too close or not allowed to grow long enough—these and a dozen other theories of baldness have plausibility but no ultimate proof. Hair is but one index of constitutional functioning and glands undoubtedly have a lot to do with the distribution of fur on the body. A baldness cure composed of extracts of the pituitary gland got quite a fanfare not long ago, but never worked out well enough to be accepted generally by the profession.

Aren't there, then, *any* baldness cures? Only one that is wholly reliable: a toupee. What about these before and after pictures you sometimes see? A photo of Joe Doakes in August shows him with a scalp as hairless as a skating rink, and a companion shot a few months later shows the same scalp crowded with handsome foliage. Are these pictures faked? Not necessarily. Probably what Joe has is a case of alopecia areata—a kind of baldness in which the hair falls out in patches and then tends to grow back again regardless of what the victim does about it. Nobody knows what causes hair to come out in this way, but emotional factors are suspected since the condition is most common in high-strung folk who have been under severe nervous strains. An automatic but noble restoration is most likely in younger victims; in some older patients the loss may be permanent, but this is by no means inevitable.

If no discoverable pathology exists in the case of alopecia areata, or in most instances of common baldness, this is not necessarily true of all cases of hair loss. A fairly abrupt loss of hair may sometimes suggest grave constitutional symptoms. It is well to remember that the scalp is as much a part of you as your liver and may be reacting to conditions far removed from the hair roots. A competent specialist is therefore the man to consult—certainly not the barber.

What bothers the balding male, especially the young one, is the dread that with his vanishing skull-insulation his potency, romantic appeal and self-esteem is to be dissipated by female skitterings and sniggers. It is only when you delve into the purlieus of psychiatry, and into gynecologists' estimates of woman's psychology, that you begin to suspect some instinctive distaff appreciation of the linkage of masculinity with receding hair. Bald men are not notably more unmarried than curly-headed matinee idols, and their marriages are considerably more likely to take. For better or for worse—if you ask me, it's for better—women are not the beauty-lovers that we boys are.

The secret of romantic appeal, according to a former president of the American Gynecological Association, is partly a matter of mere neatness and fastidiousness in dress, as a kind of flattery of the woman. After that it is largely a problem of making it clear that your every thought revolves around the welfare and the most trifling wishes of the girl. Love does not hang by a hair and with the right kind of approach a girl will be infinitely happy to spend a lifetime flicking flies from your calvarium.—**THE END**

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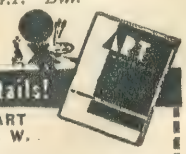

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The Scattered Tennis Player

[*Continued from page 32*]

was again at work on one of his systems.

It happened that there lived on the same street as the Mahons one Mr. Mibbs, a crusty old fellow who had once been a railway policeman.

Mrs. Mahon, worried about her husband, went to Mr. Mibbs and asked the old boy if he would, for a nominal fee, undertake to keep an eye on Mahon in his spare time and make certain that he wasn't contracting any associations that might land him in trouble with the law.

Mr. Mibbs hung around Mahon's place of employment on those days when the salesman was in the office instead of out calling on trade, and one evening he saw Mahon meeting a girl wearing sneakers a couple of blocks from the building where he worked. Mr. Mibbs was under the impression that the girl with the sneakers had come out of the building, too. That was to be a valuable observation and deduction. Mr. Mibbs was never able to tail Mahon to Miss Kaye's lodgings. He did see the woman in the sneakers, meeting him in Waterloo Station, however, one day in April, but he lost them in the crowd before he could see what train they took.

Mahon and Miss Kaye, posing as Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Waller, rented a small cottage on a lonely stretch of coast between Eastbourne and Peuensey Bay. She was still holding out for marriage and he was still stalling her, trying to figure out some way of laying hands on that £400.

The plan was that she was to remain at the cottage straight through the summer months, while he was to come down week-ends, telling his wife that he was calling on out-of-town trade Saturdays and Sundays. The very day they selected the cottage, he left her alone in it and went back to London.

Then coincidence struck—a coincidence that you would reject in fiction but which you simply have to accept in actuality. Emily Kaye was replacing some old newspapers, which had been used to line the bureau drawers, when a face on a piece of brown and brittle paper caused her to stop short. It was Mahon's face. He was far from a prominent man, and she wondered briefly what had occasioned his picture in a paper, and a London paper at that. The story under the picture set her straight. The story told how Patrick Herbert Mahon had been sentenced to five years in prison for embezzlement.

Now she really had a club to hold over his head if he continued to stall her on her marriage proposal. When he came down for the week-end she confronted him with the clipping. "My wife knows about this," he said, "if *that's* what you are thinking of."

"Yes," she said, "but your employers don't. When I worked there I heard them saying you had been in America five years."

"Well, what are you going to do?" he asked.

"Nothing, if you start divorce proceedings against your wife and marry me."

"All right," he said, biting his lip, "I'll get busy when I go back to town."

There was no time to lose. He faced a more immediate problem than obtaining Emily Kaye's remaining money.

He went down to the East India dock district, where nobody knew him, and bought a butcher's knife and a small saw. He went to Waterloo Station and checked the package containing the knife and the saw, intending to pick it up and take it to the seaside with him the following week-end. Then he went to a West End cinema. When he came out, he found himself in a wet April night.

While he was waiting for a tram to take him home, he saw a remarkably pretty girl standing in the rain. He always carried an umbrella with him, so he asked the girl if she would like to stand under it. He wound up by seeing her home. She was from the provinces and lived in a rooming house in the West End.

She called herself Miss Gibson, and she had been around. They parted with the understanding that she would come out to his seaside cottage and spend the Easter week-end with him. The Easter week-end was the second week-end following.

Mr. Mibbs was at Waterloo Station the following Saturday in disguise. He wore a false beard and mustache, dark glasses, and leaned heavily on a gnarled cane. He felt quite confident that he would succeed in finding out on this, his second try in Waterloo Station, where Patrick Herbert Mahon was going. Mr. Mibbs completely fooled Mahon. He was close at hand when the man under surveillance presented a check at the package room and received the package containing the saw and the knife.

Then the unexpected happened. Mr. Mibbs' wife had, the previous night, insisted that her husband clean out his system, now that spring was here, and had forced a physic down his throat. Now, just as Mahon was making his way from the package room toward the trains, Mr. Mibbs was forced to rush to the gentleman's retiring room, and by the time he had finished retiring, Mahon was gone.

It stormed that night along the coast between Eastbourne and Peuensey Bay. The real estate agent who had rented the cottage to the couple who called themselves Mr. and Mrs. Waller lived not far from the cottage. He saw that the lights were still on at three o'clock on the Sunday morning. The storm had abated and the moon was out. The real estate agent, who had perceived Mrs. Waller's condition, feared that she might be ill. There was no telephone in the cottage and the agent, an obliging man, got into some clothes and walked over to the cottage.

As he approached it he noticed great volumes of smoke coming out of the

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chimney. There was a fireplace in the living room, but not a large one, and the agent judged from the volume of smoke that the size of the fire was beyond the safety margin. He knocked on the door. Someone shouted from within, "Who's there?" The agent recognized the voice as that of Mr. Waller. He asked if anything was wrong. "Certainly not!" shouted Waller. "What do you mean by disturbing a man at this hour?"

The real estate agent apologized, then called Waller's attention to the size of the fire. "Don't worry," said Waller, "I'm just about finished. Burning some rubbish. Good night."

At daybreak, the smoke was still issuing from the chimney. It continued, off and on, all day Sunday. On the Sunday night, the real estate agent saw that the smoke had abated at last. The cottage was in complete darkness.

The next evening, in London, Patrick Herbert Mahon brought all the evening newspapers home with him. His wife wondered why. There were items in the papers about pieces of a body, which had been found at various times during the morning and early afternoon, along the railroad right of way between Eastbourne and Waterloo Station. "Scotland Yard," said Mahon's wife, "seems to think the pieces of flesh are those of a woman."

"Scotland Yard's not as blooming clever as it fancies itself to be," said Mahon.

"I shouldn't think it would be too difficult to trace the murderer, Patrick," said Mrs. Mahon. "The Yard says that apparently he began dropping the pieces out of a railroad carriage just after the train left Eastbourne. The Yard thinks the murderer got on the train at Eastbourne and, since a piece of flesh was found near Waterloo Station, that he rode right into London."

Mr. Mibbs was still on the job. On the afternoon of Good Friday, he trailed Mahon to Waterloo again. Mr. Mibbs was in disguise—the same disguise he had been in the previous week. He saw Mahon waiting around the entrance to a train that went down the coast. Then he saw him greeting a very pretty girl—Miss Gibson—and approaching the train with her. Apparently they were going off on a week-end together, for they each carried a bag.

Miss Gibson thought the cottage was charming, and asked if she could explore it. He smiled and told her to go ahead. He lit a pipe and settled down in the living room with a newspaper. Presently she appeared in a doorway that was between the living room and the bedroom. She was holding a leather hat box in her hand. She had come across it in the bedroom closet.

Mahon blanched when he saw Miss Gibson with the hat box, then relaxed when he recalled that he had locked it securely. "I've always wanted one of these," she said. "It must be quite expensive." She seemed suddenly to become conscious of its weight. "What's in here, anyway?" she asked.

"A big surprise for somebody," said Mahon, who appreciated a little irony now and then.

There was a loud, urgent knock on the front door. He peered through a window. A large, tweedy man with an assured air, with Scotland Yard written all over him, was at the door.

Mahon was in the tightest spot of his life, but his nerves were equal to the occasion. He whispered to Miss Gibson, "If anyone is here asking for my wife—Mrs. Waller—you're her. Understand? I'll explain later."

The girl nodded. He took the leather hat box from her, shoved it out of sight, straightened his necktie and answered the door.

He had been right. The man at the door was from Scotland Yard, all right. It was just a routine check, the man from the Yard explained. He was consulting a notebook. This cottage was occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Waller. Was that right? Mahon nodded. The Yard man asked where Mrs. Waller was. "Inside," said Mahon. "Please step in, sir." The Yard man tarried only long enough to ask Miss Gibson if she were Mrs. Waller. She nodded, apparently a little frightened. The Yard man laid her fright to his mere presence, told the little man and the girl that he was sorry to have troubled them, and left.

Mahon followed him outside. He wanted to know the reason for the visit. "You've no doubt been reading the newspapers," said the Yard man, "about that woman who was found in pieces between Eastbourne and Waterloo Station." Mahon nodded. "Well, we think she is from this district. Probably a summer visitor. We're checking on the occupants of all houses along the coast to see if anyone's missing."

When the Yard man had gone, Miss Gibson, a little frightened, said to Mahon, "You didn't tell me you were married. Where is your wife?"

"She left me," said Mahon. "I just wanted you to pose as my wife for your own protection when that man was here."

"Who was he?"

"He's taking a census."

A week previously, Patrick Herbert Mahon had been pleasantly surprised. He had discovered that Emily Kaye had been carrying her £400 right with her all the time. It had been in £100 denominations, pinned to her underclothing. There were races this Saturday afternoon at nearby Plumpton. Mahon, a supremely confident little man, suggested that Miss Gibson remain around the cottage by herself while he went to the races. He took one of the £100 notes and went to Plumpton. He tried out a new handicapping system, and lost the whole sum.

As he was leaving the track, a dejected figure, a man who lived near him in London and who knew that Mrs. Mahon didn't want him to go near race tracks, decided to tell her that Mahon had been at Plumpton.

On Easter Sunday morning, Mahon and Miss Gibson were sitting in the living room, in front of the fireplace, reading a resume of the murder mystery. "They haven't found that poor woman's head yet," she said. That reminded him of the hat box; he must take it in to London

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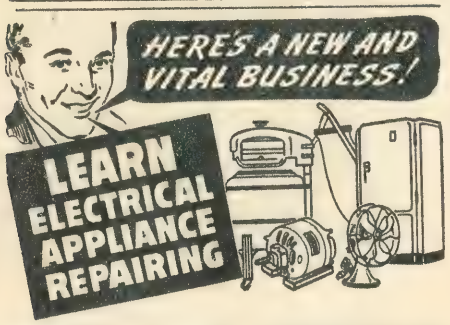

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with him, not the next day, but the following week-end, when he would be down at the cottage without Miss Gibson.

There was no fire in the fireplace. Miss Gibson saw something glittering among the ashes. She arose to find out what it was, and he rushed to the ashes ahead of her. He picked up what he instantly recognized as a gold-filled tooth, and pocketed it.

On the afternoon of Easter Monday, the man who had seen Mahon at the Plumpton races told Mrs. Mahon about it. That night, while Mahon was asleep, his wife did something she had never done before. She went through his pockets to see if there was any evidence that he had won or lost at the races. She found no such evidence, but she found something else in a pocket of his fanciest vest. She came upon a stub from the checkroom at Waterloo Station, put it back, wondered about it and finally fell asleep.

At breakfast, Mrs. Mahon was pleased to note that her husband was not wearing the vest she had found the stub in. When he departed for work, she got the stub, located Mr. Mibbs in a pub and turned it over to him. The stub bore the date of nine days previously. Mr. Mibbs naturally deduced that Mahon had checked whatever it was that he had checked upon his return to London the week-end preceding the one just passed.

Mr. Mibbs took a tram to Waterloo Station. He was so excited when he got there that he had to stop into the gentlemen's room on his way to the check room. At the check room, the stub from Mahon's vest brought forth a Gladstone bag with a tennis racquet, encased in a brown canvas holder, strapped to it. The racquet holder bore the initials E. K. The bag, which was locked, didn't seem to contain anything heavy. Mr. Mibbs shook it and heard what seemed to be two metallic objects striking against one another. He quickly returned the bag on the pretext that he had called for it prematurely and would pick it up later. Thus he got the original stub back. He took the stub to Mrs. Mahon and she put it back in her husband's vest pocket.

Mr. Mibbs began to brood on what might have been in that bag at Waterloo Station. He recalled that Scotland Yard had announced that the body of the woman whose remains had been scattered along the railroad tracks between Eastbourne and London had been reduced to pieces probably by means of a butcher's knife and a small saw.

Now Mr. Mibbs recalled that the train that he had seen Mahon boarding on Good Friday had gone to Eastbourne, among other places. Could it be, wondered Mr. Mibbs, that this rascal Mahon, who was untrue to his wife, was also a murderer? Mr. Mibbs could still hear the sound of those two metallic objects striking against each other in the Gladstone bag, and they certainly sounded, now anyway, like a knife and a saw.

Mr. Mibbs went through the back issues of the newspapers, to refresh himself on the details of the murder of the unidentified woman. One statement of Scotland Yard, which he had previously not seen, set him to thinking. The calf of one leg, which had been found near Eastbourne, had been very well developed, as if the murder victim had been athletic, or a ballet dancer.

Mr. Mibbs wondered why that statement so intrigued him. Then he remembered that when he had first begun his sporadic surveillance of Mahon, he had seen Mahon twice meeting a girl who wore sneakers. Mr. Mibbs was quick to associate sneakers with a tennis player and a tennis player with large calves and the racquet that Mahon had checked in Waterloo Station.

Mr. Mibbs recalled that it had been his impression that the girl with the sneakers whom Mahon had met had, the first time he had observed her, come out of the building where Mahon worked. Mr. Mibbs decided that she could well have worked with the company that employed Mahon but that they had chosen not to let any of their co-workers know they saw each other on the outside.

On a Saturday, after trailing Mahon to Waterloo Station, Mr. Mibbs got in touch with the man's employer. He said he was a salesman of tennis equipment and that someone had suggested that he get in touch with a woman who worked for the mechanical appliances company whose name Mr. Mibbs said he had unfortunately mislaid. "But I remember her initials were E. K.," said Mr. Mibbs, repeating the initials on the brown canvas racquet holder checked at Waterloo Station.

"Oh," said Mahon's boss, "you must mean Emily Kaye. She's not here anymore. Left us early this year. Good worker, too."

Mr. Mibbs asked where Miss Kaye had lived, and went to her lodgings. The landlady said that Miss Kaye had gone away for the summer. "Do you know where?" asked Mr. Mibbs.

"I got a post card from her from Eastbourne," said the landlady.

Mr. Mibbs learned where Emily Kaye had banked, and he went to the bank and had a talk with one of the officers, disclosing, for the first time to anybody, what he suspected. He learned that Miss Kaye had drawn £400 from her account, in £100 notes, just prior to the time he first trailed Mahon to Waterloo Station.

Now it was time for Mr. Mibbs to go to Scotland Yard and tell the Yard what he had found out. The Yard was both impressed and excited. Mr. Mibbs found out from Mrs. Mahon that the check from Waterloo Station was still in her husband's vest, and he got the number of the check. The Yard sent a man to Waterloo Station and he looked into the Gladstone bag. Apparently the bag had been the receptacle in which the pieces of flesh had been carried between Eastbourne to Waterloo; its condition indicated as much. The metallic objects that Mr. Mibbs had heard striking together when he had shaken the bag were a butcher's knife and a small saw.

The Yard wasn't ready to take Mahon into custody yet. They sent men out to Eastbourne, and, through a canvas of real estate agents, quickly located the cottage

which Mahon and Emily Kaye had taken as Mr. and Mrs. Waller. There were evidences that a body had been cut up in the kitchen, and when the ashes in the fireplace were sifted, more teeth were found. The teeth were enough in themselves to hang Patrick Herbert Mahon. Miss Kaye's dentist identified several of them as those of the missing woman.

But where was the head? It was in the bottom of the Thames, that's where it was. It was in that hat box that Miss Gibson had liked so much. Mahon had weighted the box, then punched holes in it and dropped it over a Thames bridge in the thick of a pre-dawn London fog.

The Yard tarried until one night in May when Mahon called at Waterloo Station for the bag and Emily Kaye's tennis racquet. Then two men in bowlers said they would like to talk to him in private. He had three £100 notes in his possession, and a new system for beating the races.

Mahon confessed quickly. He had murdered Emily Kaye to remove an obstacle. She had threatened him.

Mahon, nerveless little man that he was, admitted that he had been thoroughly upset on at least one occasion after he had murdered Miss Kaye. He had started burning her clothes in the roaring fire in the fireplace and, having decapitated Miss Kaye, had gripped her head with a pair of fire tongs and placed it, upright, on a large burning log. He sat down on a chair near the fireplace, looking into the flames, to watch them aid him in obliterating traces of his crime.

The eyes in the head had been closed when he put the head in the fireplace and they remained closed as the flames began to leap around the face. Then, just like that, not one but both of the eyes snapped open, and Mahon almost jumped out of his skin as it seemed to him that, for a fleeting instant, Emily Kaye stared at him, with eyes in a disembodied head, and accused him, in death, of her murder.

A chemical process, brought about by the action of the flames on the flesh of the head, had caused the eyelids to contract, giving them the appearance of snapping open. During that awful moment, Mahon considered going out and confessing everything. But then the flames obscured the opened eyes, then burned them, and Mahon regained his composure, later removing the head and putting it in the hatbox when he discovered that the roaringest fire simply would not burn a head.

Mahon wouldn't name his latest girl friend, Miss Gibson. The Yard had men

TRUE MAGAZINE

"I cut myself shaving."

KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS ENDURED WITH THE PYRAMIDS

A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids? Where did the first builders in the Nile Valley acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

Today it is known that they discovered and used certain *Secret Methods* for the development of their inner power of mind. They truly learned to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages and today is extended to those who dare use its profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

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The ROSICRUCIANS
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San Jose, California

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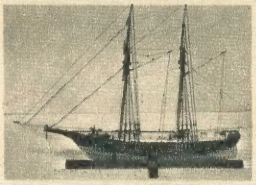

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hang around the cottage at Eastbourne, and grabbed her. She corroborated certain phases of the circumstantial evidence against the little killer. Mahon was distraught when he learned that she had been brought into the case. He didn't care about her, but he did care about himself. Always a man who was deeply concerned over what people thought of him, he didn't want his affair with Miss Gibson to get out because, as he so quaintly worded it, of the bad impression it might create.

And so they hung Patrick Herbert Mahon. He might never have taken to murder had it not been for the coincidence of the photo in the old paper in the bureau drawer. And he might never have been found out had an acquaintance not chanced to see him at the races in Plumpton a week after the murder, providing the clue that really put old Mr. Mibbs on the pay-off scent. As Shakespeare said, so apropos of the murderer who liked verse:

"For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
"With most miraculous organ."—THE END

Model engineer

Model father

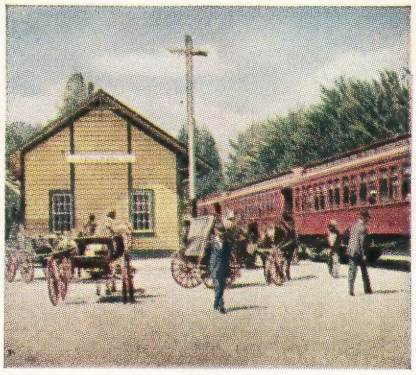
Do you make a model appearance, too?

TRUE, The Man's Magazine, is crusading to make the hobby-conscious male clothes-conscious. The fine stores listed below are co-operating with TRUE in a monthly program of hobby-linked styles which can make both your active and leisure moments as pleasant for the folks around you as they are for you. Get expert guidance from Bill Hobby, on page 98 of this issue—then contact the store nearest to you.

Akron, Ohio—Lang's
Albany, N. Y.—McManus & Riley
Allentown, Pa.—Koch Brothers
Atlanta, Ga.—George Muse Clothing Co.
Atlantic City, N. J.—M. E. Blatt
Baltimore, Md.—Isaac Hamburger & Sons
Beaumont, Texas—Kyle's
Berkeley, Calif.—Moore's
Birmingham, Ala.—Pizitz
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.—Howland's
Buffalo, N. Y.—The Kleinhans Co.
Canton, Ohio—Walkers
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—The Killian Co.
Champaign, Ill.—Overgard's
Charleston, W. Va.—Frankenberger & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—The H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The B. R. Baker Co.
Columbus, Ohio—Walkers
Dallas, Texas—Titche-Goettinger
Davenport, Iowa—Simon & Landauer
Dayton, Ohio—Walkers
Des Moines, Iowa—Frankel Clothing Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley-Milner & Co.
Durham, N. C.—Van Straaten's
El Paso, Texas—Union Clothing Co.
Erie, Pa.—P. A. Meyer & Sons
Flint, Mich.—A. M. Davison Co.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Patterson-Fletcher Co.
Ft. Worth, Texas—Washer Bros.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Herpolsheimer Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.—Pomeroy's, Inc.
Hartford, Conn.—Horsfall's
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. Strauss & Co., Inc., The Man's Store
Jacksonville, Fla.—Levy's, Inc.
Jamestown, N. Y.—The Printz Co., Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.—Palace Clothing Co.
Knoxville, Tenn.—S. H. George & Sons
Lansing, Mich.—J. W. Knapp Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—R. J. Macartney Co.
Lincoln, Neb.—Ben Simon & Sons
Little Rock, Ark.—The M. M. Cohn Co.
Louisville, Ky.—Rodes-Rapier Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—Phil A. Halle
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn.—Juster Bros.
Nashville, Tenn.—Joseph Frank & Sons, Inc.
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co.
Oakland, Calif.—Moore's
Oklahoma City, Okla.—John A. Brown Co.
Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska Clothing Co.
Peoria, Ill.—The Schradzki Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Arrow Store
Phoenix, Ariz.—Vic Hanny Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Ore.—Rosenblatts
Reading, Pa.—Croll & Keck
Reno, Nev.—Gray, Reid, Wright Co.
Richmond, Va.—Greentree's
Rochester, N. Y.—National Clothing Co., Inc.
Rock Island, Ill.—Gorham's
San Antonio, Texas—Fomby's
San Francisco, Calif.—Moore's
Savannah, Ga.—Levy's Department Store
Scranton, Pa.—Samter Bros. Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Klopfenstein's
Sioux City, Iowa—Weatherwax, Inc.
South Bend, Ind.—Max Adler Co.
St. Joseph, Mo.—The Plymouth Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.—The Golden Rule, Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards & Son
Tacoma, Wash.—Klopfenstein's
Tampa, Fla.—Maas Brothers of Florida
Toledo, Ohio—The B. R. Baker Co.
Trenton, N. J.—Swern & Co.
Tulsa, Okla.—Brown-Dunkin
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.
White Plains, N. Y.—Sherman's
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Fowler, Dick & Walker
Youngstown, Ohio—The G. M. McKelvey Co.

Will you live to be 150?

1850 **Chances are** you'll live much longer than the average man of 1850. His life expectancy was only 40 years. Epidemics raged unchecked because little was known about germs. Preventive medicine was in its infancy in this eighth year before the name Corby's came to Canada.



1900 **Medical research** had helped extend the average man's life to 49 years. Lister had pioneered in anti-sepsis—Pasteur in anti-toxins. Research was winning the fight against epidemics. (And the name Corby's was entering its 42nd year of Canadian fame.)

1943 **The average man's** life span had been upped to 65. Blood-plasma, sulfa drugs and penicillin were easing man's ills, lengthening his life. Amazing results were being achieved through research all over the world, in this 85th year of Corby's Canadian renown.

1947 **A serum called ACS** has been developed by Russian scientists. They say ACS may enable man to live 150 years. And that's worth thinking about—*just as the 89 years of fame now behind the name Corby's* are worth thinking about when you want to enjoy fine whiskey. Corby's Whiskey is light, sociable and exceptionally palatable—a fact you'll quickly recognize if you ask for the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name next time.

CORBY'S

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Smart holiday entertaining is *so easy* with ROMA Muscatel. Rich, full-bodied . . . with distinctive Muscat-grape taste . . . ROMA Muscatel is delightful at the end of a meal . . . a special treat with nuts, fruit, or cake. Try delicious ROMA Muscatel today!

ROMA California Wines include: Sherry, Tokay, Muscatel, Burgundy, Claret, Zinfandel, Sauterne, Port, Sparkling, Champagne, Vermouth.

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ROMA WINES

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